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SHAKESPEARE'S

RICHARD II

WITH

Introduction, Explanations, Paraphrase Marginal Notes and Questions With Answers Etc., Etc.

[Revised Edition]

BY

H. M. DAS GUPTA, M.A.

Revised By

A SENIOR PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

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INTRODUCTION

I. EDITIONS OF RICHARD II.

Four quarto editions of Richard II. appeared one after another at unequal intervals before its publications in the First Folio, the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623.

1. First heard of in connection with its entry on the Stationers' Register, dated August 29, 1597, it was published later in the same year anonymously in quarto. This is the first quarto edition of 1597.

2. A second edition in quarto, a reprint of the first, appeared in 1598 with the author's name upon it.

3. A third edition in quarto appeared in 1608 with the following words on its title-page : "with new additions of the Parliament scene, and the deposing of King Richard." These *additions* which occur in Act IV, Scene 1, cover, one hundred and sixty-four lines from the scene of Richard's deposition before Parliament in Westminster Hall.

A fourth quarto edition was published in 1615, the title and the text being the same as those of its predecessor.

Next, it appeared in the First Folio (1623) along with other Shakespearean plays, the text being doubtless taken from quarto 4, carefully revised and corrected and adapted to the stage. Saveral passages had been omitted, just 50 lines perhaps, for the sake of brevity and the defective quarto text of the deposition-scene had been corrected. To sum up,

for the Parliament scene the first folio is the best authority and for the rest of the drama the first quarto provides the best text.

A fifth quarto edition was printed from the Second Folio in 1634.

II. THE "NEW ADDITIONS" IN QUARTO 3 OF 1608 OR THE DEPOSITION-SCENE (IV, I, 154—318)

It has often been discussed whether the "additions" were composed by the author at the same time as the rest of the play or they were a later composition. That these lines formed part of the play as originally written is almost certain for the following reasons among others : *first*, the style and tone of these lines are in absolute harmony with those of the rest of the play, indicating the same period of workmanship. *Secondly*, a consummate artist like Shakespeare would not for the world miss the dramatic possibilities of a final meeting between two such contrasted characters as Richard and Bolingbroke. The gain from the point of view of characterisation has been immense. The scene would be a very poor one in the absence of these lines. *Thirdly*, there is absolutely nothing in the scene except the deposition to which the Abbot's remarks, 'A woeful pageant have we here beheld' (line 321) may have reference. *Fourthly*, the lines were omitted from the two earlier quartos for obvious political reasons of the day. The time and the circumstances were very inopportune for any references to a monarch's deposition. The Pope of Rome had been openly inciting the English people to rebellion against Elizabeth and her foreign enemies to an invasion of England. The Queen herself had compared her position to that of the deposed King Richard, so that

the theatrical representation of the subject at the time would have given deep offence to Elizabeth. Besides, the associates of Essex in pursuance of their conspiracy against Elizabeth procured the performance of a play (believed by some to be Shakespeare's) in which Richard II.s deposition was represented on the afternoon before the rising. All this goes to show that it was absolutely dangerous, unsafe and unpatriotic to publish the deposition-scene in the first and second quartos which appeared at a time when Elizabeth was threatened with dangers at home and from abroad and when people saw a parallelism between herself and the unfortunate Richard. So these lines, though written at the same time, were not printed till 1601, some years after Elizabeth's death.

III. DATE OF COMPOSITION

In general. The evidence which helps us to fix the date of composition of a Shakespearean play is mainly of three kinds :—

(*a*) **Wholly external**, which consists of publication of the play in folios and quartos, entry in the Stationers' Register, direct mention of or reference to a play of Shakespeare in contemporary work, the date of which is definitely known, *e.g.*, **Meres's** *Palladis Tamia* published in 1591 which gave a list of Shakespeare's plays published by that date.

(*b*) **Partly external and partly internal**, which consists of references in the play itself to some historical event whose date is known or quotations from or allusion to inspiration drawn from some book by another writer whose date is known.

(*c*) **Wholly internal**, also called 'aesthetic evidence' derived from within the play itself independently of any

outside help. It is the evidence of metre, style, diction, dramatic construction, characterisation, humour, philosophy, etc., all that shows the gradual growth of the dramatist's mind and the slow advance of his art. This kind of evidence helps to assign a play to one period or other of Shakespeare's dramatic evolution.

OF RICHARD II. IN PARTICULAR

Richard II. cannot be dated with absolute accuracy; but all evidences point to 1593-94 as the most likely date of its composition. Malone definitely assign it to 1593.

Wholly external and partly external evidence—The entry of the play on the Stationers' Register and the publication of the first quarto edition in 1597 gives us the year 1597 as the latest possible date of its composition.

The mention of this play in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* published in 1598 also conclusively proves that it could not have been composed later than 1598.

There is a somewhat close resemblance between Shakespeare's play and a contemporary poem Daniel's History of Civil Wars (1595) with regard to certain passages and a very great liberty taken by both with historical accuracy, *viz.*, the representation of the 12-year-old queen as a full-grown woman. If Daniel followed Shakespeare (which is very likely), then Richard II. must have been composed earlier than 1595, the date of Daniel's poem.

It has been definitely established that Shakespeare's

picture of Richard II. was more or less inspired by Marlowe's Edward II. (written between 1595 and 1593). That Shakespeare's play was composed in that early period of his career when he was still under the influence of Marlowe, is further shown by the omission of prose from Richard II. in imitation of Edward II.

So all this evidence points to the period of 1593-94 which is also confirmed by internal evidence.

(c) **Wholly internal evidence**—The purely internal evidence of versification, of style, diction and general characteristics assigns Richard II. to the earlier years of Shakespeare's workmanship while he was still an apprentice to the Muses.

Rhyme with Shakespeare, except when it is used for special purposes, is a test of early composition of a play; the more the rhyme, the earlier the play, as a general rule. One-fifth of Richard II. is in rhyme. In the earlier scenes, beginning with blank verse, the poet unconsciously as it were falls back into rhyme as if the latter were the more congenial medium of expression; but in the latter part all the finest passages are in blank verse.

Blank verse—The character of the blank verse also points to early composition. Under the influence of rhymed verse, it is yet end-stop and not run-on, there being pause in the sense as well as in rhythm at the end of each line. The proportion of lines with double or feminine ending, *i.e.*, an extra syllable at the end is also very small, showing thereby an absence of varied effects.

The *style* also bears upon it the stamp of early workmanship. All the rhetorical tricks and devices, *e.g.*, alliteration, plays on words, antithesis, all the conscious striving for after-effects which are the characteristics of Shakespeare's earlier immature style, are here with a vengeance. Fantastic

comparisons and conceits and other affectations of speech especially indulged in by Richard, the Queen and Bolingbroke, point to the early period when the dramatist was under the influence of Lyly's euphemism.

III. SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF SOURCES IN GENERAL

Shakespeare did not invent his plots ; he lifted his tales from books well known in the Elizabethan Age and touched them to finer issues. The books that served him best or his dramatic plots, the books to which he returned again and again for materials were Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives* and the Italian novella in English translations. Yet Shakespeare was no plagiarist, for the materials that he borrowed underwent a magical transformation in the hands of the master. There is no denying the fact that Shakespeare was uncommonly fortunate in his sources, especially in the sources of his English and Roman historical plays, in Holinshed's *Chronicles* and *Plutarch's Lixes* respectively, even more so in the latter than in the former. Both of them were dramatic in essence and so Shakespeare had no hesitation in following them closely enough and sometimes even slavishly. Yet when all that can be said is said about his borrowings, we may well ask ourselves, how much of the supreme greatness of his dramas he owes to his originals ? Very little indeed, though at one place more than at another perhaps. The supreme qualities of his plays are entirely his, *e.g.*, characterisation, plot-construction, humour, pathos, poetry, philosophy, knowledge of life, imagination and all the rest of it. Dr. Furness has something very fine to say about it : "What false impressions are conveyed in the phrases which we have to use to express the process whereby Shakespeare converted the

stocks and stones of the old dramas and chronicles into living, breathing men and women! We say 'he drew his originals' in that source. But how much did he 'draw' or what did he 'find'?......When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the original of his plot. I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heine speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by King's children at play, but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

IV. SOURCES OF RICHARD II.

The chief source from wich Shakespeare drew the historical materials of Richard II. is (*a*) the second edition of **Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland**. That he used the second and not the first edition is proved by the fact that the withering of the Bay-trees (II. 4. 8.) is spoken of in the former and not in the latter. On the whole, Shakespeare followed his authority closely enough, keeping loyally to the main lines of the Chronicle and taking comparatively few liberties with important historical facts on grounds of dramatic and artistic necessities. The departures from history in this play are only with regard to matters of secondary importance.

There are reasons to believe that besides Holinshed, his chief source, he fell back upon two or three minor sources of information. Among these is (*b*) Hall, an older chronicler than Holinshed, to whom Shakespeare perhaps owes the historical fact of the Bishop of Carlisle being handed over to the Abbot of Westminster for safe custody as against the unhistorical account of Holinshed in this matter and also the reference to the Duke of York's age (V. II. 114.) which occurs in Hall but

not in Holinshed. (c) Shakespeare is perhaps indebted to *Stowe's Annals* for the Duke of Norfolk's going to the Holy Land (IV. I. 92-95) which does not occur in Holinshed. (d) The formal transfer of the crown to Bolingbroke (IV. I 81-89) not found in Holinshed may have been drawn from Berner's *Translation of Froissart.*

Another important source which supplied inspiration, in information, to Shakespeare is Marlowe's *Edward II.* which not some respects is superior to Shakespeare's play. There is much resemblance between the two abdication-scenes, Shakespeare's though inferior, being modelled on Marlowe's picture of what Lamb aptly calls 'the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty', Richard II. was composed at a period of Shakespeare's dramatic career when he was greatly under the influence of Marlowe's tragedies.

V. SHAKESPEARE'S DEVIATIONS FROM HISTORY IN RICHARD II. WHICH ARE MOSTLY DEVIATIONS FROM HOLINSHED ALSO

Shakespeare's plays, even when historical, are works of art, not mere chronicles of fact. As an artist primarily concerned to present life in a dramatic form and to represent the genius of a people in a particular age rather than external events of history, he has had occasionally to take liberties with historical facts ; it is then that the dramatist gets the better of the historian. His historical plays with their departures from minute historical accuracy prove the maxim that 'the actual is not the true.' So Shakespeare gets at the core of truth by occasional sacrifices of actuality. But Richard II. is fairly faithful to history ; with the exception of two far-reaching changes of character, all the inaccuracies consist in very minor

modifications of time, place and incident.

(*a*) The picture of John of Gaunt, the patriot *par excellence* of Shakespeare, is not true to history. The speech put into the mouth of the dying Gaunt will be accepted for all time as the highest expression of English patriotism. A selfless patriot worshipping his native land and ready to die for it—this is tbe picture drawn by Shakespeare. But the evidence of history is against it. John of Gaunt in real life was a selfish schemer and an unpopular adminstrator. Shakespeare's object in making him patriotic is to emphasise entire absence of patriotism in Richard and to create a favourable atmosphere for Gaunt's son Bolingbroke. Further, Gaunt is represented as an old man in the last stage of infirmity, though he was only 59 at his death.

(*b*) Another great liberty which the dramatist has taken with history and which is thoroughly justifiable on artistic grounds, is the presentation of the child-queen as a full-grown woman in body, mind and character. She, Richard's second wife, was only 12 at the time of the action of the play. She is the only female character worth speaking of in a play which lacks feminine interest. Shakespeare seeing that the feminine role so essential to a drama, could not be played by a child of twelve, changed her into a full grown womanly woman. By her devotion to and love for her husband she throws light upon the more delicate and lovable qualities of Richard's character.

Besides these two characters, which are entirely new-modelled, there are some scenes in the play for which Shakespeare has no historical authority either in Holinshed or any other chronicler and which must be his own inventions for the purposes of dramatic effect:—(*i*) Act II, Scene I, which represents the meeting between Richard and the dying Gaunt. (*ii*) Act III, Sc. IV, the garden-scene at Langley.

(*iii*) Act IV, Sc. I, the Parliament or Deposition-scene, the most important of all departures from history from the dramatic point of view. Two meetings of Parliament are combined by Shakespeare into one, and Richard is made to be present there for formally making his abdication in violation of historical truth for the sake of dramatic condensation or unity and dramatic effect respectively. (*iv*) the farewell between Richard and his Queen in Act V.—a thoroughly human touch. (*v*) Act V. Sc. V. the groom's visit to Richard in prison, a masterly dramatic touch and (*vi*) Act. V.

Sc. VI. Bolingbroke's mourning over Richard's untimely death. (*For the dramatic significance of these scenes see later.*)

There are other comparatively slight historical inaccuracies relating to time, place and incident, on some occasions perpetrated through carelessness and on others deliberately adopted for dramatic purposos, *e.g.* (*i*) the reduction of Bolingbroke's sentence which took place not at the Trial at Coventry (III, I, 209-211) but sometime after at Eltham. (*ii*) The time and place and cause of the death of the Duchess of Gloucester are changed by Shakespeare. (*iii*) The reference to Glandower in III, I, 43, lacks historical authority. (*iv*) Richard took shelter at Conway, not Flint Castle (III, *ii*, 209). According to Holinshed he surrendered to Northumberland at Conway from where he was conveyed to Flint Castle. (*v*) The coronation of Bolingbroke took place, according to Shakespeare, on a Wednesday (VI, I, 319) but it took place, according to history, on Monday, October 13. (*vi*) Shakespeare's representation of Aumerle as the son of the Duchess of York (VII, 4) is historically wrong. He was her stepson. Nor is Aumerle the only son of the Duke of York. (*vii*) Aumerle did not continue loyal to Richard as represented here. (*viii*) Prince Henry was a mere boy at the time, not a

young man of dissolute habits as represented by Shakespeare (V, III, 1-12). (*ix*) Shakespeare departs from history in making Richard enter London in Bolingbroke's triumphal procession. Richard came to London on another day. This change is in the interest of dramatic contrast. (*x*) Norfolk is represented as older than he actually was.

All these deviations taken together do not amount to much. The loss to history is not great but the gain to art is immense. Shakespeare is true to the spirit of history, though at times incorrect in detail. Shakespeare's aim in his historical plays is not historical but dramatic. It is primarily a human story of failure—Richard's—brought on by weakness and of success—Bolingbroke's—brought on by strength. The chief interest is the dramatic contrast between these two opposite types of character. So history in minor details has been sacrificed to the all-important ends of dramatic art.

VI. SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS AND HIS TREATMENT OF HISTORY IN THEM

(*a*) **The vogue of historical plays in Shakespeare's day.**—The last fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign were marked by an extraordinary outburst of patriotic fervour in England. The people, filled with pride in their country, their queen, their culture and in their political institutions rallied round Elizabeth as the highest embodiment of the nation's genius. Their loyalty to their sovereign became all the deeper when she was threatened with Roman-Catholic plots at home and dangers of invasion from abroad. The defeat of the Armada gave them a patriotic thrill such as they had never before received. The newly awakened national spirit found a

natural expression in the historical plays which came to enjoy a tremendous popularity. The dramatists, beginning with Marlowe, gave to the theatrical audience their dramatic studies in the past history of England and English kings. So Shakespeare in this matter followed a lead that was given by others. There were plenty of historical materials available in the earlier chronicles such as of Hall and Holinshed which were adapted to dramatic purposes by the dramatists. At first Shakespeare's treatment was mostly historical and political, as in Richard II., but gradually he mixed it with the stuff of daily life with that remarkable result which we see in Henry IV.

(*b*) **Shakespeare's historical play—a single drama of English national life.**—Earlier in his career Shakespeare had dealt with the Civil War called the War of the Roses in his tetralogy (groups of four plays) of 3 parts of Henry VI. and Richard III. Later he went back for his themes to a remoter period of English History in which could be traced the origin and growth of the causes which led to this bloody Civil War. He composed his second tetralogy of King John, Richard II., Henry IV. (2 parts) and Henry V. Thus the historical plays form one whole dramatising the past sins, sorrows, glories and the march to freedom of the English nation. They form, to use Schlegel's phrase, a great 'dramatic epopee' (epic poem) of which the true protagonist or hero is not this king or that king but England, the ideal of the patriotic Englishman. *This drama of English national and political life—these plays are no less—is as remarkable for its moral and political philosophy as for its artistic success.*

(*c*) **Shakespeare's historical play—a happy blend of history and art**—Shakespeare never confused the functions of the poet and the chronicler. He knew the world of each and knew too where the one ends and the other begins.

He accepted in the main the traditions supplied by Holinshed without a question but modified and changed them in matters of minor historical detail to suit his own dramatic purpose (see 'Deviations from History') for the chief business of the dramatist is the true presentation of life, individual or national, in its totality. So the artist had to pick and choose from amid a huge mass of historical and traditional details which in the chronicles choked the spirit and truth of national life beneath their dead weight. He had to lay his fingers on the dramatic moments in the life of the nation and give the right meaning and emphasis to them. So the dramatist in dealing with history has to use the method of selection and modification. Shaksspeare achieved a remarkable artistic success through his imagination and succeeded in infusing life and vitality into the dry bones of history. He recaptured the spirit of past English history and gave to its ideal figures the warmth and colour of life, bringing them into close, vital relation with men's daily life. Richard II. and Bolingbroke, representing as they do, two well-known types of humanity, the weak sentimentalist and the strong man of action, respectively, possess a human interest far beyond their age and clime. The spirit of history, the meaning of political institutions, the mysteries of the state, the relations between the different estates of the realm, the real springs of historical evolution, the moral lessons of history—all these and many more have been revealed by Shakespeare in his hitorical plays.

(*d*) **The Moral and Political Meaning of Richard II. and for that matter, of all Shakespeare's historical plays.**—Shakespeare demonstrates in Richard II. the fatal results of weak government, tyranny, favouritism and misrule by a weak-willed monarch. Sentimentalism is

always a source of weakness, but it is more so in a ruler than in any other. Weakness in the rule (this is true specially of the past) reacts dangerously on the nation and the result is national disaster. "The evil that men do live after them." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation"—these may serve as the texts of Shakespeare's moral philosophy in Richard II. as well as other historical plays. Richard not only brought about his own ruin but was responsible for all the disorders which ultimately led to the civil war. **Richard's weakness and Bolingbroke's usurpation** are diagnosed by Shakespeare in Richard II. as the two prime moral and political causes of the ruin that seized England for more than a century."

Wrong-doing on the part of kings and nobles and their criminal indifference to the people's welfare are inevitably followed by retribution. Boas remarks in this connection. "The shifting of the centre of gravity in the body politic since the Elizabethan era must modify the application of **Shakespeare's philosophy of history** to modern circumstances, but the fundamental conviction that inspires his glowing pages, that individual character reacts with potent effect upon the life of the state, is true for every age and country."

Beside the artistic purpose, which was primarily, of showing human life in action and dead in the practical world, Shakespeare must have had a political one of showing 'what bad government was and its evils: what good government was and its results'. He gives us in one group studies of kingly weakness as in Richard II. and another studies of kingly strength. They are, as Schlegel has called them, 'a mirror for kings'. The play is full of political wisdom. The claims of legitimacy, and of revolution,

of divine right, personal merit and public choice. the doctrines of the monarchical, the aristocratic, the popular origin of the state are all shown in their true perspective. He shows us the just limits and in what relations all the parts of the body politic should stand to each other.

VII. HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF RICHARD II.

On the death of his grandfather Edward III., Richard II., son of the Black Prince, a mere boy of eleven became King in 1377 ; but it was not till 1389 that he began to govern in reality. A very handsome boy with fair gifts of mind, he was just of the age to be demoralised by his position Besides, he was pleasure-loving, wasteful and fond of flattery so that the country soon lay at the mercy of greedy, unscrupulous royal favourites. The country was in a state of unsettlement and disturbance on account of war abroad and religious and social troubles at home. Of his three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster (Gaunt), York and Gloucester, the last was the most capable. He punished the King's favourites and drew the whole political power into his own hands. Richard was deprived of all power in 1387 by the appointment of a commission of regency. On coming of age in 1389, the King asserted himself, dismissed his Council and took over the reins of administration into his own hands. For the next 8 years, the King ruled wisely, and things went on smoothly and peacefully at home and abroad. But the king could never forgive his uncle Gloucester and the associate lords for their shabby treatment of him and was only biding his time to take revenge on them. His first wife

having died in 1396, he married the eight-year old daughter of the French King, Isabella (the Queen of the play). The King had again fallen into the hands of favourities 'the caterpillars of the Commonwealth, and entered upon his career of unconstitutional acts, superseded Parliament and ruled like an absolute monarch. He seized the Duke of Gloucester who died in mysterious circumstances in his prison at Calais, the King being believed to be a party to the murder. The King now came out in his true colours and in spite of his winning smiles rnd graces, frightened all the lords associated with Gloucester. Such was the state of things when, taking advantage of quarrel between the two, the King banished from the realm both Bolingbroke and Mowbray, both of whom he regarded as dangerous to his safety, the former because of his association with Gloucester, the latter because of his murdering Gloucester and knowing about the King's part in it. It is at this point that the drama begins. Bolingbroke while apparently accusing Mowbray, was really accusing the King of the murder of Gloucester. After Bolingbroke's banishment the King began to rule more unjustly and fiercely than ever.

VIII. HISTORIC TIME AND TIME OF ACTION (OR DRAMATIC TIME)

The historic period of the drama extends from April 29th, 1398, the date of the first scene, to the beginning of March 1400, the date of the last scene : so it covers a little less than two years.

But the time of the action of the play, according to Daniel, comprises fourteen days separated by unequal and unascertained intervals. It is impossible, however, to always reconcile the dramatic time with the historic.

Daniel's Time—analysis :—

Day 1—Act I. Sc. 1.

Interval. About $4\frac{1}{2}$ months—historic time.

Day 2—Act I. Sc. 2.

Interval. Gaunt's journey to Coventry.

Day 3—Act I. Sc. 3.

Interval. Journey from Coventry to London.

Day 4—Act I. Sc. 4 : Act II. Sc. 1.

Interval. A day or two.

Day 5—Act II. Sc. 2.

Interval.

Day 6—Act II. Sc. 3.

Interval.

Day 7—Act II. Sc. 4 ; Act III. Sc. 1

Day 8—Act III. Sc. 2.

Interval.

Day 9—Act III. Sc. 3.

Interval.

Day 10—Act III. Sc. 4.

Interval.

Day 11—Act IV. Sc. 1 ; Act V. Sc. 1.

Interval.

Day 12—Act V. Sc. 2, 3 and 4.

Interval.

Day 13—Act V. Sc. 5.

Interval.

Day 14—Act V. Sc. 6.

IX. HOW FAR IS "RICHARD II" A SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY?

Aristotle's conception of tragedy—'Tragedy,' according to Aristotle, 'is an imitation of action that is serious, complete and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, in the form of action, not of Narrative: through *pity and fear* effecting the proper **katharsis or purgation of the emotions of pity and fear.**' A tragedy is thus a picture of human destiny, a presentation of the pitiful condition of humanity; its subject is a noble action, grave and great, full of noble characters of large tragic proportions, being in every sense the antithesis of comedy. Tragedy produces a kind of 'katharsis' or purgation on the human mind. 'Katharsis' or purgation is a medical metaphor, and the effect of tragedy upon the mind is exactly similar to that of medicine upon the body. Tragedy excites the **feelings of pity and fear** and by exciting them purifies them of of their baser and wilder elements. Emotional disturbance is followed by tranquillity when the passion is spent. Tragedy is thus a kind of homeopathic cure, 'similia similibus curantar,' curing one emotion by new psychology which says that repression being injurious, an emotional outlet, such as tragedy providess, is good for the human heart.

Shakespeare's conception of tragedy—Tragedy, according to Shakespeare, is a story of exceptional calamity brought on partly by the actions of men and women and partly by forces beyond human control (but not Fate or Destiny as the Greeks conceived it). The calamity invariably results in the death of a person of high degree, a king or a prince, a person with whose fortunes is bound up

the welfare of a whole nation or empire and whose fall from the heights of greatness gives us a sense of the helplessness of man and the futility of life, thus exciting the two tragic emotions of pity and terror in the mind.

Next, the calamity of tragedy is the inevitable result of human action which in its turn is the outcome of human character so that the germ of the tragedy lies in the character of the hero himself. It is perfectly true to say that with Shakespeare 'character is destiny' even though Shakespeare recognises some additional factors which help the tragedy, *e.g.*, (*a*) abnormal conditions of mind resulting in actions for which a man is not responsible, (*b*) the supernatural over which man has no control, (c) chance or accident. Man is not here, as in the Greek tragedy, the victim of the blind forces of Fate more powerful than men and gods.

Again, this action which leads to the tragedy is a conflict between two persons or parties of whom the hero must be one as between Richard and Bolingbroke. But this conflict is not merely external but in a far deeper sense it is a spiritual conflict between the contradictory forces in the hero's soul. The greatness of a Shakespearean tragedy lies in this inward struggle in the hero's soul. '**Richard II.' which satisfies the other conditions of a tragedy fails to satisfy this supreme test: there is no struggle of conflicting forces in Richard's soul**. This is partly due to the fact that it is an early play and partly that it is a historical play where the dramatist is not master of himself but a slave to facts.

The hero must be not only a person of high life but an extraordinary being in character and personality, much above the common run. This does not mean that he must be wholly good. 'But there must be a marked one-sidedness, a strong predisposition—a fatal

tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion or habit of mind.' This is with Shakespeare the fundamental tragic characteristic of the hero. He is in the grip of his weakness as much as the hero of Greek tragedy is in the grip of fate. Richard, an early tragic hero who rises comparatively little above the common run of men, possesses this characteristic. This is a fatal quality as it brings about the hero's ruin but it has a touch of greatness about it. Richard's sentimentalism his and utter want of stamina and character are responsible for the tragedy of his and yet who has not fallen under the spell of his tall poetry, his fancy, his eloquence and his exquisite grace? He is exquisite even in his fall. This leads to the conclusion that the hero must be neither wholly virtuous nor wholly vicious, because if he is either, he cannot excite the tragic emotions of pity and fear. He must be a mixed personality, while on the whole good and great he must be subject to one fatal weakness, one bias, one predisposition which will work his ruin. Our condemnation of Richard is lost in our infinite pity for him. He has the weakness of Hamlet without his greatness, like Hamlet he is a most incompetent doer, utterly lost in the world of action. It is an infinite pity that he should be born a king for whose position he is absolutely unfit. Like Hamlet, though on an infinite smaller scale he illustrates the weaknesses and dangers of an imaginative temperament.

Richard is an attractive but not a great character. But a tragic hero must have the elements of greatness in him in order that in his error and fall we may not lose our faith in the possibilities of human nature. Bradley says: 'Richard II. is perhaps and exception, and I must confess that to me he is scarcely a tragic character, and that, if he is nevertheless a tragic figure, he is so only because his fall from prosperity to adversity is so great.'

X. CONSTRUCTION OF THE DRAMA: AN ANALYSIS OF THE ACTION

Richard II. is most certainly a tragedy, though one or the other type. But the fact that it is a historical play whose materials are somewhat rigid and inelastic, not easily lending themselves to artistic manipulation, makes a tremendous difference. Then it was composed at a period when Shakespeare's powers of tragic treatment had not attained their full maturity: so naturally it falls far short of the high standard of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies produced during his tragic period. Yet the cunning of the master-artist is seen in the play everywhere, especially in the skilful construction and handling of the plot. The drama is well-knit, logically developed from stage to stage and possessed of a dramatic unity of interest which is indeed remarkable—in short, very neatly constructed. Coleridge "feels no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's *purely historical plays*." Coleridge further adds, "it is perhaps the most purely historical of Shakespeare's dramas": with only one exception; no interest, no incident of any other kind than the strictly historical is admitted into the drama. The whole **political** drama, which is the subject matter of the play, is played by two men, Richard and Bolingbroke, the contrast between whose characters is the chief dramatic interest of the play. This contrast between these two historical characters which determines their fortunes, the fall of the one and the rise of the other, acquires, however, in Shakespeare's hands a wider human significance and reflects the difference between the two types of men, represented by Richard and Bolingbroke, to be found in all ages and climes—the week-willed men of sentiment and imagination who fail and the strong-willed men of action who succeed in life.

Thus the action takes the form of a conflict between these two characters which finally ends in the defeat of the one and the victory of the other. This unity of interest and subject-matter is further enphasised by the unity of treatment and style which—poetic and serious—never descends to the comic or the colloquial.

About the construction of a Shakespearean tragedy, Bradley says, 'As a Shakespearean tragedy represents a conflict which terminates in catastrophe, any such tragedy may be roughly divided into *three parts.* The first of these sets forth or expounds the situation or state of affairs, out of which the conflict arises ; and it may, therefore, be called the *Exposition.* The second deals with the definite beginning, the growth and the vicissitudes of the conflict. It forms accordingly the bulk of the play, comprising the second, third and fourth Acts, and usually a part of the first and a part of the fifth. The final action of the tragedy shows the issue of the conflict in a catastrope'. Bradley, however, warns that the scheme of such a division is more or less arbitrary because the first part glides into the second, the second into the third and so forth.

The exposition introduces to us a number of characters in various relations and circumstances and so situated as to set us wondering what will follow next. 'The situation is not of conflict but it threatens conflict'. Really speaking the contest between Richard and Bolingbroke begins in the very first Scene of the first Act. The murder of Gloucester, Richard's uncle, is the real underlying cause of the challenge of Mowbray and Bolingbroke and also the attitude of Richard towards the challengers. The beginning of the play is a bit abrupt and presupposes a little historical knowledge. The murder was planned by Richard and executed by Mowbray,

before the drama begins. Richard is now anxious to get rid at one stroke of both Mowbray, his tool and Bolingbroke, his enemy, a troublesome friend and a dangerous foe. Bolingbroke, too, is perfectly aware of the coming struggle, and his challenge to Mowbray is really a challenge to Richard. The causes and beginning of this rivalry are gradually set forth in the four scenes of the first Act. From the very beginning of the second Act the conflict acquires speed and violence. Bolingbroke has been banished. Gaunt dies and Richard, throwing off his mask, declares his intention of depriving Bolingbroke of his rightful inheritance, thereby giving Bolingbroke an excuse for open rebellion and Bolingbroke's friends an excuse for supporting him. The rivalry that has so long remained underground now comes into the open. We have already entered upon the second part of Bradley's division. In these scenes are revealed the real character of Richard and his misgovernment which makes rebellion easy and assures Bolingbroke's success. The conflict becomes more deadly, and already Richard's defeat is a foregone conclusion. The third Act represents a further advance in the struggle ; it is the rising action of the play which rapidly reaches the climax in the King's surrender. Act III, Scene I, shows royal authority slipping away from Richard and coming within Bolingbrok's grasp : Bolingbroke is shown administering justice and passing sentence on Richard's favourites. The second Scene shows Richard's growing misfortunes and his utter inability to tackle the situation. The weakness of Richard's character are emphasised. The rivals come face to face with each other in the next Scene, their position almost reversed, and the climax of the crisis is reached in the King's surrender—"Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all" (Act III, Sc. 3, l. 197.) The last Scene of Act III is a comment on the struggle by a disinterested spectator, *viz.*, the gardener. From Act IV, the falling

action begins; the tension is relieved. In Act. IV, Sc. I, what has been informally settled is formally completed, *viz.*, Richard's deposition before the Parliament. The last Act shows Richard and Bolingbroke entirely reversed in their positions and marks the final end of the conflict in the catastrophe, *viz.*, the murder of Richard. Stopford Brook says, "The character of Richard, carefully and slowly wrought, dominates the whole, makes the events and makes the catastrophe. It is the play. The character of Bolingbroke is quite secondary. Its outlines are drawn but they are only partly filled up. What he is meant to be is more seen in his opposition to Richard than in himself.

XI. THE THEORY OF DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

The play of Richard II. is highly provocative of political thoughts. Many questions suggest themselves, the most important of them being the question of the rights, privileges and responsibilities of a king and the limits of misgovernment. The shifting of the centre of gravity in the state from the individual to the collective body, from the monarch to the people in modern times has made the question less important now. But in the days of Richard, the king enjoyed a unique position in the state, an inviolable sanctity attached to the kingly office and there was absolutely no limit to a king's power and consequently to his right of inflicting misery and suffering upon the people through despotism and misrule. Shakespeare has made it common knowledge through his historical plays how the absolutism of Richard brought in its wake centuries of civil war and ruin among a whole people. A whole nation was made to pay the price of a single man's misdeeds! The personal character of a king made or marred the state in those times.

Richard II.'s despotism was partly inspired by his personal character and partly by his firm faith in the divine right of kings. For his doings the King was answereble only to God whose deputy or vicegerent he is on earth and not to his people; and this sense of the divine nature of the kingly office gave the monarch a sense of false security and was a constant concouragement to inaction and misrule. Richard frequently speaks of it in a tone of awe and reverence and others of his way thinking do the same. Richard says :

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from *an anointed king ;*
The breath of wordly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord." (III. 1. 54-57).

And again,

"show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, and steal, or usurp."
(III. *III* 77-81).

Elsewhere in the drama he refers to the sacredness and divine origin of the king's office. Not he alone but others brought up in the older traditions share this almost religious faith in the king's sacred office and his inviolability, *e g.* Gaunt, (I, 2, 37--41), York (II, 3, 96) and Bishop of Carlisle (IV, 1, 121—129). Gaunt will do nothing to avenge his brother Gloucester's murder, for,

God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death ! the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister. (I, 2, 77—41).

Again Carlisle says—

"And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ?"

(IV, 1, 125–119).

Richard will do whatever he likes in prosperity and will not do anything at all in adversity because he is God's sacred deputy ! So it drove him to two extremes in his conduct—arbitrary and irresponsible action in prosperous times and absolute inaction and lethargy in times of danger. Though the king was absolute in Richard's day, yet in a definite form this belief in the divine right of kings did not come into existence till the times of the Tudors and the Stuarts. This proves that Shakespeare's presentation of earlier history was coloured by the conditions and problems of his own times. . So this is a grand anachronism in Richard II.

Anachronism in Richard II.

An anachronism is literally an error in the computation of time. In literature it takes the form of an error in dating, usually antidating, a thing. When a dramatist assigns an earlier than the true date to an event or a thing, he is said to perpetrate an anachronism. It is difficult for a writer dramatising the past, especially writing a historical drama, to avoid anachronism altogether, for a man's view of things is coloured by conditions and prejudices of his own age. One can recapture the spirit of the past as Shakespeare has done in his historical plays but even a Shakespeare cannot reproduce the by-gone world and age in all its infinite details ; even he must needs in some matters project the present into

the past. There are some examples of anachronism in Richard II :—

(1) Aping of Italian fashions—

"Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation." (II. I. 21—23).

Shakespeare attributes an Elizabethan folly to Richard's times : the custom of slavishly imitating Italian fashions prevailing in Shakespeare's own age so that it gave rise to the common saying.—

An Englishman Italianate
Is devil incarnate'.

"*One author*", remarks Johnson, "*who gives to all nations the customs of England, and all ages the manners of his own* (this is anachronism), has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakespeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors."

(2) Benevolences—

"And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, *benevolences*, and I wot not what !"
(II, 1, 249-50).

Though forced loans had been levied by Henry III., Edward II. and Richard II., yet benevolences were first exacted by Edward IV. much later in 1473. As attributed to Richard II it is an anachronism.

(3) Pins—

"My wretchedness unto a row of pins" (III, 4, 26).

The Queen will wager her infinite misery against such a cheap, trifling thing as a row of pins. Though pins were

introduced into England in Richard's reign, yet they did not become common and cheap till long after.

(4) Rapier—

'And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my *rapier's* point. (IV, I, 39-40.)

Dr. Johnson points out that the rapier, an Italian fencing weapon, was not introduced into England till two centuries after Richard's time, *i.e.*, Shakespeare's time.

XII. EUPHUISM

"Euphuism," says Symonds, "may be defined as literary style used by Lyly (Shakespeare's predecessor) in his prose works, and adopted into the language of polite society. It is characterised by, (*a*) a superficial tendency to allegory ; (*b*) by the abuse of easy, classical erudition ; (*c*) *by a striving after-effect in puns, conceits, and play on words ;* (*d*) *by antithesis of word and diction, carried to a wearisome extent*, and enforced by alternative and parisonic use of language ; and, (*e*) finally, by sententious prolixity in the display of commonplace reflections." Euphuism exercised a great influence on Shakespeare's style in his earlier plays, especially in his earlier comedies, these tricks of style, these puns, conceits and verbal prettinesses being regarded as signs of immaturity. But as Shakespeare's knowledge of life became deeper and his style became more mature, he shed these conscious literary artifices. There is, however, an abundancy of artificial literary devices commonly known as Euphuism in *Richard II*.

(1) There is an excessive use of alliteration as in I, 1, 47—51 ; I, 2, 50-51 ; I, 3, 150, 151, 213 ; II.

(2) Excessive play on words, as punning and quibbling, an outlet for bitter feelings :—

(*i*) "Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and *gaunt* in being old;" (II. 1.74)

(*ii*) "*Deposing* thee before thou wert *possess'd*,
Which art *posses'd* now to *depose* thyself"
(II, 1, 107-8.)

(*iii*) "Wooing poor *craftsmen* with the *craft* of smiles"
(1, 4, 28).

(*iv*) "Say, is my kingdom lost ? Why, 'twas my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?" (III, 2, 95-96.

Also the play on the double meaning of cares (in IV. I. 195—98.) No use multiplying instances : they are scattered up and down the play.

(3) Antithesis—balancing of words and phrases for the sake of contrast as in I, 2, 14-15 ; I, 3, 186-87, etc.

(4) Then there are the laboured fancies, the fantastic comparisons and curious turns of expression in which Shakespeare indulged in his earlier plays and which are specially noticeable in the speeches of the King, the Queen and even of Bolingbroke in this drama. A notorious example of these tortured conceits (metaphors ridden to death) is afforded by Bolingbroke's fantastic comparison of the meeting between Richard and himself to the meeting of the elements of fire and water in the sky (III, 3, 54-60). Another example is the elaborately-developed comparison through as many as six lines of York and Aumerle with a 'silver fountain' and its stream respectively (V, 3, 61—66). Richard's speeches in the later scenes and the Queen's speeches are masterpieces of euphuism.

XIII. DRAMATIC IRONY IN RICHARD II.

The meaning and implication of dramatic or classical irony is altogether different from that of irony in the ordinary sense. Bradley understands by it-irony on the part of the author himself, ironical juxtapositions of persons and events, and especially *the 'Sophoclian irony' by which a speaker is made to use words bearing to the audience, in addition to his own meaning, a further and ominous sense, hidden from himself and, usually, from the other persons on the stage.* Hudson defines it as 'the contrast between two aspects of the same thing whether such contrast is perceived at the time or becomes apparent later.' So dramatic irony depends upon the audience knowing something which is unknown to the characters. What the character says or does has one meaning for him and for the audience an added, tragic significance. The fates as it were play with the ignorance of man and make a laughing-stock of him. An author dramatising past history and an audience witnessing its performance have the advantage of the persons who actually played a part in the events because the former in the light of subsequent occurrences know many things which were unknown to the latter. This irony is an important part of Shakespeare's tragic method. Shakespeare very much depends on it for heightening the tragic effect and rousing the feeling of pity for the unconscious character.

(*a*) There is one example of the effective use of dramatic irony in I, 1, 116 where Richard says of Bolingbroke,

"Were he my brother, nay, *my Kingdom's heir*,

As he is but my father's brother's son."

The irony lies in the fact that the Elizabethan audience knew already what Richard did not know, viz., that Bolingbroke would be more than Richard's heir, his deposer. Richard is here an unconscious prophet himself.

(*b*) Another striking example is where Richard says about Bolingbroke the following lines which have an ominous meaning for us and of which he himself was ignorant—

"As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects 'next degree in hope,'
(IV, 4, 35-36).

Another utterance that sounds like a prophecy ;

(*c*) Another supreme example of this tragic irony is Richard's expression of his firm faith in the divinity of kingship and his false sense of security born of his confidence in the protection of God in III, 20, 54—62 just when he is on the point of knowing what is already known to the audience, that he is utterly helpless on account of the disposal of the Welsh army.

(*d*) Lines 55—69 in V, 1, containing Richard's prophecy about events which took place in Henry IV's (Bolingbroke's name as King) reign are inspired by dramatic irony. Again Richard is an unconsciously true prophet and the audience knew already that the prophecy was literally fulfilled. Northumberland's words in line 69 :

" My guilt be on my head, and there an end," spoken unconsciously of what the audience knew was to happen are yet another example of dramatic irony.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Richard—The chief interest of the drama, regarded as a study of character, is the personality of King Richard in its many points of weakness and few points of strength. All things considered, the few strong points of Richard's character are altogether cast into the shade by the many weak points ; yet the warmhearted dramatist, as far as can be gathered, does not mean to hold him up to ridicule and condemnation

but to make him an object of infinite pity and love. Richard has no great qualities of head or heart but many sweet ones which appeal to the sympathy and imagination of the reader. He is sweet and warm in his littleness as Bolingbroke, his rival and antithesis, is unsympathetic and cold in his greatness ; so the one has our affection, while the other has our admiration. They represent two opposite types of humanity, the men of imagination and sentiment on one hand and the men of intellect and action on the other. The one set of characteristics spells failure while the other spells success. On account of the weaknesses of character produced by the opportunities of his exalted position and his theory of divine and irresponsible kingship, he makes a very unfavourable impression in the earlier scenes but he vastly improves on acquaintance in the later scenes : we hate him in prosperity but our heart bleeds for him in adversity.

People are agreed that Richard is Shakespeare's study of weakness of character. True it is, he is an incurable sentimentalist swayed by impulses, 'a dilettante of life', a trifler who takes life easy, 'weak of will, of conscience and of reason': but when originally conceived he was not half so bad as he afterwards became, when he was demoralised by his irresponsible position, flattery and luxury. He was handsome of looks, the Queen's 'fair rose' and Bolingbroke's 'happy gentleman in blood and lineaments' and his character is 'full of easy charm and poetic sensibility'. But all his good qualities paled into insignificance by the side of the vain, selfish, despotic, and partially crafty and cruel character that he developed after his kingship. It is difficult to give him any pity during his earlier career of kingship as depicted by the dramatist in the scenes before the landing of Bolingbroke. He is full of fatal indecision and impulsiveness, he throws the sacred law of the land to the winds, he

has no respect for the laws of ownership and inheritance, he has no consideration for his own order, *viz.*, the nobility nor for the common people. Extremely selfish and unpatriotic, he farms all England out and issues blank charters to his substitutes. Blindly he heads for ruin. The inherent weakness of his character, his entire lack of stamina is unfolded at every step and we feel that it is but a step from the throne to the prison.

But we begin to note a subtle change in his character on his return from Ireland when he finds the ground slipping away from beneath his feet. His insolence and recklessness are replaced by sentimentality and gentleness. The gift of poetic fancy and imaginative sensibility which is Richard's from his birth and which was so long repressed by his kingly pride and despotism becomes very much pronounced. This artistic faculty finds a natural ally in a weakness of will and the two together produce in him a complete paralysis of action and an aesthetic delight in the 'situations' provided by life. He ceases to be a participator in life (which he never was in the real sense) and becomes an onlooker, a dilettante who, lacking the will-power to improve the situations of life, takes the sentimentalist's delight in brooding over them. He is an 'amateur in living' as Dowden says. 'Life is to Richard a show, a succession of images : and to put himself into accord with the aesthetic requirements of his position is Richard's first necessity'. Instead of grappling with realities he weaves pretty poetic fancies around them ; he makes a luxury of his grief. As a matter of fact, he has never looked life in the face neither now nor previously but looked at it through a luminous mist which has made everything appear rosy and radiant before his vision. Such a man is destined to a rude awakening in life at the hands of sturdy men of character who, like Bolingbroke, know how to strike boldly

and vigorously. Thrown into despair, he unloads his stricken heart in a flood of eloquence remarkable for its poetic fancy, artistic grace, sweetness and sensibility. 'He is henceforward the reflective poet of many words ; never the man of action, never the man with one aim, never Bolingbroke' (Stopford Brooke). 'And he is so steeped in voluptuous habits that he must needs be a voluptuary even in his sorrow, and make a luxury of woe itself. . . . so he hangs over his griefs, hugs them, nurses them, buries himself in them, as if the sweet agony thereof were to him a glad refuge from the stings of self-reproach, from the exercise of manly thought. . . . he turns a moralistic day-dreamer and fancy-monger, and goes to spending his wits in a sort of holiday of poetical, self-brooding tearfulness' (Hudson). But at the very last, the lamp of his life which always burnt faint and dim, gives one last bright flicker, and when the murderers are upon him, he dies sword in hand in a flash of fiery spirit which proves that he was no coward.

'Nothing in his life.
Became him like the leaving it'.

For all his brilliant qualities of head and heart, Richard fails through want of fixed purpose, repugnance to action and shirking of realities. He remains boyish from beginning to end—boyish in intellect, emotion and character. He never acquires a grasp on realities, his will is ever unformed, his power of judgment is entirely undeveloped so that he is ever at the mercy of random gusts of feeling. And he pays a heavy price for it ! Our condemnation of him is overwhelmed in pity and regret.

In his irresolution and gift of fine poetical fancy and speech he has been compared to Hamlet (minus his intellect) ; and in his amateurish and artistic approach to life he, although a more fascinating character, may be compared to Duke Orsino of *Twelfth Night.*

Bolingbroke.—Over against the man of weak will and variable impulse is set the man of steady nerves and strong character. 'Bolingbroke wins the day, but he is not the protagonist of the play.' The outlines of his character given here are fully developed in the later play of Henry IV. The character of Richard dominates this play and Bolingbroke plays but a secondary role in serving as a contrast to him. Hudson, however, thinks that Bolingbroke is the moving and controlling spirit of the drama ; doubtless he is its strongest character.

Bolingbroke is in every respect a contrast to Richard, an entirely opposite type of humanity, the strong, silent man of action as distinguished from the weak, sentimental man of fine words and phrases. The one is a man of reason and judgment and strong will, slowly and silently moving towards his goal ; the other is a man of imagination and impulse, drifting at the mercy of every casual emotion, having no fixed purpose in life and taking everything light and easy. Bolingbroke is cool, collected and calculating ; a practical man to his finger-tips, he makes his plans with the help of a clear intellect and carries them with the help of an iron will. He has none of Richard's sentimentalism and weak hesitancy. On the contrary he dominates the character he comes in contact with, with his masterful personality and the silent magnetism of his strong will. He is one of those natural masters of men, born to rule and command and impose their will on others. He is an embodiment of practical wisdom and shrewdness and makes not a single false step in life ; he is one of those who are made for success as surely as Richard is made for failure. He ambition, farsightedness and deep calculation come into evidence from the very beginning of the play. He scores an early triumph over Richard by setting himself up as an avenger of

Gloucester's murder. He avails himself of the opportunity given by Richard's foolish sentence of banishment to cultivate the common people and win their favours. He knows exactly when to strike and lands just when Richard is absent in Ireland. He wins the sympathies of the nobility and the commoners by posing as a subject deeply injured by the king and pretending to care for nothing more than his just rights according to the sacred law of the land. He strikes quickly and vigorously at Richard's powers so that when Richard returns he finds himself practically deposed. He rids the land of Richard's hated favourites; treats the king with ceremonial courtesies, shows himself generous towards his foes and is chivalrous towards the Queen. He gives us the impression of great wisdom, ability and character: he is a great man and fully deserves the crown which Richard has forfeited by his folly. He has in him all the making of a great ruler, a great administrator executing stern justice where justice is called for (as on Richard's favourites) and exercising mercy and generosity where it is due (as in the case of Aumerle and the Bishop of Carlisle). But for all his greatness he does not appeal to our sympathies: he is not a lovable personality and he receives admiration where Richard receives people's love. His character for all its greatness lacks the human touch.

He was the silent, strong man, the country, groaning under a weak King's favouritism, selfishness and misrule, stood in need of him and he gave them a healthy, vigorous administration. Yet we cannot help feeling that he is a usurper. Shakespeare with his instinctive love of settled order and hereditary rights never approved of rebellion, however wicked the rule which it ended. Such a rebellion even though prompted by patriotism must have some baser motives of self-seeking ambition behind it. So he traces many of the political evils of the succeeding centuries to

the act of usurpation committed by Bolingbroke. Retribution follows and Henry Bolingbroke, as King Henry IV, reaps the fruits of his crime in the next play in the series *Henry IV*.

Dowden, in his illuminating analysis of Bolingbroke, says: "Bolingbroke utters few words in the play of *Richard II.*; yet we feel that from the first the chief force centres in him. He possesses every element of power except those which are spontaneous and unconscious. He is dauntless but his courage is under the control of his judgment .... He is ambitious, but ambition is not an inordinate desire to wreak his will upon the world, and expend a fiery energy like that of Richard III.; it is an ambition which aims at definite ends, and can be held in reserve until these seem attainable. He is studious to obtain the good graces of nobles and of people, and he succeeds because, wedded to his end, he does not become impatient of the means; but he is wholly lacking in genius of the heart; and therefore he obtains the love of no man."

John of Gaunt. The character of Gaunt as presented in *Richard II.* is altogether a new and bold creation in direct opposition to the testimony of history. It is an absolutely unhistorical picture but it is entirely justifiable on dramatic grounds. It is a case of art adapting history to its own purposes. The Gaunt of history was a selfish schemer, worthless soldier and an unpopular administrator. But Gaunt as represented here by Shakespeare is an ideal patriot who says the last word in patriotism, the dramatic object of this representation evidently being first, to emphasise Richard's entire lack of patriotism and, secondly, to prepare the ground for the reception of Bolingbroke, a patriot's son, as his country's deliverer.

He appears only in two Acts: and yet he fills a large

space in our eyes. A selfless patriot loving his country more than anything else in the world and stricken to the heart at its unspeakable degradation, the last remnant of the heroic times of Edward III.—this is the vision that rises before us as we read his death-bed speech. Patriotism cannot go further. He is loyal to his King, yet he is not afraid to speak to his face about his misgovernment; on the contrary, it is his solicitude for the welfare of the King that makes him give him a last warning, even though aware that it would go unheeded. He believes in the divinity of kingship and the sanctity of the King's person and so will not do anything to avenge his brother Gloucester's murder. His love for his son Bolingbroke was deep and sincere so that he was very much grieved at his exile; yet he would not make it an occasion for disloyalty to the King. Experienced, wise, just yet merciful, honest and patriotic yet tender, loyal yet outspoken, loving his son yet loving England more—such was old Gaunt the representative of a more heroic race whose lot is cast in degnerate times.

Duke of York. The Duke of York offers a contrast to his brother John of Gaunt. Gaunt is strong of will and character, while York is full of weak-willed hesitancy and is comparatively colourless. The one is a man of action while the other is a man of pious intentions which he has not the courage to carry out. Such men as York cannot have any convictions, political or otherwise, and even if they have, they have not character enough to act up to them. But for all his lack of personality, he is a well-intentioned, good and inoffensive man as is shown by the testimony of those who knew him well. The Gardener speaks of him as "the good Duke of York." Northumberland calls him "Good old York" and Bolingbroke thinks no end of his goodness. Like Gaunt, he is a believer in the divinity of

kingship and so he is loyal to Richard, though inwardly hurt at his misgovernment.

Richard leaves him in charge of the realm during his absence in Ireland, a difficult position for a good man, especially in such unsettled times. He finds himself on the horns of a dilemma when he has to choose between his duty to Richard as regent and as loyal subject and his sympathy with Bolingbroke for the deep wrongs he has suffered at the King's hands. Having no decided views he is just the man to drift with the prevailing current of affairs ; he makes a feeble attempt to discharge his duties as regent, but finding the whole country siding with Bolingbroke he submits to him, after a weak appeal to his loyalty—a necessary concession to his easy conscience. The fact is that he is completely subdued by the stronger personality of Bolingbroke. He entirely loses our sympathy by his weak vacillation and indecision as regent. Vigorous action in any direction is the last thing we could expect from him. 'His is only a faded representation of what Richard, without his touch of genius, might have been as an old man' (S. Brooke). So there is a disparity between his words and his actions, because words are his *forte*, not action. York is loyal enough, so far as it goes, as is shown by the compassion he feels for Richard and by his staunch devotion to Bolingbroke after he has joined him. There is something almost ludicrous in his unnatural pressing for his son's death in the name of his loyalty to Bolingbroke—a picture wholly unworthy of Shakespeare ; this too is the exaggerated symptom of a weak will. The fact of the matter is that he is one of those good, easy-going men who would like to be left alone and who would break down if placed in a difficult situation ; but he is no time-server.

The Queen. The Queen is also a new creation, because

in delineating her as he has done, Shakespeare has departed from history. The departure is a very happy one from the dramatic point of view. In history at the time of the action of the play, she was only a child of twelve, too young to have any dramatic possibilities. She has been represented as a full-grown woman to introduce a feminine interest into the drama and also to throw light upon some aspects of her husband's character which, but for her and a few other intimates, would have remained hidden, *viz.*, Richard's personal graces and charms which made him so lovable.

The Queen's picture is very vivid and convincing, though drawn on a small scale. She plays a prominent part only in three scenes (II 2, III. 4, V. I) but within that short scope all her characteristic qualities are shown to great advantage by the dramatist. She is highly imaginative and sentimental so that she is a fit wife and companion for Richard. There is the same tendency, though in a much lesser degree, to take an aesthetic delight in a pathetic situation of life and brood over and make a luxury of them. But then as she is a very loving and devoted wife, her grief at her husband's misfortunes is very deep and sincere. To her Richard is 'sweet,' her 'fair rose,' 'map of honour,' 'beauteous inn,' 'the model where old Troy did stand.' She is tender and gracious to all except on one or two occasions when her patience was tested by adversity. She is in every sense a womanly woman, full of feminine love, sweetness and graciousness and does much to humanise an otherwise dry political drama. Though she is feminine yet when the situation calls for it she shows more spirit and moral strength than Richard. She administered a well-merited rebuke to him for his tame submission in the following lines—

> 'What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
> Transform'd and weaken'd ? hath Bolingbroke deposed
> Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else with rage
To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts ?"

(V, I, 26—34).

She goes through the play a tender picture of sadness and despair adding to the profound pathos of the play.

Aumerle.--On the whole, Aumerle does not create a pleasant impression. The very fact that he is the son of the weak, vacillating York and the friend of the weak, volatile and selfish Richard. makes us expect very little from him. Like his father he is more a man of words than of deeds. He helps Richard in his evil courses and supports him in his mischievous scheme of taking away Bolingbroke's rightful inheritance. But he is loyal to Richard and does not without a struggle transfer his allegiance to Bolingbroke. He stands by Richard in his misfortune and humiliation and gives him hope and encouragement; and then when all is lost he joins a conspiracy against Bolingbroke. He is no coward and he is ready to suffer the consequences of his act: it is only in deference to his mother's feelings that he throws himself on Bolingbroke's mercy. He has latent capacities for good in him which could not develop in the corrupt atmosphere of Richard's court: the shrewd Bolingbroke discovers them and pardons him. The wisdom of this clemency was proved when Aumerle laid down his life at Agincourt in the

service of Bolingbroke's son, Henry V.

Northumberland.—Northumberland creates a very unpleasant impression. He is at once a coward and a bully, flatters those who are strong and insults those who are weak. He is extremely unchivalrous, even brutal towards Richard in his fallen state: unnecessarily rude to Richard, he even takes a fiendish delight in tormenting him. He baits him just as a dog baits a bear. He insults the Bishop of Carlisle and is quick to arrest him on a charge of high treason (IV, I, 150—154). The indignities he heaps on Richard are so cruel that at last even the much enduring Richard is roused to make a speech in which Northumberland is rightly sized up and his inglorious future correctly predicted (V, 1, 55—65).

Carlisle.—The Bishop of Carlisle is the noblest character in the whole play—faithful, fearless and wise. He shares strongly Richard's belief in the divinity of kingship: the king to him, is

> The figure of God's majesty,
> His captain, steward, deputy elect.
>
> (IV, 1, 125-26).

But he does not use it as a convenient cover for inaction and a false sense of security. He warns Richard that

> 'The means that heaven yields must be embraced,

And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress"

(III, 1, 29).

When Richard indulges in sentimental brooding over grief instead of taking steps to meet the situation he utters a rebuke—'wise men ne'er sit and wait their woes' (III. 2. 178). In the deposition-scene in Westminster Hall he alone has the courage to champion the cause of Richard and Monarchy and warns the English people of the dire consequences which will follow Bolingbroke's act of usurpation—

'And if you crown him, let me prophesy :
The blood of Englishmen shall manure the ground,
And future ages shall groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls'—

(IV 1. 136—144)

a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter in the Wars of the Roses. And he told the truth at a tremendous risk to himself.

Richard's favourites.—History as well as Shakespeare tells us that King Richard delighted in the society of a number of friends and associates who fawned on him and pandered to his voluptuous tastes. These minions on whom the King showered favours in profusion are in this play Bagot, Bushy and Green and the Earl of Wiltshire to

whom the land had been farmed out—a set of base, unworthy knaves who exploit the foolish King in their own petty interests. It is these people who are represented by Shakespeare as being responsible for the misgovernment which makes the King odious in the eyes of the people. It is their obnoxious acts which ultimately bring about Richard's downfall. In this play they are not sharply distinguished from each other but collectively they give the impression of a group of selfish, greedy, irresponsible, unpatriotic people who are ever ready to sacrifice their country's present and future to their mean and petty self-interest. Bolingbroke fastens the whole responsibility for Richard's corrupt government on the favourities during their trial at Bristol—

'You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By your unhappied and disfigured clean'.

(III, 1, 8—10)

So his first act is to rid the realm of these base minions.

The Gardener comparing them to weeds says:

'The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

(III, 4, 50—53)

But they have one redeeming feature—they are all strongly attached to Richard. Bushy, Green and Wiltshire are in the play executed while Bagot escapes to Ireland.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF RHYME

Rhyme gives us one of the metrical tests of the early or late production of a play by Shakespeare. In Shakespeare's early comedies there is a very large proportion of rhymed verse ; but gradually rhyme declines so that the proportion of rhymed verse in a play is one of the most reliable indications of the period of its composition. But in applying this rhyme-test we should make due allowance for the use of rhyme by Shakespeare for certain special purposes such as making the termination of a scene ; in our calculation we must exclude the cases where rhyme is used for special purposes. For example, Richard II is later in chronological order of production than Richard III, in spite of the fact that the former contains a far larger proportion of rhyme than the latter.

Shakespeare gradually gave up rhyme and adopted blank verse because the latter is superior as a dramatic medium than the former for the following reasons :—

(*a*) Rhyme is somewhat artificial while blank verse is comparatively natural, because it makes an approach to the conversation of real life.

(*b*) Rhyme imposes some restraint upon the dramatist's expression while blank verse gives him a large measure of freedom. The necessity of rhyming removed, he can give free expression to his thoughts.

(*c*) Blank verse admits of variety while rhyme is apt to get monotonous on account of the uniformity of its rhythm.

There are some special purposes for which rhyme is used even in Shakespeare's later plays (which do not furnish us the rhyme-test).

(*i*) Rhyme is often used to mark the end of a scene or the end of a long speech, *e.g.*, I. 3 ; IV. 1 ; V. 4.

(*ii*) The use of rhyme also marks the end of one period of a man's career and suggests farewell. There is one good example of this special use in *Richard II.*, II. 2. 140—147, where rhyme suggests the end of the earthly career of Richard's favourites and their farewell ; another example is in V. 5., 100—118 which marks the close of Richard's life. The uses of rhyme are also to be marked in II 4, 21—24 ; V. 1, 79—102.

(*iii*) Another use of rhyme is to express proverbial wisdom or to moralise.

Just one-fifth of *Richard II* is in rhyme.

Prose. There is absolutely no prose used in *Richard II*, probably under the influence of Marlowe. Even a scene like III. 4, the Gardener's scene, which might have been written in prose, is written in verse. Perhaps the dignified character of the subject, *viz.*, the tragic state of the body politic makes prose unfit as a medium of expression.

A GENERAL ESTIMATE OF RICHARD II.

Richard II has never been much of a success on the stage. As a play for the stage it is defective in plot and in characterisation. There is no hero in the proper sense, a personality who captures our imagination and for whom we really care. Bolingbroke does not appeal to us because of his unholy ambition, his cold, hard nature and his hypocritical behaviour, and, last but not least, his usurpation. Richard is an overgrown boy, an effeminate man, a weak and selfish but graceful trifler with life even at serious

moments for whom we have nothing but pity mingled at times with contempt. The rest are more or less minor characters. There is not a single character of heroic proportions in the play. Then there is scarcely any female interest in the play, for the Queen is little more than a shadowy figure. Its greatest defect, according to the majority, is that it is too much of a political play to have any but the slightest human interest. The whole atmosphere is political. Even the menials such as the gardener and the two servants talk politics. The play is full of political teachings. Then there is moralising too. The seriousness of its political interest is absolutely unrelieved by touches of humour—a defect which is fatal to its success—either on the stage or out of it. Then the theme itself is painful to contemplate. Richard is a fool but not a knave, though in actual life the fool goes the same way as the knave; though the consequences of folly are as serious as those of crime, yet it is painful as a subject of art. So our sympathies are with Richard rather than with Bolingbroke. Richard is almost more sinned against than sinning, we feel there is a disproportion between his weakness and its punishment. Then, its fine speeches notwithstanding, it contains too many tedious, weak and inferior passages in rhyme so that many people regard it as one of Shakespeare's weakest plays.

The play has, however, been highly praised by some critics. Coleridge would give it the first place among Shakespeare's purely historical plays. But the greatest appeal of the play lies in the profound pathos of Richard's

personality and his fortunes and the beautiful poetry of its many eloquent passages. Richard is a poet gifted with a high lyrical imagination and expression and too often he soars to the very height of lyrical poetry. Then there is the immortal poetry of John of Gaunt's speech never surpassed, rarely equalled, for its patriotic eloquence. The general reader of to-day will read the play for its poetry rather than for its politics.

RICHARD II—TEXT
WITH
PARAPHRASE & MARGINAL NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING RICHARD the Second.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster } uncles to the
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } King.

HENRY: surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FRIZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*England and Wales*

The Tragedy of King Richard II.

ACT I

SCENE I. *Windsor Castle*

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, *with other* Nobles *and* Attendants.

K. RICHARD. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd[1] Lancaster.
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,[2]
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son
Here to make good the boisterous[3] late appeal,[4]
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

GAUNT. I have, my liege.

K. RICHARD. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient[5] malice,

1. Venerable, hoary.
2. Bond sworn by you ; pledge given by you under oath.
3. Rude charge of treason recently brought.
4. Impeach.
5. On account of some long-standing grudge or enmity.
6. With good reason.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, venerable Duke of Lancaster, have you, in obedience to the bond that you have given under oath, brought here your bold son Henry, Duke of Hereford, in order that he may prove his violent charge (of treason), which at the time we were too busy to hear, against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk ?

Gaunt. Yes, your majesty.

K. Rich. Have you also tried to ascertain in conversation whether his accusation is in consequence of some long-standing personal enmity, or whether it is brought with

Or worthily[6] as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him ?

GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that argument,[1]
On some apparent[2] danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate[3] malice

K. RICHARD. Then call them to our presence ; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak :
High-stomach'd[4] are they both and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY

BOLINGBROKE. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

1. Subject-matter.
2. Manifest treason, obvious treachery.
3. Deep-seated spite or grudge.
4. Proud.

---

good reason, as befits a loyal subject, on the ground of some mianfest act of treason committed by him ?

Gaunt. As far as I could make out by questioning him on that subject, it is on account of some manifest treason aimed at your majesty, not ancient, deep-rooted grudge.

K. Rich. In that case let them be summoned to appear before us ; let the accuser and the accused cônfront each other boldly and we will hear them speak out freely. They are both proud and haughty and easily roused in their anger, as deaf to reason as the stormy sea and as quickly kindled into a blaze as fire itself.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY

Boling. May your life be long and prosperous, my gracious sovereign, my most loving lord !

MOWBRAY. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,[1]
Add an immortal[2] title to your crown!

K. RICHARD. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLINGBROKE. First, heaven be the record[3] to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering[4] the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten[5] hate,
Come I appellant[6] to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak

1. Happiness.
2. A title or claim to immortality.
3. Witness.
4. Holding dear, anxious for.
5. Ill-conceived hatred, *i.e.*, having a a base origin.
6. Accuser.

Mowbray. May each day be happier than its predecessor until heaven, jealous of the earth's good fortune (in having you as king), adds to your glory as king on earth by making you immortal!

K. Rich. Thanks very much to you both for your good wishes: but one of you is only an insincere flatterer as is clearly proved by the case for which you appear before me, which is to accuse each other of high treason. Cousin of Hereford what charge do you bring against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk?

Boling. First, may God bear witness to the truth of what I say! I come as an accuser into this royal presence, prompted by the solicitude of a loving subject who holds dear the safety of his king and not by any unworthy malice. Now I speak to you, Thomas Mowbray, mark my words carefully; what I say I will prove at the peril of my life here

My body shall make good[1] upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer[2] it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant[3],
Too good[4] to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal[5] is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate[6] the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn[7] sword may prove.

MOWBRAY. Let not my cold words here accuse[8] my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager[9] tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast

1. Prove.
2. Answer for it.
3. A vile wretch, a pernicious villain.
4. Too nobly born.
5. Clear, transparent.
6. To emphasise your dishonour.
7. Drawn in a right cause.
8. Prove me guilty of lack of enthusiasm.
9. Sharp, bitter.

---

on earth, or, if I fail, my immortal soul shall answer for it before God in heaven. You are a traitor and a vile wretch; you are too well born to be a traitor, and a wretch, and being so, you are too vile to live, since the clearer and more transparently bright the sky, the darker appear the clouds that run across it. Once again, to add to your dishonour, I force down your throat and make you swallow the disgraceful name of 'traitor'; and I desire, if my king so please, that I may before I go prove my words by my sword drawn in a just cause.

Mowbray. Let not my coolness cast doubt upon my earnestness: it is not by such a combat as women engage in, the bitter and noisy duel of words, that the quarrel between us two can be decided; hot blood must be cooled by being shed (though I am no braggart) yet I do not possess such

As to be hushd'[1] and nought at all to say :
First[1] the fair reverence of your highness curbs[2] me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post[3] until it had return'd
These terms of treasons[4] doubled[5] down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him[6] be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,[7]
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,[8]
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this[9] defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most faslely doth he lie.

1. Silent.
2. Restrains, checks.
3. Hasten or hurry like a messenger on horse-back.
4. These words 'traitor' and 'miscreant.'
5. With two-fold insult.
6. Supposing for the time being that he is not.
7. An advantage in the fight.
8. Uninhabitable.
9. This statement that I make.

---

meekness and patience as to be frightened into silence, having no word to say : first the respect that is due to your Majesty restrains me from speaking with that full freedom which I would otherwise hasten to indulge in until I had crammed these epithets "traitor" and "miscreant" down his throat with redoubled force. If I may ignore his royal birth and assume for the moment that he is not related to my lord, then I hurl defiance and contempt at him ; I declare that he is a lying coward and a scoundrel : and to prove the truth of my charge, I would allow him an advantage and meet him in combat even if I were obliged to go on foot to cold mountainous regions, *e.g.*, the Alpine range or any uninhabitable land where an Englishman ever ventured to go. Until then, let this be the defence of my loyalty that I swear by all that I hope for here and hereafter that he lies most foully.

1. Lit. pledge a glove or gauntlet as a symbol of challenge.
2. Relationship to.
3. Take exception or objection to.
4. Pledge of sincerity and truth, *i.e.*, his gage or glove.

BOLINGBROKE. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage[1],
Disclaiming here the kindred[2] of the king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except[3].
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn,[4] then stoop :
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

MOWBRAY. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,

Boling. You pale-faced shrinking coward, there I throw down my gauntlet or glove : I renounce for the time my relationship to the king and my royal birth which you have put forward as an excuse for not fighting, not through any respect for the king but of your fear of me. If guilty fear has left you that much of strength which will enable you to take up my glove, the pledge of my birth, then bend down to pick it up. I swear by my glove and by all the ceremonies (usages) of chivalry that I will prove against you man to man in personal combat all these charges that I have brought or any more insulting ones that you may think of.

Mowbray. I take up your challenge ; and I swear by the sword with which the king touched me gently on the shoulder while conferring knighthood on me, I will give you satisfac-

I'll answer thee in any fair[1] degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial[2] :
And when I mount, alive may I not light[3],
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

K. Richard. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?
It must be great that can inherit[4] us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bolingbroke. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true ;
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings[5] for your highness' soldiers.
The which he hath detained for lewd[6] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious[7] villain.
Beside I say and will in battle prove,

1. " To any length that is compatible with the honour of knighthood."
2. Personal combat prescribed by the laws of knighthood.
3. Alight, descend.
4. Make us possess.
5. Money obtained as a loan or advance for payment of.
6. Base uses or purposes.
7. Dangerous, pernicious.

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tion on any fair terms or in any combat prescribed by the laws of chivalry : and when I mount my horse for the combat may I never dismount alive if I am a traitor, or if I am fighting in a bad cause !

K. Rich. What is our cousin's accusation against Mowbray ? It must be something very serious that can cause us to entertain so much as a thought of evil in him.

Boling. Listen, I am ready to stake my life on the truth of what I am about to say ; I say that Mowbray has obtained eight thousand gold coins as an advance for the payment of your Majesty's soldiers which he has kept to himself for his own unworthy purposes like a false-hearted traitor and pernicious villain. Moreover I declare and will prove it in

Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived[1] in this land
Fetch[2] from false Mowbray their first head
and spring.
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's
death,
Suggests[3] his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out[4] his innocent soul through
streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it or this life be spent.

K. RICHARD. How high a pitch[5] his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk what say'st thou to this?

1. Plotted and devised.
2. Draw.
3. Incite.
4. Let out impetuously as through a flood-gate.
5. The highest point to which a hawk soars in falconry.

---

personal combat either here or in the most distant country which Englishmen have never seen, that all the plots and conspiracies hatched and devised in this country for the last eighteen years owe their origin to the traitor Mowbray. Yet again I declare and moreover will engage to prove it by taking his evil life in mortal combat that he is responsible for the Duke of Gloucester's death, that he incited his credulous enemies and accordingly like a treacherous sneak let out his inoffensive life through the floodgate of his blood: this blood, like that of the murdered Abel, cries out to me his nephew even from the voiceless recesses of the earth for justice and stern punishment, and I swear by the great nobility of my birth that I will avenge the murder or perish in the attempt.

K. Rich. To what a tremendous height his intention flies! Thomas of Norfolk, what is your answer to these charges?

MOWBRAY. O, let me sovereign turn away his face.

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander[1] of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. RICHARD. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe[2], I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness[3] to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him nor partialize[4]
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

MOWBRAY. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest.

1. Slanderer this man who has brought on his noble race.
2. My great royal authority or power.
3. Close relationship.
4. Make partial.

Mowbray. Let my king avert his head and close his ears while I tell this man who is a disgrace to his royal race, how such a false liar is hated alike in heaven and on earth.

K. Rich. We have no bias either way, Mowbray. Even if he were my brother, nay my heir instead of being, as he is only my cousin, I swear by my awe-inspiring sceptre that his close relationship to my sacred self would in no way give him any advantage, nor make partial my honest nature that will not stoop to any act of partiality. He is our subject like you, Mowbray : so you may freely and frankly speak out.

Mowbray. Then, Bolingbroke, you lie down your throat to the very depths of your heart. I properly distributed to

Three parts of that receipt[1] I had for Calais
Disbursed[2] I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon *remainder of a dear account*,[3]
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass[4] that doth vex my grieved soul ;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly[5] begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault ; as for the rest appeal'd[6]
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant[7] and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably[8] hurl down my gage

1. Money received.
2. Distributed
3. Part of a heavy debt still due.
4. A sin, a criminal act.
5. Fully, precisely.
6. Brought as an accusation against me.
7. Coward.
8. As an answer to his challenge.

---

his Majesty's soldiers three-fourths of the money I had received at Calais ; the rest I kept to myself by agreement with the king as balance of a heavy debt which he owed to me, when I went to France to escort his queen to England. Now confess that you are a liar and withdraw the lie. As for Gloucester's death, I did not murder him, though to my shame I was slack in my sacred duty in that matter. As for you, noble Duke of Lancaster, the honourable father of my enemy, I confess I on one occasion conspired against your life, a sin that greatly worries my distressed mind ; but I confessed it before I last partook of the sacrament and asked your pardon in the fullest manner, which I hope you granted me. This is the whole of my offence ; as regards the other charges brought against me, they are the malicious invention of a scoundrel, a cowardly and base traitor. What I say I will stoutly maintain in my own person ; and in reply to his

Upon this overweening[1] traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in[2] his bosom,
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Richard. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me ;
Let's purge this choler[3] without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision ;
Forget, forgive ; conclude[4] and be agreed ;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle; let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace[5] shall become my age :
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Richard. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

1. Presumptuous, arrogant.
2. Contained.
3. Anger, one of the 'humours'.
4. Come to an agreement.
5. Peace-maker.

---

challenge I fling down my glove at the feet of this arrogant villain in order to prove myself to be a faithful subject by shedding his best heart's blood, for the hastening of which proof I humbly beseech your Majesty to appoint a day for the combat.

K Rich. Submit yourself to be governed by me, you two angry men ; let us cure this disease of anger without bleeding, this is the cure I suggest, though I am no doctor. A deep-seated enmity like yours would cut the flesh too deep ; so forget and forgive, come to terms and make peace ; the doctors say that this is not the season for blood-letting. Uncle Gaunt, let this thing stop in the very beginning. You pacify your son, as I the Duke of Norfolk.

Gaunt. It perfectly suits my old age to be a peace-maker : return, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's pledge.

K. Rich. Duke of Norfolk, return his pledge, I command.

GAUNT. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. RICHARD. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot[1].

1. No use in refusing.

MOWBRAY. Myself I thrown, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt have.
I am disgraced, *impeach'd and baffled*[2] *here*,
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

2. Accused and abused.

K. RICHARD. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage; lions make leopards tame.

Gaunt. How long are we to wait, Harry? Your duty to me as a son demands that I should not have to repeat my command.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down the glove, I command; it is no use refusing when your king commands.

Mowbray. I kneel at your feet, my great king, my life is at your disposal but not my honour. I am in duty bound to lay down my life at your command, but my good name which lives upon my tomb in spite of death I will not place at your disposal to bring disgrace upon it. I am dishonoured, accused and utterly disgraced; I am wounded to the heart with the poisoned shaft of accusation which wound only the heart-blood of him who uttered these venomous charges, can cure.

K. Rich. Passion must be subdued. Give up his glove to me; a lion may cow a leopard.

MOWBRAY. Yes, but not change his spots; take but my shame.
And I resign my gage. My dear dear, lord,
The purest treasure martal[1] times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam[2] or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast,
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that wilt I die.

K. RICHARD. Cousin, throw up[3] your gage; do you begin.

BOLINGBROKE. O God, defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n[4] in my father's sight?

1. The life of man.
2. Earth, clay.
3. Give up.
4. Humbled, humiliated.

Mowbray. Yes, but he cannont change his (ferocious) nature or instincts. If you only take away the dishonour brought on me by these slanders, then I will at once give up his pledge. My beloved king, the most priceless possession of man in this life is his untarnished fame; his fair name lost, a man is only common clay or earth, however beautified and adorned. A brave spirit in faithful heart is like a priceless jem in strongly-guarded chest. My honour and my life are bound up together and inseparable, so that if you take the one, you take the other also. Then, my lord, let me put my honour to the test of personal combat. I live, move and have my being in my honour and I am prepared to die for it.

K. Rich. Cousin, give up the glove; you make the first move.

Boling. May God save me from such a great disgrace! Shall I look humiliated in the presence of my father? Or

Or with pale beggar-fear[1] impeach[2] my height
Before this out-dared[3] dastard ? 'Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong[4],
Or *sound so base a parle*,[5] my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive[6] of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour,[7] even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Richard. We were not born to sue, but to command ;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends.
Be ready, as yours lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate[8]

1. Fear such as becomes a wretchd beggar.
2. Do dishonour to my noble birth.
3. Frightened cowards.
4. The wrong of speaking so weakly.
5. Ask for price.
6. Instrument, *i.e.*, the tongue.
7. Dwell.
8. Decide.

---

shall I bring disgrace upon my noble birth by looking pale through fear such as becomes a beggar in the presence of this coward frightened by my defiance. Before my tongue shall dishonour me by doing the wrong of speaking in such a feeble, cowardly tone or basely make overtures for peace, with my teeth I shall tear it, the servile instrument of my fear in withdrawing what I have boldly said and spit bleeding with bitter insult in Mowbray's face where dishonour dwells as if it were its home. (*Exit Gaunt*).

K. Rich. The king never begs but always commands ; since you will not make up your differences at our royal command, we order you on pain of your life to appear at Coventry on St. Lambert's day ; there your arms will settle your growing differences which are the outcome of your long-

The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone[1] you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms.
Be ready to direct these home alarms.[2]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*
Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

GAUNT. Alas, *the part I had in Woodstock's blood*[3]
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,[4]
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction[5] lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel[6] to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads

DUCHESS. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

1. Reconcile.
2. Domestic differences.
3. My relationship to the Duke of Gloucester.
4. Exclamations, outcries.
5. Punishment.
6. Let us entrust our wrong to.

---

standing enmity: since we cannot reconcile you, justice shall decide by giving victory to one or the other which is the true knight. Lord Marshal, order our officers at arms to be ready to conduct the settlement of these domestic quarrels.

SCENE II. *The Duke of Lancaster's palace*

Enter John of Gaunt *with the* Duchess of Gloucester

Gaunt. Alas, my relationship to the Duke of Gloucester urges me more than your outcries to take revenge upon his murderers! But as the punishment of the criminals is in the power of him (the king) who committed the crime that we cannot punish, let us leave our grievance to be redressed by God who, when the proper time comes, will visit the murderers with stern punishment.

Duchess. Does not the fact of the murdered man being your brother goad you on to move to vigorous action? Has love in you lost all its warmth because of the coldness of your

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven *vials of his sacred* blood,[1]
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven *are dried by nature's* course,[2]
Some of those branches by the Destinies[3] cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester.
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's[4] hand and murderer's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould,[5] that fashion'd thee

1. Vessels filled with his royal blood.
2. Died a natural death.
3. The Fates of Greek mythology, *viz.*, Clotho, Lachesis and Artopos.
4. Malice.
5. Self-same mould.

---

blood in old age? The seven sons of Edward III. of whom you are one were like seven vessels filled with his sacred blood or like seven fair branches of one tree: some of them have died a natural death and some of them have been slain by the Fates (died a violent death). But Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, my beloved husband, dearer to me than my life, is one vessel full of Edward's royal blood which has been broken and all the vital blood thereof spilt, is one goodly branch of the royal tree which has been cut down and all the green leaves thereof made to wither by traitors and murderers. Why, John of Gaunt, he and you were of the same race; he was born of

Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model[1] of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the *naked pathway to thy life*,[2]
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle[3] patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge[4] my Gloucester's death

GAUNT. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,[5]
His deputy *anointed His sight*[6],
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.[7]

1. Image.
2. The easiest way of taking your life.
3. Call forbearance.
4. Avenge.
5. Regent.
6. Consecrated in his presence, *i.e.*, in the church.
7. Vicegerent.

---

the same parents as yourself; and though you are alive yet you have died in his death: you are largely a party to your father's death because you take the murder of your brother, who was the image of your father, lying down. This is not forbearance properly so called, but it is despondency; by submitting to your brother's murder like this you teach your enemies the easiest means of taking your life, showing the pitiless murderers how to murder you; what passes for borbearance in common folk is base fear in people of the higher ranks. How shall I put it? Certainly, the best way to protect your own life is by securing the punishment of my husband's murderers.

Gaunt. In this case vengeance rests with God, because God's regent, His vicegerent, consecrated in His presence (in the church) is responsible for the murder: if it is a crime God will avenge it; let me never raise my avenging hand against God's agent on earth.

DUCHESS. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?

GAUNT. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCHESS. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell[1] Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,[2]
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff[3] recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

1. Cruel.
2. Charge.
3. A coward beaten by.

Duchess. To whom, then, am I to address my appeal?

Gaunt. To God, the vindicator and protector of the widow.

Duchess. So be it. Good-bye, old man: you are off to Coventry where you will see my nephew Hereford meet cruel Mowbray in a deadly combat: may my husband's murder add weight and force to Hereford's spear so that it may pierce the murderer Mowbray's heart! Or if disaster does not overtake Mowbray at the first onset, may the weight of his crimes break his charger's back so that he may be hurled precipitately into the arena, a coward vanquished by my nephew Hereford! Good-bye, old Gaunt: your former brother's wife will pass the rest of her life with sorrow for her mate.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell, I must go to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
DUCHESS. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness; but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend[1] me to thy brother, Edmund York
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — ah, what[2]?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me,
Alack! and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings[3] and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices[4] untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?

1. Remember me.
2. What was I about to say?
3. Apartments.
4. Servants' quarters.

Gaunt. Good-bye, sister; I have got to go to Coventry; may you who remain here prosper as much as I who go hence!

Duchess. Yet I should like to say one word more; my grief bounds and rebounds, *i.e.*, rises again and again not because it is empty like tennis balls but because it is heavy. I finish my tale of grief before I have properly begun, for grief is not really done with and finished when it appears to be so. Remember me to your brother, Duke of York. Now, I have finished:—yet do not leave me so abruptly: wait a little, I shall entrust you with other commissions which I shall presently think of. Ask him—what was I going to say?—to visit me as soon as possible at Plashy. Alas, what good is his going there? He will find there lonely rooms, bare, untapestried walls, unoccupied servants' quarters, and floors where no one walks. What sounds will greet him except those of my grief?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE

MARSHAL. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

AUMERLE. Yea, at all points[1]; and longs to enter in.

MARSHAL. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully[2] and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUMERLE. Why, then, the champions[3] are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

1. Completely, cap-a-pie, *i.e.*, from head to foot.
2. Cheerfully.
3. Fighters, combatants.

So remember me to him, but do not ask him to visit me; sorrow is to be found everywhere, so one need not take pains to find it out. I shall live and die a lonely, cheerless woman, for the last time my tearful eyes look on you, I say my last farewell to you.

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*

Enter the LORD MARSHALL *and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE.

Marshal. My Lord Aumerle, is the Duke of Hereford ready for the fight?

Aumerle. Yes he is armed *cap-a-pie, i.e.*, from head to foot and is anxious to begin.

Marshal. The Duke of Norfolk cheerfully and boldly awaits only the sound of the challenger's trumpet.

Aumerle. In that case, the combatants being ready, nothing keeps them from fighting except the arrival of the King.

The trumpets sound, and the KING *enters with his nobles,* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others. When they are set,* enter MOWBRAY *in arms, defendant, with a* Herald.

K. RICHARD. Marshal, demand of yonder champion.
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name and orderly[1] proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MARSHAL. IN God's name and the king's, say who thou art
And why thou comes thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel[2]:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

1. In proper order.
2. Cause of complaint.

The trumpets sound, and the King *enters with his nobles,* Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, *and others. When they are set* (seated), *enter* Mowbray *in arms, defendant, with a* Herald.

K. Richard. My Lord Marshal, call upon that combatant there to explain why he comes here armed : demand his name and in accordance with formalities make him take an oath as to the rightness of his quarrel.

Marshal. In the name of your God and your king tell who you are, what brings you here armed like a knight, with whom you wish to fight and what is your cause of complaint; as you hope to have the help of God and your own courage, say nothing but the truth by your knightly honour and your pledge.

MOWBRAY. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged[1] by my oath—
Which God defend[2] a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and my succeeding issue[3]
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, *in armour with a* Herald

K. RICHARD. Marshal, ask yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither
Thus plated[4] in *habiliments of war*[5],
And formally, according to our law,
Depose[6] him in the justice of his cause.

1. Pledged, committed.
2. Forbid.
3. Descendants.
4. Clad in plate armour
5. Warlike dress.
6. Take his evidence or deposition.

Mowbray. I am Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. I come here on account of my pledged word—a word which God forbid a knight should break—to vindicate my honour and fidelity to God, my king and my descendants against the accusations of the Duke of Hereford and by the favour of God and my strength to prove him, while vindicating myself, to be faithless to God, my king and myself. May God help me as I fight in a good cause!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, *appellant* (accuser), *in armour, with a* Herald.

K. Rich. My Lord Marshal, demand of that armed knight, his name and his object in coming here clad in plate armour and with due ceremony prescribed by the law of the land make him swear to the justness of his cause.

MARSHAL. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

BOLINGBROKE. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby.
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists,[1] on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

MARSHAL. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair[2] designs.

1. Arena, enclosure for a combat.

2. These affairs of honour.

Marshal. Who are you? Why do you come here into the presence of King Richard in the arena? Who is your enemy and what is the subject matter of your complaint? As you hope for God's help, speak the truth like a true knight!

Boling. My name is Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby; I come here armed to prove, by God's favour and my courage in this enclosure, that Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is a base and a pernicious wretch, treacherous to God, King Richard and to me. May God help me as my cause is just!

Marshal. If a man be so presumptuous and audacious as to touch the lists except myself and such other officers as are entrusted with the duty of conducting these honourable arrangements, he will do so on penalty of losing his life.

BOLINGBROKE. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like women
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage[1];
Then let us take a ceremonious[2] leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

MARSHAL. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. RICHARD. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal[3] fight.
Farewell, my blood: which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead[4].

1. Journey.
2. With due formalities.
3. In the King's presence.
4. When killed.

Boling. My lord Marshal, permit me to kiss the King's hand and kneel before him. Mowbray and myself are as it were determined to start on a long and difficult journey; so we should bid our respective friends formal and affectionate farewell.

Marshal. With due respect the accuser salutes your Majesty, begs to be allowed to kiss your hand and bid you farewell.

K. Rich. We will step down and embrace him. Cousin Hereford, your success in this combat in the King's presence be according to the justice of your quarrel. Good-bye, my kinsman; if you die in to-day's fight we shall mourn for you but we shall not avenge your death.

BOLINGBROKE. O, let no noble eye profane a tear.
For me, If I be gored[1] with Mowbray's spear
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you :
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;
Not sick, althought I have to do with death,
But lusty[2], young, and cheerly drawing breath
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet[3]
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet ;
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate[4],
Doth with a twofold[5] vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof[6] unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen[7] coat

1. Pierced.
2. Vigorous, full of life.
3. Greet, salute.
4. Renewed, revived.
5. His own and his father's.
6. Power of resistance.
7. Coat of mail soft as it were as wax, hence easily penetrable.

Boling. O, if I am pierced by Mowbray's spear let no gentleman abuse his tears by shedding them for an unworthy man like myself. I am as sure of success in this fight with Mowbray as is the hawk when it pursues the quarry. My beloved King, I bid you good-bye and you, my cousin Aumerle ; I am not faint, thought my business is with death, but I am strong, youthful and cheerful. As at English banquets, we enjoy the sweetmeats in the best course to make the end of the banquet most sweet, so I salute him who is dearest to me last of all. O you, my father, who gave me my material being, whose youthful vigour renewed in me makes me doubly strong to seize victory almost out of my reach, give additional resistance to my coat of mail, with your supplications to God and with your father's blessing harden the point of my lance so that it may pierce Mow-

1. Give a new polish to.
2. Gallant bearing.
3. Dealing of blows.
4. Confounding, bewildering.
5. Helmet.
6. Freedom, release.
7. Rejoicing, leaping with joy.

And furbish[1] new the name of John of Gaunt
Even in the lusty naviour[2] of his son
GAUNT. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
Be swift lightning in execution[3] ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing[4] thunder on the casque[5]
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy ;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valaint and live

BOLINGBROKE. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive !

MOWBARY. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a free heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement[6]
More than my dancing[7] soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.

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bray's armour as if it were soft as wax and add fresh lustre to the fame of John of Gaunt by the gallant deeds of his son.

Gaunt. May God give you success in your just quarrel ! Strike your enemy with lightning rapidity ; rein your blows fast and furious like utterly bewildering thunderbolts on the helmet of the treacherous enemy opposed to you, whip up your manly spirit, be brave and win the victory.

Boling. May my own innocence and St. George, England's patron saint, give me success !

Mowbray, Whatever be the issue of to-day's encounter, whether I live or die, I am a faithful, impartial and honest man, loyal to my king : no prisoner at any time threw off the fetters with which he was bound and welcomed his sweet absolute release with a more eager heart that my rejoicing soul welcomes this fight, as sweet to me as a feast,

Most mighty liege, and my companion,[1]
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight : turth hath a quiet breast.

K. RICHARD. Farewell, my lord : securely[2] I espy.
Virtue with valour couched[3] in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

MARSHAL. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

BOLINGBROKE. Strong as a tower in hope[4], I cry amen.

MARSHAL. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

1. Fellow nobles.
2. Confidently
3. Lying.
4. Expectation of victory.

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with my enemy. My puissant lord and fellow nobles, I wish you long and prosperous lives. I go forward to meet my enemy as calmly and as merrily as if I were going toparticipate in some merriment : an innocent heart never feels uneasy.

K. Rich. Good-bye, my lord : I see justice, courage and self-assurance in your looks. Settle the preliminaries, marshal, and let the battle begin.

Marshal. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby, take your spear : may God give victory to him who fights in the good cause.

Boling. Sobeit, for I am confident of the justice of my canse and that gives me strength.

Marshal. Let this spear be handed to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

FIRST HERALD Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby.
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself.
On pain[1] to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares[2] him to set forward to the fight.

SECOND HERALD. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve[3]
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending[4] but the signal to begin.

MARSHAL. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*

Stay the king hath thrown his warder[5] down.

1. Under penalty of being.
2. Challenges him.
3. Prove.
4. Awaiting.
5. Truncheon or staff carried by the person who presided over single combats.

First Herald. Here stands Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby in the cause of God, his King and himself, on penalty of being judged a traitor and a coward, ready to prove by fight the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray, treacherous to his God, his king and himself and he challenges him to come forward and fight.

Second Herald. Here stands Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, on penalty of being judged a traitor and a coward, ready to protect himself and to prove Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby, faithless to God, his king and to himself. Brave and eager, he is awaiting the sign to begin the fight.

Marshal. Let the trumpets be sounded and the knights advance to the charge. [*A charge sounded*] Stop, the king has flung down his truncheon.

K. RICHARD. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
Draw near, [*A long flourish.*
And list[1] what with our council we have done,
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil[2] wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword ;
And for we think the eagle-winged[3] pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival hating envy, set on[4] you
To wake[5] our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant[6] breath of gentle sleep ;

1. Listen.
2. Wounds inflicted in civil war.
3. High-soaring.
4. Incited.
5. Disturb.
6. Peace as gentle and as recently born (*i.e.*, established) as a child.

K. Rich. Let the combatants take off their helmets and lances and go back to their seats : let the members of our Council retire with us and till we announce to these dukes our judgment let the trumpets be sounded. [*A long flourish*]. Come nearer and hear the result of our deliberations with our Council. The English soil should not be stained with the blood of those whom it has nourished (its own children) ; we dislike the terrible sight of wounds inflicted in civil strife by fellow-countrymen on one another ; we believe that high-soaring arrogance born of limitless and inordinate ambition coupled with jealous hatred incited you to disturb the sweet peace of the realm—a peace that is gentle, tender like the sleep of a child. This

Which so roused up with boisterous untuned
drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful
bray,[1]
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines[2] fright fair
peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood ;
Therefore, we banish you our territories :
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our
fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger[3] paths of banishment.

BOLINGBROKE. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine
on me ;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point[4] on me and gild[5] my banishment.

1. Noise.
2. Borders of our country.
3. Foreign unknown.
4. Shine on me.
5. Shed lustre on make cheerful.

---

gentle peace if disturbed with the discordant beating of drum, the harsh noise of the shrill-sounding trumpets, might scare away sweet peace from our peaceful land and plunge us into a bloody civil war : fer these reasons you are both banished from our country : as you value your life, cousin Hereford, you must not set foot on the English soil till ten summers have come and gone but these ten years live in exile in foreign lands.

Boling. Be it so : this will be my only consolation that the sun that gives you light and heat here in England will also shed his lustre on me abroad, that the same bright sunshine will shine on me and cheer my hours of exile.

K. RICHARD. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The sly slow hours shall not determinate[1]
The dateless limit of thy dear exile[2] ;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
MOWBRAY. A heavy sentence my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for form your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit,[3] not so deep a maim[4]
As to be cast forth *in the common air*,[5]
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol[6] or a harp,
Or like a cunning[7] instrument cased up,
Or, being[8] open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony :

1. Limit ; end.
2. Painful banishment.
3. Richer reward.
4. Wound, wrong.
5. In the wide wide world.
6. A kind of violin.
7. Skilfully made.
8. Being taken out of its case.

K. Rich. Duke of Norfolk, I pass on you a heavier sentence which with some hesitation I declare. The slow, noiseless hours will never bring to an end your endless painful banishment. I pronounce upon you a sentence of utter despair, that of never, on penalty of death, revisiting your native land.

Mowbray. A terrible punishment, my beloved king, one least expected from your majesty. I have earned at your hands a better reward, not a cruel injury such as that of a life-long exile in foreign lands. I must now renounce my native speech which I have spoken these forty years of my life. Now my tongue will be as silent as a stringless violin or harp or as a musical instrument cleverly constructed but shut up in its case or being taken from its case given to one who does not know how to play upon it :

1. Confined, imprisoned.	Within my mouth you have angaol'd[1] my tongue,
	Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;
2. Insensible to my suffering.	And dull unfeeling[2], barren ignorance
	Is made my gaoler or attend on me.
3. Depend for being taught to speak in a new language.	I am to old to *fawn upon a nurse*[3].
	Too far in years to be a pupil now :
	What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
4. Speaking my own language.	Which robs my tongue from *breathing native breath*[4]?
5. Is no use.	K. RICHARD. It boots[5] thee not to be compassionate[6] :
6. Full of self-pity, *i.e.*, full of lamentation.	After our sentence plaining[7] comes too late.
7. Complaining.	MOWBRAY. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
	To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

my tongue has been by you imprisoned within my mouth, shut up by my teeth and lips as by a double portcullus or sliding door ; and I shall have to live like a helpless prisoner amidst foreigners utterly innocent of my native language and hence unsympathetic towards me. I am too old to learn to talk like a child with the help of a nurse, too far advanced in life to be a learner.

The sentence pronounced on me which takes away from my tongue the privilege of natural speech and condemns it to silence is nothing but a doom of death in life.

K. Rich. It is no use indulging in self-pity : our sentence being pronounced it is too late now to lament.

Mowbray. Then there remains nothing for me but to leave my country which is like leaving the light of day : I must now live in eternal darkness.

K. RICHARD. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword[1] your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein[2] we banish with your selves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment!
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring[3] tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised[4] purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state[5], our subjects or our land.

BOLINGBROKE. I swear.

MOWBRAY. And I, to keep all this.

1. The handle which form a cross.
2. The king's share in your allegiance.
3. Frowning.
4. Deliberate, planned.
5. Royalty.

K. Rich. Come back and swear on oath before you leave. Place your hands on the handle of my sword and swear by your duty to God. I absolve you from your allegiance to your king during your exile—this oath, that you shall not if you care for God and truth, make up your exile; you shall not see each other nor ever in any way by writing or meeting make any attempt to remove the clouds of hatred which frowned on you at home in England; nor shall you ever deliberately meet to conspire against your king, his royal power, his people or his kingdom.

Boling. I take the oath.

Mowbray. And I too.

BOLINGBROKE. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :—

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls *had wander'd in the air*[1],
Banish'd this *frail sepulchre of our flesh*[2],
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land ;
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm[3] ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging[4] burthen of a guilty soul

MOWBRAY. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue[5].
Fare well, my liege. Now no way can I stray[6],
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

1. Become a disembodied spirit.
2. This mortal body which is a grave to the soul.
3. Kingdom.
4. Hampering free movement with its weight.
5. Regret.
6. Wander from the right path.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as it is right to speak to my foe, I will to you. By now, if the king had allowed us to fight, one of us would have been a disembodied spirit, exiled from this grave of the human body as the body is now exiled from this country : admit your treachery before you leave the kingdom ; as you have to go a long journey, do not carry with yourself the heavy load of an unrepentant heart.

Mowbray. No, Bolingbroke : if at any time I have been guilty of treason, may I lose all hopes of eternal life and be shut out from heaven as I am now shut out from my native land. But God, yourself and I know that you are traitor, and before long will have cause to regret when he comes to know you in your true character. Good-bye, my lord. Now I cannot wander from the right way wherever I may go, for except England to which I cannot come back, the whole world is open to me. [*Exit.*]

K. Richard. Uncle, even in the glasses[1] of thine eyes.
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Bolingbroke*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bolingbroke. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging[2] winters and four wanton[3] springs.
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege that *in regard of me*[4]
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and *bring their times about*[5]

1. Mirror.
2. Lingering, passing slowly.
3. Luxuriant, gay.
4. Out of considera- tion for.
5. Cause the seasons to come round.

K. Rich. Uncle Gaunt, the grief of your heart is mirrored in your looks: your sorrowful face has reduced his term of exile by four years. [*To Bolingbroke*] After six years we shall welcome you back to England from your exile.

Boling. Four long years of banishment have been cut down with one stroke! One word puts an end to four lingering winters and four luxuriant springs: such is the power of a king's word!

Gaunt. I am grateful to your majesty that out of consideration for me you have reduced four years of my son's banishment; but I shall derive little benefit from it, for before the remaining six years that he has to pass in exile are come and gone with their cycle of seasons, the lamp of

My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted[1] light
Shall be extinct[2] with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death[3] not let me see my son,

K. RICHARD. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But *stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage*,[4]
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICHARD. Thy son banish'd *upon good advice*,[5]
Whereto thy tongue a *party verdict*[6] gave:

1. Exhausted by passage of time.
2. Extinguished.
3. Death which makes one blind.
4. Cannot prevent wrinkles from appearing in course of time.
5. After due deliberation.
6. A decision in which he took part.

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my life of which the oil has run dry and the light of which has been diminished by time will be extinguished; the rest of my days will be passed and ended and death which makes every one blind will not suffer me to look on my son any more.

K. Rich. Why uncle, you will not die many years yet.

Gaunt. But King, with all your kingly power you cannot make the least addition to my life: you can reduce my life by inflicting gloomy sorrows on me and take away my miserable days but you cannot add a single day to my life. You can cause lines and wrinkles on my face but can check none of them which time brings to men in its course. You have power to cause my death but once death has overtaken me, not all your power can bring me back to life.

K. Rich. We sent your son out of the realm after careful consideration and you yourself assented to the sentence.

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

GAUNT. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth[1] his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander[2] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was strict to *make*[3] mine own *away*;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. RICHARD. Cousin, farewell, and uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[FLOURISH. Exeunt King Richard and train.]

1. To palliate, soften.

2. A charge of partiality or favouritism.

3. To banish.

Why do you now appear to be angry at our decision?

Gaunt. Food pleasing to the palate is ultimately difficult to digest. You asked me to give my verdict as a judge: but I wish you had asked me to speak like a father. If he had not been my son but a stranger I would have been much gentler in trying to gloss over his offence but, as it is, I wanted to escape the charge of partiality being brought against me, and so in condemning him to exile I condemned myself to death. I expected that some of you would say that the sentence I was passing on my son was too severe; but you allowed me to do violence to my heart by pronouncing this verdict, though with great reluctance.

K. Rich. Cousin Hereford, good-bye: and uncle Gaunt, you also bid him good-bye. He must pass six years in exile according to your sentence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train*].

1. Personal meetings.

AUMERLE. Cousin, farewell: what presence[1] must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

MARSHAL. My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard the words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

BOLINGBROKE. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office[2] should be prodigal
To *breathe the abundant dolour*[3] of the heart.

2. Business, work.
3. To give an outlet to my overflowing grief.

GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLINGBROKE. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Aumerle. Cousin Hereford, good-bye. Write to us from the place where you happen to be what we cannot know by being present with you.

Marshal. I do not bid you farewell yet, for I will accompany you to the sea-coast.

Gaunt. Why are you so sparing of your words that you do not acknowledge the good wishes of your friends?

Boling. My heart is full but my words are few: at a time when I should lavishly express the grief of my too full heart, no words would suffice for my farewell to you.

Gaunt. You have occasion to grieve for only a short term of banishment.

Boling. Where there is no joy, the sorrow is all the more felt.

GAUNT. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

BOLINGBROKE. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

GAUNT. Call it a travel[1] that thou takest of pleasure.

BOLINGBROKE. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced[2] pilgrimage.

GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil[3] wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

BOLINGBROKE. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember[4] me *what a deal of world*[5]
I wander from the jewels[6] that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood[7]

1. Trip, journey.
2. Compulsory.
3. Set of gold or silver leaf in which a gem is set for the sake of contrast.
4. Remind.
5. What a great distance.
6. Persons whom I hold dear.
7. Apprenticeship to a master for learning a trade.

Gaunt. After all, six years are not a very long period.

Boling. Not if they are happily spent; but sorrow lengthens out the period.

Gaunt. Regard it as a a pleasure-trip.

Boling. To give it a wrong name even when I shall feel that it is a compulsory journey will not keep my spirits from drooping.

Gaunt. Regard your tedious wanderings as something that will increase the pleasure of your return home by contrast just as the gold leaf increases the lustre of the gem which is set in it by contrast.

Boling. On the contrary, every weary step I shall take will remind me how very far I am from those whom I hold dear. My travels in strange lands will be like a tedious

To foreign passages,[1] and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman[2] to grief ?

GAUNT. All places that the *eye of heaven*[3] visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy[4] havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase[5] honour
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest :
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the *presence*[6] *strew'd*,

1. Travels.
2. A hired labourer.
3. The sun.
4. Safe labour or shelter.
5. Acquire.
6. The king's presence-chamber strewn with rushes.

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apprenticeship which being over, I shall have nothing better to my credit than that I have served as a day labourer to sorrow.

Gaunt. Every spot on earth on which the sun shines is to the philosophic mind a safe refuge and harbour. Put it thus since there is no help for it : there is no greater teacher of lessons than compulsion. Say that the king did not banish you but that you renounced the king. Sorrow becomes all the heavier in the case of those who smart under it ; imagine that your father sent you travelling so that you may win fame rather than that the king banished you ; or imagine that you are flying from the plague which is devastating England to a healthier country. Suppose that everything that you are most fond of lies ahead, not behind, in the world you are going to, not in the world you are leaving behind. Pretend

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure[1] or a dance ;
For gnarling[2] sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light,

BOLINGBROKE. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy[3] the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic[4] summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension[5] of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell[6] sorrow's tooth doth never ranks[7] more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore

1. Stately dance with measured steps.
2. Snarling.
3. Surfeit, bring satiety on.
4. Imagination.
5. Imagination, conception.
6. Cruel.
7. Fester.

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that the birds that sing are musicians, the grassy earth beneath your feet is the rush-strewn floor of the king's presence-chamber, the flowers are the pretty girls and the steps that you take in your wanderings are the steps of a dance stately or lively. Snarling sorrow loses much of its power to gnaw when it is laughed at and made light of.

Boling. What ! can a man hold a burning fire in his hand by imagining that he is on the frozen Caucasus mountain ? or satlsfy his appetitue by imaging he is enjoying a luxurious banquet ? Or roll about in snow in midwinter by imagining the heat of summer ? On the contrary the thought of happiness that is absent makes us more sansitive to present misery, the tooth of cruel grief never causes its wound to fester so badly as when it bites but does not attempt by lancing to cure the wound it has caused.

1. Stay behind in England.
2. Accompanied.
3. Noble, great.
4. Nearest public road.

GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.[1]

BOLINGBROKE. Then, England's ground farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING, *with* BAGOT *and* GREEN *at one door; and the* DUKE OF AUMERLE *at another.*

K. RICHARD. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought[2] you high Herreford, on his way?

AUMERLE. I brought high[3] Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway[4], and there I left him.

Gaunt. No more of it, my boy, I will come with you part of the way. If I were young and had as just a cause, I would not stay behind in England but go with you.

Boling. Then farewell, my native land; good bye, dear country, where I was born and bred and on whose bosom I still rest! Wherever I may be in my wanderings, I shall be always proud that though an exile yet I am a true Englishman.

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

Enter the KING *with* BAGOT *and* GREEN *at one door;*
and the DUKE OF AUMERLE *at another*

K. Rich. Yes, I noticed it, Bagot and Green. Cousin Aumerle, how far did you accompany noble Hereford?

Aumerle. I went with noble Hereford, as you call him, up to the nearest main road where I parted from him.

K. RICHARD. And say, what store[1] of parting tears were shed?

AUMERLE. Faith, none for me[2]; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum[3], and so by chance
Did grace our hollow[4] parting with a tear.

K. RICHARD. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUMERLE. 'Farewell':
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word that taught me craft[5]
To counterfeit[6] oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry,[7] would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,

1. Abundance, vast amount.
2. As far as I am concerned.
3. Moisture, tears.
4. Insincere, with no feeling behind it.
5. Cunning.
6. Affect, pretend.
7. By Mary.

K. Rich. Now tell me if he wept copious tears while separating.

Aumerle. Truly, none as far as I was concerned. But the north-east wind which at that time happened to blow rather strongly brought tears into our otherwise dry eyes and so accidentally lent the appearance of heartfelt grief to our parting.

K. Rich. What did Hereford say when you left him?

Aumerele. He simply said good-bye. As I hated the idea of abusing the word, I was clever enough to pretend to be too upset by sorrow to be able to speak. Indeed, if the word 'good-bye' had been able to extend the period of his

He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Richard. He is cousin cousin ; but 'tis doubt[1],
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship[2] to the common people ;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy[3],
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing[4] poor craftsmen with the craft[5] of smiles
And patient underbearing[6] of his fortune,
As 'twere to *banish their affects*[7] with him.

1. A matter of doubt, doubtful.
2. Courtesies, attempts to please.
3. Sweet manners or bearing of an intimate friend.
4. Courting, trying to win the affections of.
5. Cunning.
6. Endurance, putting up with.
7. Carry off their affections into exile.

K. Rich. Cousin Aumerle, of course he is our cousin ; but (*a*) it is a matter of doubt whether when the period of his exile is over he will return home to see his friends or for some other sinister purpose or (*b*) it is doubtful when he will return home from exile, whether his relative will ever see him again. My friends and I noticed how he tried to cultivate and win affections of the commoners, how he tried to insinuate himself into their favours with sweet and homely manners, how he wasted his courtesy and consideration on the rabble, trying to win the love of poor artisans with the art of sweet smiles and submission to his unhappy lot as if he wished to take their love into exile with himself. He took his cap off to a poor

Off goes bonnet[1] to an oyster-wench[2];
A brace of draymen[3] bid godspeed him well
And had the *tribute of his supple knee*[4],
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,'
As were our England *in reversion*[5] his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out[6] in Ireland,
Expedient manage[7] must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. RICHARD. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for[8] our coffers[9] with too great a court[10]
And liberal largess[11], are grown somewhat light,
We are inforced to *farm our royal realm*[12],

1. Takes off his cap.
2. Fishwoman.
3. A couple of brewer's drivers.
4. The compliment of a low bow.
5. By right of future possession.
6. Hold out.
7. Prompt measures.
8. Since.
9. Funds, treasury.
10. Expenses of the king's court.
11. Lavish gifts.
12. Lease out the revenues of the kingdom.

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oyster-woman; a couple of carters wished him in reply to which he courtsied low, calling them his fellow countrymen and thanking them as though he were them heir to the throne and, next to the king, the people's future hope.

Green. Never mind, he is banished, and with him let these anxieties be banished, from our mind. As for the rebels who are in open rebellion in Ireland, prompt measures must be taken, my lord, for delay in this matter will mean the strengthening of the rebels and the weakening of the king.

K. Rich. We will go to the war ourselves and as our treasuries have been depleted by the levish expenditure of the court and manificent gifts, we are forced to let out on lease the

The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand : if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have *blank charters* ;
Whereto, even they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them[1] for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply out wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY

Bushy what new ?

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous[2] sick my lord,
Suddenly taken[3] ; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. RICHARD. Where lies he ?

BUSHY. At Ely House.

1. Put them down for.

2. Severely, seriously.

3. Attached, seized.

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revenues of the kingdom which will supply our immediate necessities ; if they fall short the officers left in charge in our absence will have full authority to make the rich sign blank papers and then put them down for large sums of money and send the money thus raised to meet our expenses in Ireland, for which we are leaving immediately.

[*Enter Bushy*]. What is it, Bushy ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt has suddenly been attacked by a severe illness and has sent a messenger hastily requesting you to see him.

K. Rich. Where is he ?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Richard. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind.
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining[1] of his coffers shall make coats
To deck[2] our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
All. Amen! *Exeunt.*]

1. Contents, riches.
2. Clothe, equip.

ACT II

Scene I. *Ely House*

Enter John of Gaunt *sick, with the* Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid[3] youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

3. Unsteady, fickle.

K. Rich. May God arrange his speedy death through the doctor! The money which he possesses will pay for the outfits of our soldiers for the Irish campaign. Let us all go to visit him. In spite of our hurry, may he die before we reach there!

ACT II

Scene i. *Ely House*

Enter John of Gaunt *sick. with the* Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come in time so that my last words may be used in giving good advice to steady his impulsive and reckless nature?

York. Do not worry about it nor waste your energy on a useless task, for all good advice falls flat upon him.

1. Compel.
2. Rich, solemn music.
3. Flatter.

GAUNT. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce[1] attention like deep harmony[2]:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain.
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose[3];
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close.[4]
As the lost taste of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my lif's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf[6] his ear.

Gaunt. But I have heard it said that the words of a dying man compel attention like solemn music; where the words spoken by a man are very few, they are very effective, for they that draw their breath with difficulty will not spend that breath in saying foolish things; a dying man who says his last say is listened to with greater attention than ease-loving young men who say flattering things; a man's death makes a deeper impression than his life's career; the last is always the sweetest and the longest remembered such as the sinking sun, the dying fall of music which, like the last and hence the most pleasing taste of sweets, remain longer in the memory than things that come before them. Though Richard did not pay heed to my advice in my life-time, he may listen to what I may say as a dying man.

York No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious metres[1] ' to whose venom sound
The open[2] ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish[3] nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world trust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there's no respect[4] how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd[5] into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth munity with *wit's regard*[6]
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st and that breath wilt thou lose.

1. Sensuous verses.
2. Eager, ready to listen.
3. Dull and fond of servile imitation.
4. No matter, no care.
5. Whispered.
6. Better judgment.

York. No, he will not listen to you, for his ears are filled with more plasing sounds, such as words of praise, for which even the wisest men have a weakness, sensuous verses whose poisonous music always casts a spell on young men and rumours of superior customs in Italy which the dull imitative English nation always tries in vain to clumsily copy. There is no folly brought into fashion anywhere in the world that is not at once reported to him; provided it is new it does not matter how base it is. When impulse or inclination rebels against reason, it is useless to give him advice who will follow his own impulse. Why spend the little breath or life that is left to you in vain?

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him :
His *rash fierce blaze of riot*[1] cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves :
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes[2] that spurs too fast betimes :
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means,[3] soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,[4]
This other Eden, demi[5] paradise,
This fortress built by Nature of herself
Against infection[6] and the *hand of war*[7],

1. Fury of his passions, his wild dissolute life.
2. Soon, early.
3. Eating up all substance.
4. Home of the war-god, *i.e.*, land of warlike men.
5. Almost a paradise or heaven.
6. Pestilence, epidemics.
7. Invasion.

Gaunt. It seems that I have received a sudden accession of prophetic powers and I make the following prophecy about him before I die. His reckless, passionate, wild wife cannot last long, for the fiercer the fire the sooner is extinguished through its own fierceness ; gentle rain may linger long but furious and sudden tempests are soon over ; the rider that rides too quick also gets tired too quick ; one who eats too fast gets choked with food , as the bird cormorant is never satisfied with eating, similarly a shallow nature is never satisfied with its pleasures, and so eating up its own substance it becomes disgusted with itself. England, the seat or royalty, this island ruled by great kings, this magnificent country, the home of the war-god, a second garden of Eden, almost a heaven, fortified by its natural situation against

This happy breed of men, *this little world*[1]
This precious stone set[2] in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office[3] of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this *teeming womb of royal kings*[4]
Fear'd *by their breed*[5] and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true *chivalry*[6]
As is the *sepulchre*[7] in stubborn Jewry[8]
Of *the world's ransom*[9], blessed Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die, pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement[10] or pelting[11] farm :

1. Epitome or copy in little of the universe (microcosm)
2. Placed in gold or silver leaf for the sake of contrast.
3. In the capacity of.
4. Fruitful mother of great kings.
5. By reason of their race.
6. Brave, knightly deeds.
7. Tomb, grave.
8. Judaea.
9. Christ, the Redeemer or Saviour of mankind.
10. Holding.
11. Paltry.

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pestilence and invasion, this mother of a prosperous race, this miniature copy of the vast universe, this great island situated in the midst of the silvery waves as a brilliant gem is set in silver leaf, the waves enclosing it like a wall or like a ditch round a castle and protecting it from the enmity of less prosperous countries ; this happy spot, this world by itself, this kingdom, this England which has produced and reared true and great kings held in awe and reverence by virtue of the race to which they belong, famous for their heroism and service in cause of Christianity and knightly qualities as far off from England as that tomb in obstinate Judaea of Christ who is the Saviour of the world, the son of

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame
With inky blots[1] and rotten parchment bounds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

Enter KING KICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

YORK. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
For young hot colts being raged[2] do rage the more.

1. Writings.

2. Enraged, provoked.

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the blessed. Virgin, the country of such great men, this land we love so much and which is famed far and wide, is now let out on lease like an ordinary holding or paltry farm. Encircled as England is by the sea which protects her from foreign invasion, her rocky shore hurls back the invading waves of the sea ; fettered by the sea she is now herself fettered by shame, by writings or leases and legal documents : that country which used to win victory over others is now completely vanquished by herself. If the shame were to end with my life, how gladly would I not welcome my approaching death !

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

York. Here is the king : speak gently of his youthful follies, for youth, like the young lusty colt, being provoked becomes violent.

QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. RICHARD. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition[1]!
Old Gaunt indeed, and *gaunt in being old*[2]:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching[3] breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast[4]; I mean, my children's looks[5],
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits[6] nought but bones.

1. Physical condition.
2. Lean or haggard because of my old age.
3. Keeping awake.
4. Is denied to me, I have to go without.
5. The sight or presence of my children.
6. Holds, possesses.

Queen. How is our dear uncle, Duke of Lancaster?

K. Rich. What cheer, old Gaunt? How are you?

Gaunt. How admirably my name describes my condition! I am old Gaunt in truth—and gaunt, because of my old age sorrow has compelled me to keep a long fast, and one who keeps fast like myself must grow gaunt like me. I have long kept awake so as to guard my country which has been fast asleep, keeping awake makes one thin and the watcher becomes gaunt. I have to go without that pleasure which other parents enjoy, *viz.*, the health-giving sight of my children; abstention from this nourishing food has made me gaunt (lean); being gaunt I am fit for the grave, nay I am as gaunt as the grave itself whose capacious bowels hold nothing but bones.

K. RICHARD. Can sick men play so nicely[1] with their names ?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. RICHARD. Should dying men flatter[2] with those that live ?

GAUNT. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. RICHARD. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

GAUNT. O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. RICHARD. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

1. Cleverly.

2. Try to please.

K. Rich. Is it possible that one so ill can pun so cleverly on his name ?

Gaunt. No, sorrow makes fun at its own expense ; as you by robbing me of my heir try to rob me of my name after my death ; so I ridicule that name to please you, O my mighty lord.

K. Rich. Should the dying men try to please the living ?

Gaunt. No, on the contrary the living men flatter those who are about to die.

K. Rich. But just now you, a dying man, said that you were flattering me.

Gaunt. Nay, you are dying, though I am the more sick man.

K. Rich. I am alive and well, but you are sick.

GAUNT. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill ;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed[1] body to the cure
Of *those physicians that first wounded thee*[2]
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose *compass*[3] is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet, incaged[4] in so small a verge[5],
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire[6] with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame[7] ;
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

1. Consectated at the coronations.
2. Your favourites and evil counsellors who have really injured you.
3. Scope, range.
4. Contained, enclosed.
5. Limit (a legal term for jurisdiction of the king's courts
6. Grandfather Edward III.
7. The instrument of your degradation, *i.e.*, the crown.

Gaunt. But God knows that I see thee ill, being myself ill to look upon and seeing ill or misdeeds in you. Your death-bed is the whole of England on which you lie suffering from the sickness of loss of reputation ; and you, making light of illness, entrust your sacred life to the care of those very doctors who caused your illness. The small space of your crown is crowded with numberless favourites, who though confined within such a narrow limit, yet cause ruin which spreads over the whole country. Had Edward III ever foreseen that his grandson would murder his uncles he would have kept him out of the way of bringing that disgrace upon yourself by taking away from you, before you ever came in possession of it, the crown which you now must lose. Cousin, if you were ruler of the whole world instead of

Why, cousin, were thou regent[1] of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease ;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
Thy state of law[2] is bondslave to the law ;
And thou—

K. RICHRAD. A lunatic lean-witted[3] fool,
Presuming on an *ague's privilege*[4],
Darest with thy *frozen admonition*[5],
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence[6],
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,[7]
This tongue that runs so roundly[8] in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent[9]
shoulders.

1. Ruler, governor.
2. (1) Your legal status as landlord. (2) The sovereign position that law gave you.
3. A madman and an idiot.
4. Right of a sick man to exemption from punishment.
5. Cold counsel.
6. The face.
7. Edward, the Black Prince.
8. Freely.
9. Disrespectful.

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one country, even then it would be a disgrace to misrule it by leasing it out. It is all the more disgraceful of you, being ruler only of one country, to disgrace it. You are no longer the king but merely a landlord of the realm ; as a landlord you are now subject to the law of the land, not exempt from it as you were as king by virtue of the royal prerogative and you—

K. Rich. A madman and a thrice-distilled idiot, taking advantage of a sick man s immunity from punishment you are impertinent enough with your cold counsel to make us pale so that the colour leaves our royal cheeks. I swear by my royal throne that had you not been brother to the Black Prince, my father, your tongue which runs so freely and sacrilegiously in your mouth would have cost you your head.

GAUNT. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's[1] son,
For that I was his father Edward's[2] son;
That blood already like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven, 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent[3] and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,[4]
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*

1. Edward, the Black Prince.
2. Edward III.
3. Example.
4. The bowed down figure of Time.

Gaunt. Truly, nephew, do not show me any mercy simply because I am your uncle; like the pelican which drinks the blood of its parents, you have already copiously shed the blood of your own race. The death of Gloucester, my inoffensive, sincere brother—may his soul be happy in heaven—is an example and proof that you do not mind shedding the blood of Edward's race: help my illness in killing me; your cruelty will be like the bowed figure of Time in destroying an absolutely faded flower. Your life will be one of dishonour which will not end with your death; let this plain talk of mine torture your conscience all your life. Let me be carried to my bed and from there to my grave; let those who are loved and respected be anxious to live.

[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants*]

1. Fits of ill-temper.
2. Befit; or suited to.
3. Perverse.
4. Run through, exhausted.

K. RICHARD. And let them die that age and sullens[1] have;
For both hast thou, and both become[2] the grave.

YORK. I do beseech your Majesty; impute his words
To wayward[3] sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. RICHARD. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

K. RICHARD. What says he?

NORTHUMBERLAND. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent[4].

K. Rich. And let them die who are old and morose; you are both, and so you are perfectly fit for the grave.

York. I pray, my lord, attribute his discourtesy to the perversity born of illness and old age. I say on penalty of losing my life that he loves you as he would his own son. Hereford, if he were bodily present here.

K. Rich. Yes, you speak truly; he loves me as much as Hereford does, and I return their love exactly in the same way: let everything go on like this.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My lord, Gaunt sends you compliments.

K. Rich. What has he further got to say?

North. Nothing, my lords, all his say is said once for all: He is for ever mute like a stringed instrument without string. Old Gaunt has run through his speech, life and everything else.

YORK. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor[1], it ends a mortal woe.
K. RICHARD. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant[2] those rough rug-headed kerns,[3]
Which live like venom[4] where *no venom else*[5]
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge[6],
Towards our assistance we do sieze to us
The plate, coin, revenues and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd

1. Unwelcome
2. Uproot, destroy.
3. Rough-haired, shaggy-haired Irish soldiers.
4. Poisonous reptiles.
5. No other reptiles, all being driven away by St. Patrick.
6. Expenditure.

York. May I be the next to be deprived of life: though death in itself is not welcome, yet it puts an end to one's sorrows.

K. Rich. The oldest man is the first to die, so is he: his journey is done and ours must go on. Let us now dismiss this subject and turn our attention to the Irish rebellion: we must now destroy the shaggy-haired Irish soldiers who live like venomous reptiles in Ireland where no venomous creatures can live except themselves: and as matters of such importance will involve great expenditure, to help us in meeting it we appropriate to the state all the revenues and belongings of Gaunt.

YORK. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty[1] make suffer[2] wrong?
Not Gloucester's death nor Hereford's banishment
Not Gaunt's rebukes[3], nor England's private *wrongs*[4],
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek[5],
Or bend one wrinkle on[6] my sovereigns's face.
I am the last[7] of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd[8] with the number of thy hours;

1. Delicate sense of loyalty.
2. Endure, submit to.
3. Reproaches uttered against Gaunt.
4. Grievances of the English people as distinguished from those of the royal house.
5. Show sour looks.
6. Direct one frowning look towards.
7. Youngest.
8. Provided with, *i.e.*, when of your age.

York. How much longer shall I put up with all this? How long will my delicate sense of loyalty to the king make me submit to wrong-doing without a protest? Nothing, not the murder of my brother Gloucester, nor the exile of Hereford, nor the rebukes rudely administered to Gaunt, nor the grievances of the common people, nor the king's opposition to Bolingbroke's French marriage, nor my own indignity has ever caused me to lose my patience or made me turn any angry glance on the king. I am the youngest son of Edward, as your father the Black Prince was the eldest. In war he was braver than a lion in passion, and in peace gentler than a lamb. You look exactly as he looked when he was your age; he was angry with his

But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends ; his noble hand
Did win that he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won ;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare[1] between.

K. RICHARD. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

YORK. O my liege,
Pardon me, if your please ; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe[2] into your hands

1. Draw comparisons between.

2. Appropriate to your own use by force.

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foes, the French, never with his friends ; he spent what he had gained by his own power, not what his victorious father had won ; he shed much blood, but it was the blood of the enemies of his race, not the blood of his kinsmen. O nephew, I am carried away by grief, otherwise I would never draw a comparison between you and your father.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what is wrong ?

York. My Lord, pray you to forgive me. If you do not, I shall gladly face the consequence. Do you seriously propose to grasp and appropriate the inheritance, wrest away the privileges and rights of the banished Hereford ?

The royalties[1] and rights[2] of banish'd Hereford ?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights ;
Let not to-morrow then ensue[3] to-day ;
Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession[4] ?
Now, a'ore God, God forbid I say true !—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in[5] the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery[6], and deny[7] his offer'd homage.
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts

1. (*a*) The rights in general, or (*b*) privileges by virtue of royal birth.
2. Rightful inheritance.
3. Follow.
4. Law of descent from father to son, law of inheritance.
5. Cancel, annul.
6. Claim delivery of his property through his legal representative.
7. Refuse to accept the homage by which he is to hold his lands.

The father is dead but the son is alive who should inherit ; Gaunt was honourable and Harry is loyal ; the father deserved to have a son to inherit his property and the son is in every respect worthy of the inheritance. If you deprive Hereford of his rights of succession you rob Time of his prescriptive rights ; you might just as well forbid to-morrow to succeed to-day ; by the same logic you lose your royal state, for it is only by the law of rightful succession that you are the king. By God —may it never happen—if you unlawfully wrest away Hereford's inheritance, if you cancel the documents which will authorise his legal agents to claim delivery of his property and if you refuse to accept from him the homage by which he is to hold his lands, you draw down upon yourself a thousand dangers, you will forfeit the love of

And prick[1] my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. RICHARD. Think what you will, we seize into our hands.
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

YORK. I,ll not be by the while : my liege, farewell :
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood[2]
That their events[3] can never fall out good. [*Exit*.

K. RICHARD. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight[4] :
Bid him repair[5] to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow[6]
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England ;
For he is just and always loved us well.

1. Good.
2. Taken for granted.
3. Issue, ultimate results.
4. Straight-way.
5. Come.
6. Think.

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many of your loyal subjects and make me lose my patience and entertain thoughts which cannot be reconciled with fidelity and loyalty.

K. Rich. Whatever you may think of my action, I appropriate for my own use all his property, movable and immovable.

York. I will not be present while it is done : good-bye, my lord. None can forecast what will come of it all ; but one may be perfectly sure that evil ways can never result in good. [*Exit*].

K. Rich. Bushy, go immediately to the Earl of Wiltshire, our treasurer, and command him to meet us at Ely House to attend to this matter. Tomorrow I will start for Ireland and none too soon, I believe. Uncle York will govern the kingdom while I am away, for he is honourable and devoted

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish Exeunt. KING, QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN *and* BAGOT.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Well : lords the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

WILLOUGHBY. Barely[1] in title, not in revenue.

NORTH. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS. My heart is great[2] ; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal[3] tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Nay speak thy mind ; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

1. Merely.
2. Big with emotion, full.
3. Freely.

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to me. Come with me, my queen ; tomorrow we separate for a time ; but cheer up, for I shall not be long way.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING, QEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN *and* BAGOT.]

North. So my lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. But he lives in his son who inherits the title.
Willoughby. He only enjoys the title but not the income of the Duchy.

North. He ought to be enriched by both, if justice has its way.

Ross. My heart is too full, but I will die heart-stifled with silence much sooner than give free expression to my feelings.

North. Never fear, speak out your thoughts freely ; let him who will betray you be struck dumb.

WILLOUGHBY. Tends[1] that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
ROSS. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and spoiled of his patrimony[2].
NORTHUMBERLAND. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne.
In him, a royal prince, and many moe[3]
Of noble blood in this declining[4] land
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform[5],
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will tne king severely prosecute[6]
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs
ROSS. The commons[7] hath he pill'd[8] with grievous[9] taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For *ancient quarrels*[10] and quite lost their hearts.

1. Has reference to.
2. Inheritance
3. More.
4. Wasted.
5. Report as informer.
6. Sternly punish, relentlessly act on.
7. Common people.
8. Pillaged, plundered.
9. Oppressive, heavy.
10. Old offences.

Will. You need have no fear if what you are going to say has any reference to the Duke of Hereford. I am always anxious to hear of any service meant to be rendered to him.

Ross. I have nothing to say of any good that it is in my power to do him. I can only feel regret that he should have been deprived of his lawful inheritance.

North. By God, it is scandalous that he, a prince of the blood, and many more of noble birth in this fallen country, should have to endure such tyrannies. The king is not master of himself but is entirely in the hands of sycophants, and acting upon any accusation which they may bring against us as informers out of spite, the king will sternly punish us, our childern and our lawful heirs.

Ross. He has fleeced the common people with oppressive

WILLOUGHBY. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks[1], benevolences[2] and I *wot not*[3] what :
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this[4] ?

NORTHUMBERLAND. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But *basely yielded upon compromise*[5]
That which his noble ancestors achieved[6] with blows :
More hath has spent in peace than they in wars.

ROSS. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

WILLOUGHBY. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken[7] man.

1. Blank charters. Blank papers signed before hand by which to extort any sum.
2. Compulsory gifts of money.
3. Know not.
4. All the money thus extorted.
5. Surrendered like a coward by agreement
6. Won.
7. Ruined, bankrupt.

---

taxes and forfeited their sympathies : he has levied fines on the nobles for old offences and entirely alienated them.

Will. And every day we hear of plans for fresh extortions such as blank charters, forced gifts, and I do not know how many more. By God, how is all this money spent ?

North. He has not spent it in fighting his enemies, for it is his practice never to fight but meanly surrender by agreement what his heroic forefathers won in battle, and yet he has spent more money in times of peace than they ever spent in fighting.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire holds the revenues of the kingdom under a lease.

Will. The king has gone broke, become bankrupt.

NORTHUMBERLAND. *Reproach and dissolution*[1] hangeth over him.

ROSS. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

[NORTHUMBERLAND. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king]
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing[2],
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore[3] upon our sails;
And yet we *strike not, but securely*[4] perish.

ROSS. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided[5] is the danger now,
For suffering so the cause of our wreck.

[NORTHUMBERLAND. Not so; even through the hollow eyes[6] of death

1. Disgrace and ruin — disgraceful ruin.
2. Roar, rumble.
3. Blow hard on.
4. We do not lower our sails but sink through carelessness.
5. Inevitable.
6. Lit. empty sockets = desperate circumstances.

North. He is faced with disgraceful ruin.

Ross. In spite of his crushing taxation he cannot find money for the Irish campaign except by robbing the exiled Duke of Hereford.

North. His own cousin, too; an absolutely degraded monarch! But, friends, we hear the rumblings of the approaching storm, yet take no steps to save ourselves from it. We see the danger that continually hangs over our head, yet we make no efforts to save ourselves; we perish through our inaction born of a false sense of security.

Ross. Of course we know the danger we are in, but since we have submitted to the causes that have ruined us so long, we cannot avoid it now.

North. It is not as hopeless as that; I see some chance

1. Peeping, glimmering.

2. Be not afraid to speak out.

3. Your own thoughts reflected in your own mind.

I spy life peering[1]; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLOUGHBY. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

ROSS. Be confident[2] to speak. Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but *as thoughts*[3]; therefore, be bold.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Reginald Lord Cobham,
... ...
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

---

of recovery, some ray of hope even when things are pretty desperate; but I am afraid to say more definitely how soon things will improve.

Will. Do please speak out as freely as we did.

Ross. Do not hesitate to speak openly, Northumberland: in this matter we three are as one man, being of the same mind: so you can speak to us just as safely as if you were brooding over your own thoughts; so do not keep your own counsel.

North. Listen then: news has been brought to me from Port le Blanc, a bay in Brittany, that the Duke of Hereford, Reginald, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Arundel's sons, Thomas Arundel who recently escaped from the house of the Duke of Exeter, the Earl's brother, the exiled archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall[1] ships, three thousand men of war[2],
Are making hither with all due expedience[3]
And shortly mean to touch[4] our northern shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay[5]
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp[6] out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn[7] the blemish'd[8] crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post[9] to Ravenspurgh ;
But if you faint[10] as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret[11], and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge[12] doubts to them that fear.

WILLOUGHBY. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt*

1. Fine, large.
2. Soldiers.
3. Haste.
4. Land on.
5. Wait for.
6. Repair, renew : a term from falconry.
7. Pledge in the hands of pawnbrokers.
8. Disgraced, dishonoured
9. Post-haste.
10. Feel afraid
11. Do not give it away.
12. Speak of.

---

etc., all equipped at the expense of the Duke of Bretagne, are coming here with all possible haste with eight large ships and three thousand soldiers, and soon intend to land on the North coast of England ; probably they would have landed earlier but they are waiting for the departure of the king. Now if we mean to regain our liberty, repair the damage done to our languishing country, recover from the pawnbrokers the crown which has been disgraced by being leased out to them, restore royalty to its original glory and make it appear in its native grandeur, let us go with all possible haste to Ravenspurgh ; but if you shrink from it through fear, stay where you are and keep the secret ; I will go alone.

Ross. Let us all be off ; talk of keeping back to those who are afraid.

Will. I will outstrip you all if my horse does not tire.

Scene II. *Windsor Castle.*

Enter Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot

Bushy[1]. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness[1]
And entertain a cheerful disposition[2].
Queen. To please the king I did ; to please myself
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest,
As my sweet Richard : yet again, methinks,
Some *unborn sorrow*[3], *ripe in fortune's womb*[4],
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With *nothing*[5] trembles : at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

1. Sadness which is injurious to health.
2. Mood, spirits.
3. Grief conceived but not yet made definite.
4. Lying ready for birth in the womb of futurity.
5. Cause of sorrow not yet in existence.

Scene II. *Windsor Castle*

Enter Queen, Bushy *and* Bagot

Bushy. Your Majesty is too much depressed. When you took leave of the king, you assured him that you would not give in to depression of spirit which is injurious to health, but keep up a joyous mood.

Queen. Yes, I promised in order to relieve his anxiety ; but even if I should like to, I cannot shake off my sadness : yet I can think of no reason why I should feel so sad except parting from my beloved husband : it seems to me that some sorrow, not yet born but ready for birth, is about to befall me, and my heart trembles at this indefinable terror ; something more than the king's departure makes me depressed.

BUSHY. Each substance[1] of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself[2], but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed[3] with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives[4], which *rightly gazed upon*[5]
Show nothing but confusion[6], *eyed awry*
Distinguish form[7]: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail:
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'its with false sorrow's eye,
Which for[8] things true weeps[9] things imaginary

1. Reality.
2. Which exactly resembles the real sorrow.
3. Blurred, dimmed.
4. Deceptive glass.
5. Directly looked into
6. Vague, confused images.
7. Regarded obliquely or sideways show a clear clear image.
8. In place of.
9. Weeps for.

Bushy. Every real sorrow has many unreal imitations of itself which closely resemble the reality, but which are different. The eyes of grief-stricken man dimmed with tears divide one into many and thus see many causes of sorrow, where there is only one like specially cut glasses, which when looked straight in to produce an optical deception, but when viewed sideways show distinct images. So, your Majesty, wrongly regarding the king's absence, discovers many causes of lament which, viewed as they really are, prove to be unreal griefs. Then, your benign Majesty should not grieve for things other than the absence of the king; the rest are imaginary; if you think them to be real, it is because you look at them with the deceptive eye of grief which weeps for fancied trouble as if they were real.

QUEEN. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise ; howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
BUSHY. 'Tis nothing but conceit[1], gracious lady.
QUEEN. *'Tis nothing less*[2] : conceit is still derived
From some *forefather*[3] *grief* ; mine is not so,
For nothing[4] hath begot my something[5] grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess[6] ;
But what it is, that is not yet known : what
I cannot name : 'tis nameless woe, I wot[7],

1. Fancy.
2. Far from being a mere fancy.
3. Preceding sorrow.
4. Imaginary, unsubtantial.
5. Real.
6. As with the reversionary heir this sorrow will be mine later on.
7. Know.

Queen. What you say may be true ; yet my heart tells me it is the other way about ; be that as it may, I cannot help being sad, so much so that although I do not know of any definite grief to brood over yet I suffer from vague, indefinite melancholy.

Bushy. It is all a fancy, your Majesty.

Queen. It is anything but imaginary : an imaginary grief is due to real grief which has preceded it : but this is not the case with me, for some imaginary grief has caused my real grief, or my imaginary or vague and indefinite grief has something real about it. It is sorrow which is not mine at present but will be mine later on ; but I cannot define it nor give it a name ; it is an indefinable sorrow, Ikn ow.

Enter GREEN

GREEN. God save your Majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd[1] for Ireland.
QUEEN. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave[2] haste, his haste, good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retired[3] his power[4],
And driven into despair[5] an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals[6] himself,
And with uplifted[7] arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.
QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!

1. Set sail, embarked.
2. Demand.
3. Withdrawn.
4. Forces, army.
5. Frustrated the hopes of.
6. Recalls.
7. Raised revolt in.

Enter GREEN

Green. May God keep you from harm, your Majesty! I am glad to meet you, gentlemen; surely the king is not yet off to Ireland!

Queen. Why not? The sooner the better in this matter for his plans demand quickness for their success; so quickness is to be wished for. Why, then, do you wish that he had not set sail?

Green. In order that he, our only hope of safety, might have called back his forces from Ireland, and frustrated the hopes of a foe who has with a powerful army landed on this Island. The exiled Duke of Hereford has returned from exile and with arms raised in rebellion is safely landed at Ravenspurgh.

Queen. God grant you may be wrong!

GREEN. Ah, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.
BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland.
And all the rest revolted faction[1] traitors ?
GREEN. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcestor
Hath broke his staff[2], resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe[3],
And Bolingbroke *my sorrow's dismal heir*[4]:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy[5]

1. Treacherous members of the rebellious party.
2. Symbol of his office as steward.
3. The sorrow so long vague becomes clear and definite with your help.
4. The child or cause of my grief.
5. Monstrous birth.

Green. But unfortunately there is no getting away from the fact! and to make matters worse Northumberland, his son, etc., and their friends have gone over to him.

Bushy. You ought to have declared Northumberland and all the rest faithless rebels.

Green. It has been done already; and at once the Earl of Worcester has left his stewardship, casting off the token, and with all the menials of the royal establishment, gone over to Bolingbroke.

Queen. Ah, there you are. Bolingbroke is the subject matter of my sorrow; Green, by bringing this news to me you have brought the cause of grief to light and made it definite. My brooding mind so long in labour has at last brought forth a monstrous birth in Bolingbroke's landing, and like a

And I, gasping new-deliver'd mother.
Have *woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd*[1]

BUSHY. Despair not, madam.

QUEEN. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening[2] hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite[3], a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve[4] the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers[5] in extremity[6].

Enter YORK

GREEN. Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN. With *signs of war*[7] about his aged neck:
O, full of *careful business*[8] are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable[9] words.

1. This new sorrow added to the old sorrow of separation from my husband
2. False, deceptive hope
3. A hanger on, a false friend.
4. Unloose.
5. Causes to linger; here transitive.
6. To the farthest limit.
7. Armour.
8. Anxious preoccupation.
9. Words of comfort or hope.

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mother recently confined, has fresh pain added to that already existing, *i.e.*, grief caused by the news of Bolingbroke's landing added to that caused by her husband's departure.

Bushy. Do not give up all hope, your Majesty.

Queen. None can stop my doing it. I will expect the worst and keep false hopes at arm's length: false hope protects life to the utmost limit and causes men to cling to it, even when kindly death would end it: false hope which is a cheat and a sycophant prevents the coming of death which would rid us of miseries like a true friend.

Enter YORK

Green. Here is the Duke of York.

Queen. Yes, with his armour on his old body and with a face full of care! For God's sake, uncle, give us a message of hope.

YORK. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, *cares and grief*[1].
Your husband, he is gone to save far off[2],
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop[3] his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit[4] made ;
Now shall he try[5] his friends that flattered him.

Enters a Servant

SERVANT. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

1. Troubles, anxieties and sorrows.
2. Save kingdom abroad, *i.e.*, Ireland.
3. Uphold, maintain.
4. Excesses.
5. Put to the test.

York. If I did so, I would have to suppress the truth. Consolation lies only in God ; our earthy life is full of disappointments, anxieties and sorrows. While the king is away to preserve his kingdom abroad, others are here to rob him of his kingdom at home. I am entrusted with the task of maintaining his kingdom—I who, old and weak, can scarcely support myself. At last comes the time of trouble which his former excesses have brought on. Now will his friends and favourites be put to the test.

Enter a SERVANT

Servant. My lord, when I reached there your son had already gone.

YORK. He was? Why so! go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get these to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently[1] a thousand pound: Hold[2], take my ring.

SERVANT. My lord, I had forgot to tell my lordship.

To-day, as I came by, I called there:

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK. What is't, knave[3]?

SERVANT. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

1. At once.
2. Wait.
3. Boy (Boy servant).

York. Gone? Be it so, let things take their due course! The nobles have already deserted the king, the common people will soon be, if not already are, on the side of Bolingbroke. You there, go at once to my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Gloucester at Plashy; ask her to send me immediately one thousand pounds. Wait, take this ring as a token.

Servant. My lord, I had forgotten to inform you that I had dropped in there on my way here to-day; you will be very sorry to hear the rest.

York. Out with it, fellow!

Servant. The Duchess had been dead an hour before I came.

YORK. God for His mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God
So[1] my *untruth*[2] had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts[4] dispatch'd for Ireland
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there. [*Exite Servant*
Gentlemen, will you go muster[5] men?
If I know how or which way to order[6] these affairs
Thus trust disorderly[7] into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.

1. Provided.
2. Disloyalty,
3. Duke of Gloucester's
4. Messengers
5. Collect your soldiers.
6. Arrange.
7. In confusion.

York. Have pity on us, Oh Lord! What a quick succession of miseries visit this unhappy country all at once! I am entirely at a loss! I wish, provided my disloyalty had not roused him to do it, that he had beheaded me with my brother, Gloucester! Have not messengers been sent to Ireland? How shall we manage to have the money for these battles? Sister, excuse me, I should say cousin—come with me. Sirrah,. go to my house, get some carts and bring all the armour that is at Plashy. [*Exit Servant*.

Gentlemen, will you gather all your soldiers together? Take my word for it, I do not know in the least how to manage all this business which has been put into my hands all in confusion. Both are my relations, the one is my king to whom

The one[1] is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other[2] again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred[3] bids to right[4].
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll dispose[5] of you.
Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And everything is left at six[6] and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

BUSHY. The wind sits fair[7] for news for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable[8] to the enemy
Is all unpossible[9].
GREEN. Besides, our nearness to the king in love

1. Richard II.
2. Bolingbroke.
3. Relationship.
4. Restore whom to his rights.
5. See you safely bestowed.
6. In utter confusion.
7. Is favourable.
8. Raise an army sufficient enough to meet.
9. Absolutely impossible.

I owe my allegiance and as such for whom I am in duty bound to fight: Bolingbroke, on the other the hand, is my nephew who has suffered at the hands of the king and whom my sense of justice and relationship prompt me to help. Anyway, I am going to do something. Come, cousin, I wil' have you conducted to a place of safety. Meanwhile, gentlemen, collect your men-at-arms and come immediately to Berkeley Castle. I ought to go to Plashy also but I have no time for it at present: everything is in disorder and confusion.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*]

Bushy. The weather is favourable for the receipt of news from the king, but we have not received any yet. It is absolutely impossible for us to raise forces adequate to face the rebels.

Green. Moreover, the fact of our being the favourites

Is near the hate of *those love not the king*[1]

BAGOT. And that's the wavering[2] commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much[3] fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY. Wherein[4] the king stands generally condemn'd

BAGOT. *If judgment lie in them*[5], then so do we.
Because we ever have been near the king.

GREEN. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY. Thither will I with you; for little office[6]
The hateful[7] commons will perform for us.
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?

1. The king's enemies.
2. Fickle, vascillating.
3. In the same proportion to the same extent.
4. In the matter of emptying the purses of the common people.
5. If they are allowed to pass judgment on us.
6. Small service.
7. (*a*) Full of hatred for us, or (*b*) odious.

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of the king makes us all the more disliked by the king's enemies.

Bagot. The king's enemies are fickle commoners, for their heart is in their money, and they hate a man like poison to the extent to which he takes away their money.

Bushy. In this matter the king is universally disliked.

Bagot. If it is given to them to sit in judgment on us, we too must share the condemnation, for we have always been closely associated with the king in his doings.

Green. Well; I will at once fly to Bristol castle for safety. The Earl of Wiltshire has already gone.

Bushy. I will come with you; for it is little that the people who hate us do for us except kill us. Will you not come with us, Bagot?

BAGOT. No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.

Farewell: If heart's preasages[1] be not vain,

We three here part ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY. That's as York thrives to beat[2] back Bolingbroke.

GREEN. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

BUSHY. Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

1. Presentiments, forebodings.

2. Succeeds in driving back.

Bagot. No, I will join the king in Ireland. Good-bye: if my forebodings are not wrong, this is our last farewell.

Bushy. That depends upon the success York has against Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, the Duke has taken upon himself a hopeless task, as hopeless as counting the sands of the seashore and draining the ocean. For one man who remains true to him, thousands will desert him. Good-bye, once and for all.

Bushy. Let us hope it is not our last meeting.

Bagot. I am afraid, it is. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

BOLINGBROKE. How far is it my lord, to Berkeley now ?

NORTHUMERLAND. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire :
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws[1] out our miles, and makes them wearisome :
And yet your fair[2] discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and *delectable*[3]
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to *Cotswold*[4] will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled

1. Lengthen out.
2. Sweet conversation, pleasant talk.
3. Pleasant delightful.
4. The Cotswold range.

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire*

Enter BOL NGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. What distance have we to cover before we reach Berkeley, my lord?

North. I assure you, my lord, being a northerner I do not know this west country : these steep hills and rugged paths make our journey appear longer and more tedious; but your sweet and interesting talk has made our difficult journey very pleasant. But I think that Ross and Willoughby will find their ride from Ravenspurgh to the Cotswold range an extremely tedious one, being denied the pleasure of your society which, I asure you, has lessened very much the

The tediousness and process of my travel[1].
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy[2] is litte less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLINGBROKE. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY

NORTHUMBERLAND. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever[3].
Harry, how fares your uncle?

1. The wearisome course of my journey.

2. To enjoy.

3. From place where he may happen to be.

---

tedium of my long, wearisome journey and made it pleasant. But the expectation of having your sweet company in the future which I am enjoying in the present will keep them up: expectation of future joy is hardly less than present enjoyment: so this anticipation will shorten their journey as mine has been by your pleasant companionship.

Boling. My society is not half so sweet as you kindly make it out to be. But who is coming this way?

[*Enter* HENRY PERCY]

North. He is my son Henry Percy, sent by my brother Worcester from some place or other. Harry, how is your uncle?

PERCY. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Why, is he not with the queen ?

PERCY. No, my good lord ; he hath *forsook the court*.
Broken of staff his office[1] and dispersed
The household of the king.

NORTHUMBERLAND. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolved[2] when last we spake together.

PERCY. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by[3] Berkeley, to discover
What power[4] the Duke of York had levied there ;
Then with directions to repair[5] to Ravenspurgh.

1. Left the place and resigned his office.
2. Determined.
3. By way of.
4. Forces.
5. Make his way to.

Percy. I had expected, sir, to hear about him from you.

North. How is that ? Is not he with the court ?

Percy. He is not, my lord ; he has left the king's service and dismissed the king's servants.

North. Why did he do that ? He had no mind to do so when I talked with him last.

Percy. He was angry because you were declared a rebel. He, my lord, has gone to Ravenspurgh to join the Duke of Hereford and sent me by way of Berkeley Castle to ascertain what forces the Duke of York has raised here ; then I have instructions to go back to Ravenspurgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy ?

PERCY. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge[1],
I never in my life did look on him.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

PERCY. My gracious lord, I tender[2] you my service,
Such as it is, being tender[3], raw[4] and young ;
Which elder days[5] shall ripen and confirm[6]
To more *approved service and desert*[7].

BOLINGBROKE. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy[8]
As in[9] a soul remembering my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love[10],
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

1. As far I know.
2. Offer.
3. Soft, weak.
4. Crude, inexperienced.
5. Age which will bring experience.
6. Harden, strengthen.
7. Tried or tested service and merit.
8. Lucky, fortunate.
9. In having.
10. Devotion, friendship.

North. Don't you remember the Duke of Hereford, my son ?

Percy. I cannot remember one whom I have never known : as far as I know, I have never seen the Duke in my life.

North. Then see him now : this is he.

Percy. My noble lord, I offer my services to you as they are, being delicate, crude and unripe : but experience will mature and strengthen them, so that they will be of more tried and meritorious character.

Boling. Thanks very much, good Percy ; I assure you that I am fortunate in having a soul that always remembers those who are friendly to me ; as your loyalty improves my chances of success, that success will reward you for your loyalty. My heart makes this solemn promise and my hand by grasping yours confirms it.

. . . .

NORTHUMBERLAND. How far is it to Berkeley? and *what stir*
Keeps[1] good old York there with his men of war?
PERCY. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of *name and noble estimate*[2]

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

NORTHUMBERLAND. Here comes the Lords of Ross and Willoughby;
Bloody with spurring[3], *fiery-red with haste*[4].
BOLINGBROKE. Welcome, my lords. I wot[5] your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury[6]
Is yet but unfelt[7] thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

1. What preparations does he make for opposition.
2. Fame and great repute.
3. The horses bleeding as a result of being spurred.
4. Flushed with the toils of the swift ride.
5. Know.
6. Store of wealth.
7. Intangible, unsubstantial.

North. How far is Berkeley Castle from here? What preparations has York made to meet us with the forces he has raised?

Percy. The castle is just there near that cluster of trees, garrisoned, as I understand, by only three hundred soldiers; the only nobles who are in the castle are York, Berkeley and Seymour; no other men of fame and repute.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY

North. Lo! there come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, their horses' sides covered with blood and their faces flushed with haste.

Boling. My greetings to you, my lords. I know that you feel great affection for a proclaimed traitor banished from the country, all my wealth at present is only verbal gratitude which is intangible; but when I am richer I will properly reward your devotion and pains.

ROSS. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY. And far surmounts[1] our labour to attain it.

BOLINGBROKE. Evermore thanks, the *exchequer of the poor*[2];
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years[3],
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY

NORTHUMBERLAND. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

BERKELEY. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

BOLINGBROKE. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England.
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught to say.

1. Exceeds, surpasses.
2. Treasury of those who have no wealth to bestow.
3. Is of age and hence is in possession of property.

Ross. Your sight enriches us, my gracious lord.

Willoughby. And makes our pains to see you seem as nothing.

Boling. Thanks again which are the only wealth a poor man can fall back upon; and these thanks, till my circumstances improve, will have to do duty for my reward. But who is this?

Enter BERKELEY

North. I think he is the Lord of Berkeley.

Berkely. I have a message to deliver to you, Lord Hereford.

Boling. My proper title now is Lancaster and not Hereford. I have landed in England to claim that title and so I answer to no other. If you want to have an answer to your message from me, you must address me by that title.

BERKELEY. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze[1] one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, *what lord you will*[2],
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks[3] you on
To take advantages of the absent[4] time
And fright our native peace with *self-borne arms*[5].

Enter YORK *attended*

BOLINGBROKE. I shall not need *transport*[6] my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not the knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[7] and false.
BOLINGBROKE. My gracious uncle—

1. Erase, omit.
2. Whatever title you like to be addressed by.
3. Goads you on, incites you.
4. The period of the king's absence.
5. (1) Civil war, (2) taken up on your initiative.
6. Convey my message through you.
7. Deceptive, insincere.

Berkeley. Don't misunderstand me, my lord; it is not my intention to omit a single title that properly belongs to you: I have been sent by the Duke of York, the regent of England, to you, whichever title you wish to be addressed by—Hereford or Lancaster—to demand the reasons which have prompted you to seize the opportunity given by the king's absence and break the peace of the realm with civil war.

Enter YORK *attended*

Boling. It it will not be necessary to convey my message through you; here is come the Duke himself: Uncle! [*Kneels*]

York. I want from you the heart's faithful devotion, not the homage of the bended knee which is deceptive and insincere.

Boling. My noble uncle!

YORK. Tut tut !
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane[1]
Why have those banish'd and forbidden[2] legs
Dared once to *touch a dust of England's ground*[3] ?
But then more 'why ?' why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her *pale-faced*[4] villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms[5] ?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, *the king is left behind*[6],
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the *lord of such hot youth*[7]
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

1. Profanation, sacrilege.
2. Prohibited from entering England.
3. Set foot on the English soil.
4. Panic-stricken.
5. A display of contemptible armed forces.
6. The king, in his absence, represented by me.
7. In possession of such youthful vigour.

York. None of this make-believe, please ! Don't you call me by titles of respect and love such as gracious or uncle. I will have no rebel for a nephew : the utterance of that sacred word grace, by one who has acted so ungraciously as yourself, is a sacrilege. How dare you, an exile forbidden to return to England, once more set foot on the English soil ? And then I have more questions to ask. Why have you ventured to march through the peaceful land scaring the panic-stricken inhabitants with a contemptible display of violence and armed forces ? Do you come now because the king is away ? But though the King is absent in his own person, yet he is present in that of his deputy : I, a loyal subject of the king, represent him now. If I were now as young and vigorous as I was when your father Gaunt

Rescued the Black Prince, that *young Mars of men*[1]
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner of the palsy,[2] chastise thee
And *minister correction*[3] to thy fault !

BOLINGBROKE My gracious uncle, let me know my fault :
On what condition[4] stands it and wherein?

YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree.
In gross rebellion and detested[5] treason ;
Thou art banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In *braving arms*[6] again thy sovereign.

1. The god of war among men.
2. Paralysis.
3. Administer punishment.
4. Of what quality or degree is it.
5. Detestable, hateful.
6. In defiant arms or in armed defiance.

---

and I brought the Black Prince, the youthful god of war among men, out of a ring of French soldiers who surrounded him, I would at once with this hand of mine, which is now unfortunately stricken with paralysis, mete out the punishment your offence calls for !

Boling. My dear uncle, what is my offence ? Of what nature is it and in what does it consist ?

York. It is an offence of the worst kind, consisting as it does in disloyalty and despicable treachery. Though you are an exile, yet you have come back to hurl armed defiance at your King before the term of your banishment is over.

BOLINGBROKE. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come, for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[1] eye:
You are my father, methinks in you—
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my right[2] and royalties[2]
Pluck'd from my arms perforce[3] and given away
To upstart unthrifts[4]? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To *rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay*[5]

1. Impartial.
2. Rights and privileges.
3. By force.
4. Reckless spendthrifts raised to high positions.
5. Metaphor from deer-huntiug. Following up his wrongs and end them.

Boling. When I was exiled, I was the Duke of Hereford; I return now as the Duke of Lancaster. Uncle I pray you to judge my wrongs with an impartial mind, I look upon you as my father; it seems that old Gaunt again lives in you. If you were my father, would you suffer me, your son, to be made a homeless wanderer? My rights and privileges, and all my inheritance have been wrested from me by force and distributed among base-born spendthrifts raised to positions of honour by the king. If I am to be treated thus, it is a pity I should have been ever born. The law of succession which makes Richard King of England surely makes me Duke of Lancaster. If you had died earlier than old Gaunt and your son Aumerle after your death had thus been grievously wronged, then Gaunt would have like his own father hunted down his wrongs and would not have rested till he had redressed

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrain'd[1] and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And I challenge law[2] attorneys are denied me :
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free[3] descent.

NORTHUMBERLAND. The noble duke hath been too much abused[4].

ROSS. *It stands* your grace *upon*[5] to do him right.

WILLOUGHBY. Base men by his endowments[6] are made great.

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this :
I have had feeling[7] of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right ;

1. Forcibly seized.
2. Claim justice according to law.
3. Direct lineal.
4. Unfairly treated.
5. It is your duty to.
6. Revenues.
7. I have been alive to.

---

them. I am refused the right of claiming delivery of my inheritance, though authorised to do so by the law ; my father's possessions have all been forcibly seized and sold and the money misspent. What do you wish me to do in the circumstances ? As an Englishman I claim my rights under the law. I am refused the right of being represented by counsel and so I am come in person to claim the rights that are mine in the direct order of succession.

North. The Duke has been deeply wronged.

Ross. It is incumbent upon you to see that his wrongs are redressed.

Will. Low-born creatures are enriched by his revenues.

York. My lords, I admit this : I have always sympathised with my nephew's wrongs and have done all that lies in my power to redress them ; but I cannot allow his coming

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver[1] and cut out his way.
To find out right with wrong, it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind[2]
Cherish[3] rebellion and are rebels all.

NORTHUMBERLAND. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own ; and for the right of that
We all have *strongly sworn*[4] to give him aid :
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

YORK. Well, well, I see the *issue of these arms*[5] :
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all left[6] :
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach[7] you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But since I cannot, be it known to you

1. Cut a way for himself. *i.e.*, take the law into his own hands.
2. In this manner of going about the business
3. Foster.
4. Pledged ourselves by strong oaths
5. The outcome of this armed rising
6. Poorly provided.
7. Arrest.

---

armed like this in a spirit of bravado to cut out a path for himself by force, to assert his claims wrongfully. Those of you who help him in this manner are inspired by the spirit of revolt and are thus all traitors.

North. The Duke has declared under oath that he has come only to recover his rights and in this matter we have all pledged our honour to help him ; may he never taste happiness who goes back upon his word !

York. Ah, I can guess what the result of this war will be ; I make no secret of the fact that I can do little because my resources are scanty and all disorganised. But I swear by God, the author of my being, that if I had the power I would have you all arrested and forced you to beg for forgiveness from the King : but as I have not the power to do so, I tell you

I do remain as neuter[1]. So, fare you well ;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

BOLINGBROKE. An offer, uncle, that we will accept :
But we must win[2] your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices[3],
The caterpillars of the commonwealth[4],
Which I have sworn to weed[5] and pluck away.

YORK. It may be I will go with you : but yet I'll pause ;
For I am loath[6] to break our country's laws,
No friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress[7] are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

1. Neutral.
2. Persuade.
3. Accomplices, associates.
4. Worthless parasites preying upon the land and wasting it.
5. To pluck up and throw away as weeds.
6. Unwilling.
7. Remedy, cure.

---

that I will keep neutral. So good-bye unless you stop for the night in the castle.

Boling. I thankfully accept your hospitality, uncle : but we must persuade you to come with us to Bristol castle which, according to report, is occupied by Bushy, Bagot and their associates, the parasites feeding on the realm, whom I have taken a vow to destroy.

York. It is just possible I should accompany you ; yet I am not sure for I am unwilling to go against my King. I can consider you neither as friends nor as enemies : anyway I will not worry about things which are past mending.

Scene IV. *Conway*

Enter Salisbury *and a* Welsh Captain

Captain. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd[1] ten days,
And hardly[2] kept our countrymen together
And yet we hear no tidings from the king :
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Salisbury. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Captain. 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.
The *bay trees*[3] in our country are all withered
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd[4] prophets whisper fearful change ;

1. Waited.
2. With great difficulty.
3. A kind of evergreen.
4. Lean-looking.

Scene IV. *Conway*

Enter Salisbury *and a* Welsh Captain

Captain. My lord, we have been ten days here now and with much difficulty have kept the forces together ; and so far we have not heard from the king. So let us disband our forces ; good-bye.

Salisbury. Wait for one more day, you loyal Welshman ; the king has implicit faith in you.

Captain. There is a rumour that the king is dead, so we must disperse. In Wales all the bay-trees which are ever-green have dried up and shooting-stars have been darting among the stars : the silver moon looks down upon the earth with a lurid aspect and the haggard-seeming sooth-sayers drop dark hints of bloody revolutions : the wealthy

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and
leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy[1] by rage and war :
These signs[2] *forerun*[3] the death or fall of kings,
Farewell : our countrymen are gone or fled.
As well assured[4] Richard their king is dead.
[*Exit.*

SALISBURY. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy
mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base[5] earth from the lowly west,
Thy sun[6] sets *weeping*[7] in the lowly west,
Witnessing[8] storms to come woe and unrest :
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.
[*Exit.*

1. In expectation of enjoying.
2. Omens, portents.
3. Portend.
4. Absolutely sure.
5. Which is far below the sky.
6. The sun of Richard's prosperity.
7. With a rainy look.
8. Showing signs of.

---

are anxious because they are afraid of losing their wealth, the poor are merry because they expect to come into possession of other people's wealth by force and violence. These portents forebode the death or downfall of kings. Good-bye, all the Welsh soldiers, convinced that the king is dead, are gone. [*Exit*]

Salisbury. Alas, with a sad heart I see the king fallen from his greatness like the meteor fallen from the heaven to the earth below. The sun of Richard's glory sinks amid storm clouds in the western sky portending revolution, trouble and disturbance ; his friends have gone over to his enemy and his luck has deserted him altogether. [*Exit*].

ACT III

SCENE. I. *Bristol. Before the castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *Prisoners*

BOLINGBROKE. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex[1] your souls—
Since presently[2] your souls must part[3] your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives[4],
For *'twere no charity*[5]; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy[6] gentleman in *blood and lineaments*,[7]
By you *unhappied and disfigured clean*[8]:
You have in a manner[9] with your *sinful hours*[10]
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him[11].

1. Trouble.
2. At once, immediately
3. Part from, quit.
4. Dwelling too much upon your wickedness.
5. It would be cruel.
6. Fortunate.
7. Birth and looks.
8. Made unhappy and utterly degraded.
9. In a way.
10. Time spent in dissipation.
11. Kept husband and wife separate from each other.

ACT III

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Produce the prisoners before me. Bushy and Green, it would be cruel to reproach you, since you are to be put to death forthwith with the wickedness of your life by dwelling at length upon it; but in order to justify your execution in the eyes of the people I will state some reasons for it. You brought to bear your pernicious influence upon your king—a gentleman fortunate in his birth and physical appearance but entirely ruined and degraded by you; you have, as it were, brought about a separation between the king and the queen with your midnight dissipations and thus

Broke[1] the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries[2],
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds[3].
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories[4],
Dispark'd my parks[5] and fell'd my forest woods[6].
From my own windows, torn my household coat[7]
Razed out[8] my imprese[9], leaving me no sign,[10]
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.

1. Broken, interrupted.
2. Forced me to submit to your wrongs.
3. Under foreign skies, in lands.
4. Estates.
5. Destroyed the enclosures of my parks.
6. Forest trees.
7. Family coat of arms.
8. Erased.
9. Crest or heraldic device with motto.
10. Symbol, badge.

keeping the king away from his conjugal bed have made the queen weep bitter tears for the king's neglect. I myself, a royal prince by birth, closely related to the king and loved by him until you brought about a misunderstanding, have been obliged to submit to your wrongs and to live the miserable life of an exile under foreign skies; and the time you have enjoyed my estates, destroyed my parks by removing the enclosures and cut down my trees, removed my family coat-of-arms emblazoned on my windows, erased my heraldic device with the motto, leaving one without a badge (of my noble birth) except men's judgment and my own self to prove that I am a gentleman. For these wrongs, nay more

This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over.
To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

GREEN. My comfort is that heaven will take[1] our souls
And *plague injustice*[2] with the pains of hell.

BOLINGBROKE. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd[3].

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly[4] let her be entreated[5] :
Tell her I send to her my kind commends[6]
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

1. Relieve, accept.
2. Punish, torment those who treat us unjustly.
3. Executed.
4. Generously, courteously.
5. Treated.
6. Greetings, compliments.

---

than twice as many, you deserve execution. See them made over to the executioner.

Bushy. I would rather die than see Bolingbroke king of England. Lords, I take leave of you.

Green. I die happy in the confidence that God will recieve us into His bosom and punish our murderers with the tortures of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, arrange their execution. [*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners*].

Uncle York, you have told me that the queen is at your palace ; for Heaven's sake, let her be treated with due courtesy : convey to her my cordial greetings and see that they are properly communicated.

YORK. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large[1].

BOLINGBROKE. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices :
Awhile[2] to work, and after[3] holiday.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view. Drums : flourish and colours. Enter* KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE. AUMERLE *and Soldiers.*

K. RICHARD. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand ?

AUMERLE. Yea, my lord. How brooks[4] your grace the air ;
After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

1. Fully setting forth.
2. For some time.
3. Afterwards
4. Likes.

York. I have already sent one of my domestics with letters fully expressing your goodwill towards her.

Boling. I thank you, noble uncle. Lords, let us now go and fight Glendower and his accomplices. Let us go to work for sometime and afterwards go holiday-making. [*Exeunt*].

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view. Drums : flourish and colours. Enter* KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE *and Soldiers*

K. Rich. Is it Barkloughly castle near-by ?

Aumerle. It is, your Majesty. How does your lordship like the breeze after the rough voyage ?

K. RICHARD. Needs[1] must I like it well:
I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As *a long-parted mother with her child*[2]
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And *do thee favours*[3] with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense[4];
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited[5] toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance[6] to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield[7] stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

1. Necessarily.
2. A mother long parted from her child.
3. Bestow caresses on.
4. Voracious hunger.
5. Clumsy, slow-moving.
6. Harm.
7. Bring forth, produce so as to sting.

K. Rich. I am bound to like it: back in my realm, I feel like crying for joy. My beloved country, I greet you by taking up a handful of your earth, though traitors ride rough-shod over you: as a mother long parted from her child weeps and smiles at once from excess of joy at their reunion, so I salute you, my native land, with smiles and tears and caress you with my own hands. My beloved soil, do not you give nourishment to your master's enemy nor satisfy his voracious hunger with your produce; but let the spiders which draw their poison from you and clumsy toads lie across the enemy's path and do harm to the traitors who treated your bosom with rebellious steps: grow nettles to sting my enemies: and let the flowers be saved from their

Guard[1] it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double[2] tongue may with a mortal[3] touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my *senseless conjuration*[4], lords :
This earth shall have feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native[5] king
Shall falter [6]under foul rebellion's arms.

CARLISLE. Fear not, my lord ; that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced[7],
And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd[8] means of succour and redress

1. Protect.
2. Forked.
3. Deadly, causing death.
4. Foolish appeal.
5. By natural right of birth.
6. Succumb to.
7. Seized, utilised.
8. Offered.

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spoliation by hidden serpents which will kill the king's enemies with the deadly poison of their forked tongue ; do not laugh at what seems to you to be my foolish appeal ; this ground will have sentiment and these stones will turn into fighters before her king, by right of birth, will give way, before the forces of disloyalty.

Carlisle. Don't you be anxious, my liege ; God who appointed you king on earth will maintain you in that position, no matter who opposes you ; but you must make use of the human instruments that God provides you with and not ignore them ; otherwise, if God is willing to help us and we will not help ourselves, then we rejected His offer of help, the very help and relief that we stand in need of.

AUMERLE. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ; negligent
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security[1],
Grows strong and great in *substance and in power*[2].

K. RICHARD. Discomfortable[3] cousin ! know'st thou not
That when the searching *eye of heaven*[4] is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range[5] abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here ;
But when from under terrestrial ball
He fires[6] the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole[7],
Then murders, treasons and detested[8] sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves !
So when this thief, the traitor, Bolingbroke,

1. Carelessness.
2. In resources and strength.
3. Discomforting, discouraging.
4. The sun.
5. Roam freely in search of victims.
6. Gilds, illuminates.
7. Criminals' den, hiding-place of criminals.
8. Detestable, hateful.

Aumerle. What he means to say, my liege, is that we are criminally negligent ; Bolingbroke, on the other hand, taking advantage of our carelessness, grows stronger in resources and armed forces every day.

K. Rich. Cousin, you are full of discouragement ! Don't you know that at night when the sun which illuminates the earth sinks beneath the horizon and lights the antipodes, the evil-doers prowl in the dark and rob and murder with impunity on earth ; but when at sunrise the sun gilds the lofty pine-tops of the east and penetrates all criminals' dens with its rays, murderers, traitors and hateful criminals, deprived of the convenient cover of darkness, stand ugly and exposed and shivering. In the same way, this robber, this rebel

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the *antipodes*[1],
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted[2] tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm[3] off from an anointed king ;
The breadth of worldly[4] men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd[5]
To lift shrewd[6] steel against our golden crown,
God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel ; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still[7] guards the right.

1. 'The lower world,' regions exactly opposite.
2. Accused by his guilty conscience.
3. The consecrated oil.
4. Mortal.
5. Pressed into service.
6. Sharp.
7. Always.

Bolingbroke who during our absence in Ireland, like that of the sun in the antipodes, prowled freely in the dark acting as he pleased, shall, now on our return to our kingdom in all our glory, overcome with shame and guilt and overpowered with our greatness, cower self-conscious at his own guilt. Not even the ocean itself could wash away the consecrated oil with which the king's body is anointed at the coronation : God's vicegerent on earth duly appointed by Him cannot be dethroned by the power of mortals. Every man whom Bolingbroke has pressed into his service as a soldier to raise his sharp sword against our royal head will have to fight a heavenly soldier recruited by God to help me ; so mortal soldiers must give way before angels, for God always defends the righteous cause.

Enter SALISBURY

Welcome my lord : how far off lies your power[1] ?
SALISBURY. Nor near[2] nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak-arm : discomfort[3] guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return ;
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
To-day, to-day unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state :
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

1. Forces.
2. Nearer.
3. Distress of mind.

Enter SALISBURY

My greetings to you, my lord ; your forces must be somewhere near.

Salisbury. I hope these feeble arms of mine are the only forces that I command, my sweet lord. I bring distressful tidings and have no word of hope to utter. The only day that you have lost has ruined the rest of your days in this life : if you could put back the clock of time only by one day, you would have twelve thousand soldiers at your service. But today in place of yesterday, this cursed day, one day irrevocably lost ruins your happiness, hope and royal power : the Welsh soldiers, believing you to be dead, broke up, disbanded and joined Bolingbroke.

AUMERLE. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. RICHARD. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look *pale and dead*[1]?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride[2].

AUMERLE. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. RICHARD. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, name! a puny[3] subject strikes
At thy great glory. *Look not to the ground*,[4]
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York

1. Pale and death like, deadly pale.
2. Glory.
3. Insignificant, weak.
4. Do not be downcast or down-hearted.

Aumerle. Do not give up all hope, my lord; do not turn so deadly pale.

K. Rich. But a few minutes ago I was the proud possessor of an army of twenty thousand men and now it is vanished. Are not these reasons enough for looking deadly pale until some hope of victory revives? Let all men who fear for their safety leave me, for circumstances have marked me out for disgrace.

Aumerle. Do not lose hope, my lord: you are still the King.

K. Rich. Truly, I had forgotton; yes, I am still the King of England: rouse yourself up, my timid royal spirit, you are in a torpor. Is not the king's name to conjure with, as good as the army I have lost? Defend yourself, my royal power, a poor, insignificant creature challenges you. My followers, do not look so downcast; we are lofty, so be our thoughts;

Hath power enough to *serve our turn*[1]. But who comes here ?

Enter SCROOP

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide[2] my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver[3] him !

K. RICHARD. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared :
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care[4] ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so :
Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend :
They break their faith to God as well as *us* :
Cry[5] woe, destruction, ruin, and decay ;

1. Do the needful.
2. Befall.
3. Report.
4. Cause of anxiety.
5. Give loudly your message of.

---

our uncle, the Duke of York, is powerful and will do the needful. But somebody is coming this way !

Enter SCROOP

Scroop. May your Majesty enjoy greater prosperity than my sorrowful tongue can report to him !

K. Rich. I am ready to hear and bear all that you will tell me ; the worst news that you can bring is loss of wealth and power. It matters little if I have lost my kingdom ; it was a source of anxiety, and nobody would mourn its loss. Bolingbroke may try to be equal to me ; it does not matter ; because he cannot be better than myself ; if he serves God, so shall I and in that way be his equal. If my people rebel, I cannot help it : they are traitors to their God as well as their king ; deliver loudly your message of sorrow, ruin, loss and

The worst is death, and death will have his day.
SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd[1]
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable[2] stormy day,
Which makes the silvers rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits[3] swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful[4] land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beard[5] have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys with women's voices,
Strive to *speak*[6] *big* and clap[7] their *female joints*[8]
In stiff unwiedly arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen[9] learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal[10] yew against thy state;
Yea, *distaff-women manage rusty bills*[11]

1. Fortified.
2. Coming at an inappropriate time.
3. Its natural limits.
4. Full of fear, frightened.
5. Old men.
6. Talk in manly voice
7. Incase, wrap.
8. Soft, tender limbs
9. Almsmen, pensioners, prayersmen.
10. Doubly fatal.
11. Spinning women handle pikes rusty with dis-use.

downfall: the worst that you can deliver is that of death which will come to all in turn.

Scroop. I am pleased to see that your Majesty is so strongly fortified against misfortune. As a heavy storm bursing at an unexpected hour makes the streams overflow their banks as though the whole land were turned into water, so does the power of Bolingbroke far exceeding all reasonable limits, spread over the whole panic-stricken land so that it bristles with cruel swords and more cruel soldiers. Grey-haired old men have taken up arms against their king; shrill-voiced young men try to speak in deep manly voice and cover their limbs, tender as women's with tough heavy armour to fight your Majesty; even your almsmen are preparing themselvas to shoot their doubly fatal arrows at your royal person; even spinning women wield spikes, grown rusty through disuse, to strike at your

Against thy seat[1] both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell
K. RICHARD. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines[2] with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail[3], their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
SCROOP. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
K. RICHARD. O villains, vipers, damn'd with redemption!
Dogs, easily won[4] to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd that sting my heart!
Three *Judases*[5], each one thrice worse than Judas!

1. Throne.
2. March up and down our country.
3. Triumph, are victorious.
4. Induced, persuaded.
5. Betrayers whose eternal type is Judas, Christ's betrayer.

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throne: the old and the young alike have risen in arms against you and the things are much worse than I am able to describe.

K. Rich. You do more than justice to a subject so terrible as this. Where are my followers, Wiltshire, Bagot, Bushy and Green? How is it that they have suffered this powerful foe to tramp our land without any resistance? If I come off victorious, I will make them answer for it with their life. I am sure they have come to a settlement with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Truly, my lord, they have settled with him.

K. Rich. Oh, rogues and traitors, whose souls are eternally lost, curs easily persuaded to flatter any master, serpents cherished in my bosom to bite me to death! Three traitors, each more treacherous than Judas, Christ's betrayer!

1. Wicked.
2. Its nature or character.
3. Bitterest.
4. Remove or recall your course.
5. Burried as low as possible.
6. Forces.
7. Inscriptions on tombs.
8. Use dust as substitute for.

Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted[1] souls for this offence !

SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property[2],
Turns to the sourest[3] and most deadly hate :
Again uncurse[4] their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and with hands ! those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, graved[5] in the hollow ground.

AUMERLE. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead ?

SCROOP. Ay ! all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

AUMERLE. Where is the duke, my father with his power[6] ?

K. RICHARD. No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms and *epitaphs*[7]
Make dust our paper[8] and with rainy eyes

For this disgraceful settlement may their sinful souls suffer eternal torment in hell !

Scroop. I see that affection when it changes its nature is transformed into the most bitter and cruel hatred ! Call off your curses ; they have made peace by giving their heads and not their hands, with their life and not their love. They have suffered the extreme penalty of death and rest in their grave, the lowest of the low.

Aumerle. Do you mean that they are all dead ?

Scroop. Yes, all of them were executed at Bristol.

Aumerle. Where is my father with his forces ?

K. Rich. It is of no importance where he is ; let no one entertain any hope : let us think only of death, and burial and the other associations of the grave, make the dusty earth do

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's chose executors and talk of wills :
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's
And nothing can we call our own but death
And *that small model of the barren earth*[1],
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been deposed : some slain in war :
Some haunted by the ghosts[2] they have deposed :
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping killed[3] ;
All murdered : for within the hollow crown
That rounds[4] the mortal temples of a king

1. The grave dug in the ground which is the shape of the human body.
2. Spirits
3. Murdered while sleeping.
4. Encircles.

---

duty for paper on which to draw pictures of sorrow with drops of tears ; let us make bequests of our property by testament and appoint our executors. But how could I do that I have only my dethroned body to leave to the grave. All that we possess now belongs to Bolingbroke, all that is left to us is the right to die and that shape modelled out of earth, i.e., the grave which is just the size and outline of the human corpse. In the name of Heaven, let us sit down on the ground and talk about the ruin of kings. Some have been dethroned, some killed in battles, some visited and tormented by the spirits of those whom they have ruined ; some poisoned to death by their wives and some murdered while asleep ; all these have died violent deaths for Death reigns supreme even within the empty crown that encircles

1. Clown; buffoon.
2. Mocking at his pompous royal power.
3. A brief spaee of time *i.e.*, his short mortal life.
4. A small stage, *i.e.*, the theatre of life.
5. To play the part of the king.
6. Foolish self-conceit.
7. Invulnerable.

Keeps Death his court and there the antic[1] sits,
Scoffing his state[2] and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath[3], *a litle scene*[4]
To monarchize, be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with *self and vain cenceit*[5],
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Where brass impregnable[7] and *hamour'd thus*[8]
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king[9]!
Cover your heads[10] and mock not flesh and blood[11]
With solemn reverence: throw away *respect,*
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty[12]
For you have but mistook me all this while:

the head of the king; and seated there like a buffoon he mocks at the king's royal power and laughs at his glory, granting him a brief spell during which and a small stage on which to play the king and strike terror into the hearts of people with his looks of authority. Death fills the king with vain self-conceit as if the human body which encloses tne soul were invulnerable; after his vanity has been tickled for a time, Death comes and with a mere pin, makes a hole into that wall of flesh which the king believed to be impregnable and makes an end of him. Put on your caps and do not by your respectful bearing make fun of me who am a weak mortal like yourselves: give up all homage, all time honoured customs, ceremonies and formal allegiance, for all this time you have had a false notion of royalty. Your king is as human as

8. His vanity being satisfied thus.
9. Makes an end of the king.
10. Put on your caps.
11. A frail human creature like yourselves.
12. Reverence, usage, etiquette and customary homage.

I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends : *subjected thus*[1],
How can you say to me, I am a king ?
CARLISLE. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent[2] the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength[3],
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight[4] :
And fight and die is death destroying death !
Where *fearing dying*[5] pays death *servile breath*[6].
AUMERLE. My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

1. Liable to all these needs and frailties.
2. Anticipate, forestall.
3. Paralyses.
4. Of fighting.
5. Whereas to be in constant fear of death.
6. Is to be the slave of death.

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yourselves sharing the same physical and emotional needs as yourselves : how then am I a high and mighty king, being liable to all these needs and weaknesses ?

Carlisle. My liege, it is foolish to sit idle and lament your troubles : you should immediately forestall the cause of your grief ; since fear destroys a man's strength, fear of the enemy by weakening him increases his enemy's strength and thus his foolish fear helps the enemy to overcome him. If you give way to fear, you will be killed : if you fight, no worse fate can overtake you than death : so it is better to die fighting, because by doing so one destroys physical death, while to always live in dread of death is to be the slave of death.

Aumerle. My father, the Duke of York, has a force ; communicate with him and make the most of the small army that he has.

K. Richard. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom
This ague fit to fear is over blown[1];
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly[2], man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion[3] of the sky
The state and inclination of the day[4]:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small[5]
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded[6] up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms.
Upon his party[7].

1. Blown over, gone.
2. Encouragingly, pleasantly.
3. Appearance, look.
4. What the day will be like.
5. Bit by bit.
6. Surrendered.
7. On his side.

K. Rich. You do well to rebuke me: I go forth to meet Bolingbroke in battle so as to decide which of us is to fall; the spasm of fear has passed; it is not difficult to recover what rightly belongs to us. Scroop, tell me where is my uncle with his forces; give us some good news, though you look very gloomy.

Scroop. As people gather from the appearance of the sky what the weather will be like, so you may gather from my sad looks that I have a still worse story to tell. I am tormenting you by giving you the news bit by bit in order to postpone the worst. The Duke of York has gone over to Bolingbroke; all the castles in the north which were yours have surrendered and all the nobles of the south are on Bolingbroke's side with their armed forces.

K. RICHARD. Thou has said enough.
Beshrew[1] thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was into despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort[2] any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's salves, shall kingly[3] woe obey.
That power[4] I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[5] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none; let no man speak again
To alter this[6], for counsel is but vain.
AUMERLE. My liege, one word.

1. Curse.
2. Of good cheer.
3. Like a king.
4. Forces army.
5. To till, plough.
6. To change my mind.

K. Rich. I don't wish to hear any more. (*To Aumerle*) A curse on you, cousin, for diverting my thoughts from that sweet despondency which they were beginning to achieve! What have you got to say now? What hopes have we left? I swear by God that I will never forgive the man who will ask me to entertain any hope. I am going now to Flint Castle where I shall give way to despair! a king's grief must be royal; dismiss the forces that I still have; let them go and plough the land that by giving them a crop will repay their labour better than I can, who has nothing to give them. My mind is made up and all advice given to me to change my mind will go unheeded.

Aumerle. Let me speak a last word, my lord.

K. RICHARD. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatters of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales Before Flint Castle*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants *and forces*

BOLINGBROKE. So that by this intelligence we learn.
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

NORTHUMBERLAND. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

K. Rich. He who tries to give me hope where there is non injures me all the more. Dismiss my men. Let them exchange their share in Richard's adversity for that in Bolingbroke's prosperity.

SCENE III. *Wales Before Flint Castle*

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke. York, Northumberland, Attendants *and Forces.*

Boling. So this news tells us that the Welsh forces arə disbanded and that Salisbury has joined the king who has just returned from Ireland with a few followers.

North. The news is quite good, my lord. Richard has taken shelter within a short distance from this place.

YORK. It would beseem[1] the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard': alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

NORTHUMBERLAND. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief[2],
Left I his title out.

YORK. The time hath been,
Would you have been[3] so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, *to shorten you*
For taking so the head, your whole head's length[4]

BOLINGBROKE. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

YORK. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

1. Become.
2. For shortness sake.
3. If you had been.
4. Cut off your head; cutting off his title.

York. It would be more becoming, Lord Northumberland, if you were to refer to him as 'King Richard.' It is a pity that God's vicegerent should have thus to take shelter.

North. You have misunderstood me, my lord. I omitted his title for the sake of shortness.

York. Time was when if you had in referring to him been so short with him, he would have made equally short work of you so that the loss of his title would have led to the loss of your head.

Boling. Do not, uncle York. unnecessarily misconstrue his words.

York. Cousin, do not take more than what you have a right to, lest in doing so you forget that God rules the universe and punishes the wrong-doer.

BOLINGBROKE. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY

Welcome, Harry: What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
BOLINGBROKE. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
PERCY. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
NORTHUMBERLAND. O, belike[1] it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

1. Perhaps.

Boling. I always bear it in mind and do not presume to act against His will. Who comes this way?

Enter PERCY

My greetings to you, Harry; when will this castle surrender?

Percy. This castle is defended against your sege by the king himself, my lord.

Boling. King! Why there is no king here?

Percy. There is: King Richard is within these strong walls and there are besides Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stephen Scroop and a very reverend churchman whose name I could not make out.

North. Perhaps, he is the Bishop of Carlisle.

BOLINGBROKE. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs[1] of the ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet *send the breath of parley*[2]
Into his ruin'd ears,[3] and thus deliver[4]
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And send allegiance and true *faith of heart*[5]
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment *repeal'd*[6]
And lands restored again be freely[7] granted :
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such *crimson tempest*[8] should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

1. Rough or rugged walls.
2. Sound a parley.
3. Battered or tattered loopholes.
4. Give loudly
5. Sincere devotion and loyalty.
6. Cancelled.
7. Unconditionally, without reservation.
8. Copious shower of blood.

Boling. My lords, go near the rugged wall of this old castle, sound a truce on the trumpet which may penetrate through the shattered loopholes of the castle and give this message : Henry Bolingbroke does obeisance to the King on his bended knees and offers his loyalty and homage to his true Majesty ; that he has come hither to place his armed forces and strength entirely at his service on condition that without any reservation his sentence of exile shall be cancelled and the restoration of his land granted ; otherwise he will make use of his resources and drench the dusty land with the blood of his slain countrymen. How unwilling he is to cause such profuse bloodshed as will stain the fair bosom of King Richard's smiling land is proved by the

My stooping duty[1] tenderly shall show
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd[2] battlements
Our *fair appointments*[3] may be *well perused*[4].
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of *fire and water*[5], when their thundering shock
At meeting tears[6] *the cloudy cheeks of heaven*[7].
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth and not on him[8].
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

1. Homage, humble submission.
2. Ragged.
3. Perfect-equipments.
4. Clearly observed.
5. Lightning and rain.
6. Rends.
7. The cloudy skies.
8. But not to cause him trouble.

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homage that he pays and the conciliatory gesture that he makes. Go ahead and tell the King all this ; meanwhile we hold a parade on this grassy plain. There shall be no noisy beat of drum but we shall so manoeuvre that the King may clearly see our well-equipped forces from the ragged parapets. It seems to me that if there is an encounter between King Richard and myself it will be no less terrible than the war of natural forces such as fire and water, when in the form of lightning and rain during a thunderstorm they rend the cloudy skies into two with their tremendous impact. Let him be as fierce as fire and set the world ablaze ; I shall do duty for water and shall cool the earth, but I shall not do any harm to him. Go forward and see how he conducts himself.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls. KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP *and* SALISBURY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent[1]
To dim his glory and to stain[2] the track
Of his bright passage to the occident[3].
YORK. Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, *lightens forth*[4]
Controlling majesty : alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !
K. RICHARD. We are amazed,[5] and thus long have we stood [*To North*].
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee[6],

1. Determined.
2. Darken, obsure.
3 West.
4. Flashes forth.
5. Utterly confounded, belwildered.
6. Expecting homage inspired by awe and reverence.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish.

Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP and SALISBURY.

Lo there ! the King in person appears on the castle-wall looking like the sun when it appears in the eastern sky flushed with anger and fury at seeing the jealous clouds, determined to obscure his light and darken his luminous path across the sky to the west.

York. Nevertheless he looks royal every inch of him ; mark his eyes, piercing like the eagle's, flashes forth looks of awe and commanding authority. Alas ! that such a handsome appearance should be marred by any harm !

K. Rich. [*To North.*] This is the surprise of my life ; I have long been expecting to see you go down on your knee

1. Knees.
2. Inspired by awe and reverence.
3. Office as God's deputy.
4. Commit sacrilege.
5. Done violence to themselves.
6. Subject.
7. Threaten, menace.
8. Yonder.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be ; how dare thy joints[1] forget
To pay their awful[2] duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our *stewardship*[3] ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane[4], steal or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls[5] by turning them from us
And we are barren and bereft of friends ;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in His clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal[6] hands against my head
And threat[7] the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond[8] methinks he stands—

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in awe of me because I am your rightful sovereign : how, then, have your knees the audacity to omit to pay their homage in my awe-inspiring presence ? If you no longer recognise me as your king, produce written evidence to show that God has dismissed me from my office ; for I am absolutely sure no human being can exercise the royal authority that rightly belongs to me without being guilty of sacrilege, theft or usurpation. You seem to think that as you all have done violence to your souls by breaking your oaths of allegience to me, you have left me helpless and friendless : let it be known that Almighty God whose servant I am is gathering in the clouds above hosts of plagues to help me ; and they will destroy the future offspring of you all who, being my subjects, dare to raise your hands against my person and threaten to overthrow my royal power. Tell Bolingbroke—for I see him standing over there

That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason : he is come *to open*
The purple testament[1] *of bleeding war* ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns[2] of mothers' sons
Shall ill-become[3] the *flower of England's face*[4],
Change the complexion of her *maid-pale peace*[5]
To *scarlet indignation*[6] and *bedew*[7]
Her pastures' grass with *faithful English blood*[8].

NORTHUMBERLAND. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King
Should so with *civil and uncivil arms*[9]
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon *your grandsire's bones*[10]
And by the royalties of both your bloods[11]

1. Blood-stained will, *i.e.*, legacy left by civil war.
2. Heads.
3. Mar, disfigure.
4. The beauty of the land.
5. Pale as a maiden when frightened.
6. Bloody passion.
7. Drench.
8. Blood of faithful Englishmen.
9. Civil war and rude, rebellious arms.
10. The mortal remains of Edward III.
11. Royal descent of you both.

—that his presence in my kingdom amounts to high treason, that he has come here to start a bloody civil war that will leave a legacy of bloodshed to our successors ; but before he peacefully enjoys the crown he hopes to win, thousands of Englishmen with their bleeding heads shall disfigure the beauty of the land and replace its peace, as delicately pale as the face of a scared maiden, by fiery passion and drench the smilling land with the blood of loyal Englishmen.

North. May God save the King from attacks in civil war as well as from the violence ! Your noble cousin Bolingbroke pays you his homage ; and he swears by the tomb of your honoured grandfather Edward III., by the royal blood which flows in the veins of both, owing its origin to a

Currents that spring from one most gracious head[1]
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising[2] all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope[3]
Than for his *lineal royaltie,*[4] and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate[5] on his knees:
Which on thy royal party[6] granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend[7] to rust,
His barbed[8] steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just[9];
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICHARD. Northumberland, say thus the king returns[10]:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands

1. Spring, source.
2. Including.
3. Aim, purpose.
4. Hereditary rights that are his by royal descent
5. Immediate restoration to all his rights.
6. Side.
7. Commit.
8. Armed, accoutred.
9. True.
10. Replies, answers.

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common source, by the hand of his brave father Gaunt now dead, and by his own merits and honour by all these which include all that a man can swear by that he has come here with the sole aim of claiming all his hereditary rights and to humbly pray you to grant him immediately release from disabilities and restoration to his rights and privileges: all these being conceded on your part he will allow his weapons to grow rusty through disuse and his fully equipped horses to lie idle in the stables and he will devote himself heart and soul to the service of the king; and he stakes his honour as a prince of the blood on the truth of this; and as I am a gentleman I believe it to be true.

K. Rich Tell him that this is my reply: say that the king heartily welcomes his good cousin home, and that all his just claims will be fully and freely granted: convey my greetings to his kindly ear with all the sweet eloquence that you

Shall be accomplish'd[1] without contradiction[2]
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing[3] kind commends[4].
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not ?
[*To Aumerle.*
To look so poorly[5] and to speak so fair[6] ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so[7] die ?

AUMERLE. No, good my lord ; lets fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords

K. RICHARD. O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With *words of sooth*[8] ! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or *lesser than my name*[9] !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !

1. Granted.
2. Fully and without reservation.
3. Sympathetic or kindly ear.
4. Compliments greetings.
5. Humbly.
6. Sweetly, in a friendly manner.
7. In defying him.
8. Here, pleasing, flattering words.
9. Smaller than my title as king.

---

can command. (*To Aumerle.*) Am I not degrading myself by looking so humble and using such gentle language ? Would it not be better if I sent a challenge to the disloyal wretch through Northumberland and laid down my life in that cause.

Aumerle No, my lord, it is no use just now ; let us bide our time and use conciliatory language till we succeed in gathering around us a body of friends who will fight for us.

K. Rich. Oh, Lord ! that I should ever come to this, that I should ever bring myself to cancel in sweet, flattering language punishment of hard exile that I inflicted upon this haughty man ! O how I wish I were as powerful as my sorrow or that I had borne a humbler name ! or I wish I had forgotten what exalted position I occupied or had not realised

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give theee scope[1] to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUMERLE. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. RICHARD. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? O' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for[2] a set of beads[3],
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,[4]
My gay apparel for an *almsman's*[5] *gown*,
My *figured goblets*[6] for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's[7] walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of *carved saints*[8]
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,[9]

1. Free play.
2. In exchang for.
3. A rosary, a string of beads.
4. A hermit's cottage.
5. A poor pensioner's uniform.
6. Drinking cups designed with figures.
7. Pilgrim's
8. Images of saints in hermit's cells.
9. The public road.

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the full extent of my downfall. Do you, my royal heart, beat too fast and loud at this shame? My heart will have full liberty to beat as my enemies have full liberty to beat down me and my heart.

Aumerle. Here comes Northumberland a second time from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. I wonder if he offers new terms! Am I to surrender to him? I think I must. Am I to be dethroned? I am afraid there is no help for it. Am I to renounce my title? I don't care for it. I will exchange my jewellery for a rosary, my royal palace for a hermit's abode, my gorgeous clothes for a pensioner's uniform, my ornamental drinking cups for wooden vessels, my royal sceptre for a pilgrim's staff, my people for a couple of saints' images carved in hermits' cells and this vast realm for a poor, humble grave; I will exchange the gorgeous life of a king for the humble life of a hermit! Or my grave will be on the public road, a scene of

Some way of common trade[1], where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised[2] tears;
Our sighs and *they*[3] shall lodge[4] the summer corn,
And make a *dearth*[5] in this revolting land.
Or shall we *play the wanton*[6] with our woes,
And *make some pretty match*[7] with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still[8] upon one place,
Till they have fretted[9] us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,[10]—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd[11] their graves with weeping eyes.

1. A trodden path, a scene of busy traffic.
2. Despicable, contemptible.
3. Tears.
4. Lay.
5. Famine, scarcity.
6 Dally with, sports with.
7. Make some fanciful compact.
8. Always.
9. Worn for us.
10. When we are laid there.
11. Who dug.

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busy traffic where the king will be trodden upon by the feet of his own people; they trample upon my feelings while I am alive; why should they not trample upon my body when I am dead? O, my soft-hearted cousin, you weep for me; between us we shall flood the land with our ridiculous tears till these tears that we shall shed and the sighs that we shall heave like rain and wind respectively will beat down the crops and bring on famine in this land of rebels, or we shall dally with our sorrows and enter into some playful compact for shedding tears such as dropping our tears always on one particular spot till they wear for us two graves into the ground; then when we shall be buried in those graves people will say that there lie two kinsmen who dug their own graves

Would not this ill do well? Well, well I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You *make a leg*[1], and Bolingbroke says ay[2].

NORTHUMBERLAND. My lord, in the base[3] court he doth attend[4]
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. RICHARD. Down, down I come; like glistering[5] *Phaethon*[6].
Wanting the manager[7] of *unruly jades*[8]
In the base court? Base court where kings grow base;
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace[9].

1. Bend your knee, make a bow.
2. Yes, grant your request.
3. Lower.
4. Waits.
5. Shining, lustrous.
6. Son of Helios, the sun-god.
7. Unable o control.
8. Here vicious or rebellious horses.
9. Honour.

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with tears. Will not this be a good occupation for us in our grief? Alas! I feel that I am talking nonsense, and you are laughing at it. O, most redoubtable prince, what message have you brought from his Majesty, King Bolingbroke? Will he allow his poor subject Richard to live out the natural length of his days? He will surely say yes if you bow to him and request him to grant me this favour.

North. Your Majesty, he waits for you in the lower court: will you please come down?

K. Rich. Yes, I go down like the shining Phaethon, the sun-god's son, unable to control his rebellious steeds. In the lower court, eh? Yes, it is the lower court where kings come down very low by answering the summons of

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For *night owl*[1] shriek where *mounting*[2] larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*

BOLINGBROKE. What says his majesty?

NORTHUMBERLAND. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,[3] like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD *and his attendants below.*

BOLINGBROKE. Stand all apart,[4]
And show fair[5] duty to his majesty.

[*He kneels down.*

My gracious lord.

K. RICHARD. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had[6] my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased[7] eye see your courtesy
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know.

1. Birds of evil omen.
2. Soaring.
3. Foolishly.
4. Aside, well out of the way.
5. Proper, becoming.
6. I had rather, I should prefer.
7. Which is not at all pleased.

---

rebels and doing them honour. Come down? Down with court and king? And no wonder—for birds of evil omen, *e.g.*, the night-owls screech at a time when the skylarks should sing as they soar. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What did the king say?

North. Deep, heart-felt sorrow makes him speak foolishly as though he were a madman; here he comes.

Enter King Richard, *his attendants below.*

Boling. Let all step aside and show due respect to the King. [*He kneels down.*

My liege—

K. Rich. By kneeling on the ground you needlessly lower yourself, my good cousin: I should prefer being convinced of your sincere devotion to seeing you pay me outward homage that does not at all please me. Rise cousin, rise from the ground; your ambition has risen as high

Thus high[1] at least, although your knee be low.
BOLINGBROKE. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. RICHARD. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
BOLINGBROKE. So far be mine, my most redoubted[2] lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. RICHARD. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show[3] their love, but want[4] their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give and willing[5] too
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

1. As high as my head *i.e.*, crown.
2. Redoubtable, dreaded.
3. Indicate.
4. Lack the power of.
5. Willingly.

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as my crown, I am sure, though your knee is bent before me.

Boling. My liege, I am come only to claim what is mine under the law.

K. Rich. You can take what is yours, mine and everything besides.

Boling. Nay, I shall have what you will give me out of that love which my loyal devotion to you will deserve, my dreaded liege.

K. Rich. Yes, you deserve a great deal; the most deserving are they who know the quickest and the surest way of getting what they desire. Uncle York, shake my hands; do not shed tears for me, for tears indicate one's love but are of no practical help, not being able to remove what causes them. Cousin, I am too young to reign as your father; but you are not too young to reign as my successor. I will give you and that willingly what you are resolved to have, for we must do what we are compelled to do. Must we go to London?

BOLINGBROKE. Yea, my good lord.

K. RICHARD. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Langley. The* DUKE OF YORK'S *garden*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

LADY. Madam, we'll play at *bowls*[1].

QUEEN. 'Twill make me think the world is full of *rubs*[2],
And that my fortune runs against the *bias*[3].

LADY. Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure[4] in delight,
When my poor heart no measure[5] keeps in grief :
Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

LADY. Madam, we'll tell tales.

1. A popular Ellizabethan game.
2. Obstacles, difficulties.
3. Let a weight inserted into the bowl : hence, tendency ; here the tendency of things.
4. Time (in dance).
5. Limit.

Boling. Yes, liege.

K. Rich. Then, be it so. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Langley.* The Duke of York's *garden.*

Enter the Queen *and two* Ladies.

Queen. Let us have some game in this garden to banish the anxieties of our mind.

Lady. Let us have a game of bowls, your Majesty.

Queen. It will remind me that life is full of difficulties and that things have a knack of going wrong with me.

Lady. Then let's have a dance.

Queen. My legs cannot keep time in a merry dance when my heart is full of limitless sorrow : so I cannot dance : think of some other fun.

Lady. Let us tell stories.

QUEEN. Of sorrow or of joy?
LADY. Of either, madam.
QUEEN. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting[1],
It doth remember[2] me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, altogether had[3],
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain[4].
LADY. Madam, I'll sing.
QUEEN. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
QUEEN. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

1. Lacking.
2. Remind.
3. As I am in entire possession of it.
4. It is no use complaining of the want of that which I do not possess.

Queen. Sad or merry stories?

Lady. As you please, your Majesty.

Queen. I will have neither of these kinds of stories: if the story happens to be one of happiness, being reminded of my total lack of it, I shall be all the more unhappy by contrast; if it be of sorrow, it will increase my misery of which my mind is already too full; I do not wish to speak of sorrow which I have and it is useless to complain of the lack of that which I have not, *viz.*, joy.

Lady. My lady, I shall give you a song.

Queen. I am glad that you are in the mood for singing but I would rather have you weep.

Lady. I could mourn, madam, if it would be of any use to you.

Queen. I could even sing for joy if my sorrows were such as mere weeping could relieve, and then I would request you to weep for me.

Enter a Gardener, and *two* servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners ;
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto *a row of pins*[1],
They'll talk of state[2] ; for everyone doth so.
Against a change[3] ; woe is forerun with[4] woe
[*Queen and Ladies retire*

GARDENER. Go bind thou up yon dangling apricocks[5]
Which, like unruly children, make their sire[6]
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal[7] weight
Give some supportance[8] to the bending twigs
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even[9] in our government.

1. The most insignificant trifles.
2. State affairs, the affairs of Commonwealth.
3. In anticipation of a change.
4. Preceded by, heralded by.
5. Apricot.
6. Parent tree.
7. Heavy.
8. Support, prop.
9. Uniform, well-balanced and well-proportioned.

Enter a Gardener, *and two* Servants

But wait, I see the gardeners coming ; let us stand in the shade of these trees. I will wager my miseries against a row of pins that they will discuss the affairs of the kingdom ; people always do so when a change is expected ; disaster is always preceded by a public feeling of sadness and depression.

[*Queenand Ladies retire.*

Gardener. Bind up those hanging apricots which, like refractory children, bend the present tree under their heavy load ; prop up the twigs bending with the weight of fruits ; also like a headsman lop the lesser branches that are too luxuriant and that aspire to high in our realm ; everything must be neat, orderly and balanced in our administration. While you are thus busy, I will uproot the anxious weeds

You thus[1] employ'd I will go root away
The noisome[2] weeds, which without profit[3] suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

SERVANT. Why should we in the *compass of a pale*[4]
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing[5], as in a model[6], our *firm estate*[7]
Whet our sea-walled garden[8], the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chocked up,
Her fruit-trees all[9] upruned, her hedges ruin'd[10]
Her knots[11] disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

GARDENER. Hold thy peace
He that hath *suffer'd this disorder'd spring*[12]
Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*[13]
The weed[14] which his broad spreading leaves did shelter.

1. While you are busy doing this.
2. Noxious, offensive.
3. Benefit, advantage.
4. The narrow limits of an enclosure such as the garden.
5. Exhibiting.
6. Miniature, on a small scale.
7. Well-ordered kingdom.
8. England which is a sea-girt island.
9. Wholly.
10. Destroyed, broken down.
11. Flower-beds.

which uselessly draw the nourishment which should go to the healthy flowers.

Servant. What is the use of maintaining law and order and balance within the limits of an enclosure in order to show in miniature our well-ordered realm when in reality our sea-girt island-kingdom is overgrown with weeds so that its prettiest blossoms cannot enjoy a healthy growth, its fruit-trees are entirely untrimmed, the hedges destroyed, the flower-beds disarranged and the healthy plants eaten by greedy parasites ?

Gardener. Say no more : the man who allowed all this disorder in spring has prematurely fallen into autumnal ruin : the noxious parasites which enjoyed a luxuriant growth within the shadow of his large leaves and which consumed

12. Allowed all this confusion in springtime.
13. Autumnal decay or ruin.
14. The worthless favourites, the useless parasites.

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up root and all by Bolingbroke.
I mean the Earl[1] of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
SERVANT. What, are they dead ?
GARDENER. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful[1] king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd[2] his land
As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound[3] the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound[4] itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing[5] boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of *idle hours*[6] hath quite thrown down.

1. Extravagant.
2. Put in neat order.
3. Cut, incise.
4. Destroy, ruin.
5. Bearing fruits.
6. Time spent in idleness or inactivity

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his sap under the mask of supporting him have been destroyed, root and branch, by Bolingbroke.

Servant. Are they dead, then ?

Gardener. Yes, they are ; and Bolingbroke has taken the royal waster captive. O, it is a thousand pities that he should not have looked after and taken care of his kingdom as we do of this garden ! At the right time we cut the bark which serves as the skin of our fruit-trees for fear lest they should be destroyed by the over-abundance of their life and vigour. If he had done the same to the great and flourishing men of the country, they would have been loyal and he would have reaped the advantage of their loyalty ; we cut down the useless branches in order that those that bear fruit may have better growth and nourishment : if the kind had done this, he might have worn the crown which he has lost through laziness and inactivity.

SERVANT. What, think you then the king shall be deposed ?

GARDENER. Depress'd[1] he is already, and deposed

'Tis doubt[2] he will be : letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am *press'd to death through want of speaking*[3] [*Coming forward.*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set[4] to dress[5] this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?

What *Eve*[6], what serpent, hath suggested[7] thee

To make a second fall of cursed[8] man ?

Why does thou say King Richard is deposed ?

Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,

Divine[9] his downfall ? Say, where, when and how,

1. Humbled, disgraced.
2. It is thought probable, it is suspected.
3. Ref. to the old punishment for forcing the criminal to speak.
4. Appointed
5. Trim.
6. Here, temptress.
7. Tempted.
8. Already suffering under the first fall.
9. Foretell, predict.

Servant. What, do you mean to say that the king will lose the throne ?

Gardener. He has been humbled already and it is feared that he will be deposed also, an intimate friend of the Duke of York received letters last night which brought evil news.

Queen. O, I am choked to death with my silence ! (*Coming forward*). How dare you, the exact image of Adam, the first gardener, appointed to look after this garden, utter these black tidings with your evil tongue ! Have you been tempted by another Eve or serpent to bring about a second fall of unhappy mankind ? How do you say that Richard has lost the throne ? Are you, who are no better than the dust, impertinent enough to foretell his ruin? Tell me at

Camest thou by this ill tidings ? speak, thou wretch.
GARDENER. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold[1]
Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd[2] :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few *vanities*[3] that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
QUEEN. *Nimble mischance*[4], that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage[5] belong to me,
And am I last that know it ? O thou think'st

1. Grip, grasp.
2. Weighed in the balance (Biblical).
3. *i.e.*, the worthless favourites contrasted with the great lords.
4. Misfortune that travels so fast.
5. Messages.

---

once where, when, and how you got this news. Speak out, you villain.

Gardener. I beg your pardon, madam : it is no pleasure to me to give you this news but it is true. King Richard is in the powerful grip of Bolingbroke : the destinies of both are weighed in the balance. The king can put into the balance nothing except himself and the favourites who have taken away all his credit and made him worthless ; but Bolingbroke has on his side all the English nobles and with this advantage he outweighs the king. If you hasten to London you will find this true ; what I say is but common knowledge.

Queen. Quick-footed misfortune that overtakes a person so swiftly, I should have received your message first but as it is I received it last of all ! Perhaps you come to me last so that

To *serve me last*[1], that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London, London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the *triumph*[2] of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*

GARDENER. Poor Queen! *so that*[3] thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were *subject to*[4] thy curse.
Here did she *fall*[5] a tear; here in this place
I'll set a *bank of rue*[6], sour herb of grace:
Rue, even *for ruth*[7] here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

1. By coming to me last of all.
2. Ref. to the exhibition of captives in Roman triumphal processions.
3. Provided that.
4. Affected by.
5. Let fall, drop.
6. A row of rue, a bitter plant symbolical of repentence or regret.
7. Regret or pity.

---

you may linger longest in my bosom. Ladies, let us all meet London's unhappy king in London. Was I destined to add to the glory of Bolingbroke's victorious entry with my sad looks? Gardener for bringing me these sad tidings I pray to God that your plants may never flourish.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gardener. Unhappy Queen! If it saved you from greater sorrow I could wish that my art might indeed be affected by your curse and prove ineffective. She dropped her first tear on this spot; here I will plant a bed of rue, the bitter plant of repentance. This plant *rue*, for pity's sake, will stand here in sorrowful remembrance of a mournful queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. *Westminster Hall*

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and another* Lord, Herald, Officers, *and* Bagot.

Bolingbroke. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;

What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death.

Who *wrought it with the king*[1], and who perform'd

The bloody office of his *timeless*[2] end.

Bagot. Then *set before my face*[3] the Lord Aumerle.

Bolingbroke. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

1. Influenced the king so that he passed the order.
2. Untimely, premature.
3. Confront him with me, bring him face to face with me.

ACT IV

Scene I. *Westminster Hall*

Boling. Summon Bagot into our presence. Bagot, tell us fully all that you know about the Duke of Gloucester's death, tell us under whose influence the king ordered it and who actually did the bloody deed which brought about his premature death ?

Bagot. Then let Lord Aumerle be confronted with me.

Boling. Come forward, cousin, and stand before Bagot.

BAGOT. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay[1] what once it hath[2] *deliver'd*.
In that *dead*[3] time when Gloucester's death was plotted.
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm *length*[4],
That reacheth from the *restful*[5] English court
As far as Calais, to mine *uncle's*[6] head ?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than[7] Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
AUMERLE. Princes and noble lord,
What answer shall I make to this *base*[8] man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my *fair stars*[9],
On *equal terms*[10] to give him chastisement ?

1. Is too proud to deny.
2. Said.
3. (1) Dark, gloomy or (2) Deadly, fatal.
4. Far-reaching.
5. Peaceful.
6. Duke of Gloucester.
7. *i.e.*, than tolerate or stand.
8. Low-born.
9. The benignant stars under which I was born, *i.e.*, my high birth.
10. Terms of quality as between people of the same rank.

Bagot. Lord Aumerle, I am sure you are too proud to deny what you once said. In those dark days when the Duke of Gloucester's murder was being planned, I heard you say that your arms were long enough to reach your uncle Gloucester's head in Calais from the peaceful Court of England. At that very time, I heard you say among other things that you would not sooner go without one hundred thousand crowns than stand Bolingbroke's return to England, and that his death would be a blessing to the country.

Aumerle. Princes and nobles, I do not know how to answer the charges of this low-born fellow. Am I to disgrace my happy birth so much as to stoop to fight him on

Either I must or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder[1] of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death[2],
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,
And will *maintain* what thou hast said is false
In thy hear blood[3], though being all[4] too base
To stain the *temper*[5] of my knightly sword.

BOLINGRROKE. Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.

AUMERLE. *Excepting one*[6] , I would he were the best
In all this presence[7] that hath moved[8] me so.

FITZWATER. If that thy valour stand on sympathy[9],
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly[10] thou spakest it,

1. Disgraceful charge.
2. Death-warrant, sealed by death himself or by my hand.
3. Proving by shedding your life-blood.
4. Wholly, entirely.
5. Quality.
6. That is, the king.
7. Company, gathering.
8. Provoked, angered.
9. Equality of birth or rank.
10. Boastingly

---

terms of equality in order to punish him ? I think either I am to do so or suffer myself to be dishonoured by his false and defamatory statements. Here goes my glove, your death warrant which will shortly send you to hell : I declare you lie and will prove it by shedding your life-blood, although by reason of your low birth it will do dishonour to my well-tempered knightly sword that will shed it.

Boling. Stop, Bagot, you must not accept the challenge.

Aumerle. I wish that the man who has so roused me were the noblest in this company except one, *viz*., the king.

Fitzwater. If your courage insist on equality of rank in your adversary then I challege you in answer to your challenge : I swear by the sunlight which enables me to see you that I heard you say and boastingly too that you were

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged[1], with my rapier's[2] point.
Aumerle. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.
FITZWATER Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
AUMERLE. Fitzwater thou art *damn'd*[3] to hell for this..
PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest ; his honour is as true
In this appeal[4] as thou art all unjust ;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee *to the extremest point*[5]
Of *mortal breathing*[6] : seize it, if thou darest.
AUMERLE. An if[7], I do not, may my hands rot off
And never *brandish*[8] more *revengeful steel*[9]
Over the glittering helmet of my foe !

1. Manufactured fabricated.
2. An anachronism.
3. Condemned
4. Accusation.
5. False.
6. To the death till my last breath.
7. If.
8. Wave, flourish.
9. Avenging sword.

---

responsible for the Duke of Gloucester's murder. You are a liar as many times as you will deny it and I at the point of my sword will thrust the lie back into your heart where it was manufactured.

Aumerle. You have not the courage to fight with me, you sneak.

Fitzwater. I wish it could be fought out right now.

Aumerle. Fitzwater, you are eternally lost for this.

Percy. You are an arrant liar, Aumerle : he is as much in the right in this impeachment as you are in the wrong ; I will prove it on your life to the death ; here is my gauntlet : take it up if you have the courage to do so.

Aumerle. If I fail to take up your glove, may my hands wither and never in future flourish my avenging sword over the bright helmet of my enemy !

IV

ANOTHER LORD. *I task the earth to the like*[1] forsworn[2] Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies[3]
As may be *holloa'd*[4] in thy treacherous ear
From *sun to sun*[5]: there is my honour's pawn[6];
Engage it to the trial[7], if thou darest.

AUMERLE. Who sets[8] me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well.
The very time Aumerle and you did talk

FITZWATER. 'Tis very true: you were in presence[9] then:
And you can witness with me[10] this it true.

1. I impose upon the earth a similar task, *i.e.*, of beaeing a similar gage
2. Perjured.
3. Charges of lying.
4. Cried, shouted.
5. From sunrise to sunset.
6. Pledge.
7. Take it up and bind yourself to the single combat.
8. Challenges.
9. In our presence, present.
10. Join me in bearing testimony.

Another Lord. I also throw upon the ground the burden of bearing my glove as you have done; you perjured Aumerle and I goad you on to a single combat by shouting into your ear as many charges of lying as I can from sunrise to sunset; there lies my pledge of truth; take it up and put the quarrel to the test of combat if you have the courage.

Aumerle. Who else challenges me? By God, I will throw out my challenge to every one; I have within my heart the courage of a thousand men to meet twenty thousand like yourself.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I can well recall that conversation between Aumerle and yourself.

Fitzwater. Right you are: you were with us at that time and you can bear testimony to the truth of what I have said.

SURREY. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
is true.

FITZWATER. Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render[1] vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet[2] as thy father's skull;
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

FITZWATER. How fondly[3] dost thou spur a
forward[4] horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[5]
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,[6]
To tie thee to my strong correction.[7]
As I intend to thrive in this new world[8],

1. Execute, carry out.
2. Dead.
3. Foolishly.
4. Too eager, too mettlesome.
5. A solitary place with none to stop the combat.
6. Pledge of honour.
7. Bind you to suffer chastisement at my hands.
8. New regime, new order of things.

Surrey. I swear by heaven that your statement is as false as heaven is truthful.

Fitzwater. You liar!

Surrey. Disgraceful young man your falsehood will add so much impetus to my sword that it shall execute upon you a double vengeance till the falsehood and teller of it will receive a quietus as complete as the death of your father; there is the pledge of my truth! Accept my challenge and put the quarrel to the trial if your have the courage!

Fitzwater. You are a fool to urge one as eager as myself! To fight Surrey in a desert place with no third party to stop the combat, to offer him the worst insult and cast the lie to his teeth repeatedly demand no more courage than to eat drink, breathe or live: there is my pledge of honour which will bind you to meet me and receive severe punishment at my hands. As I hope to prosper in the new regime, I say

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUMERLE. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this[1],
If he may be repeal'd[2], to try his honour.

BOLINGBROKE. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories[3] when he's return'd
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

CARLISLE. That honourable[4] day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banishe'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming[5] the *ensign of Christian cross*

1. The gage he has borrowed.
2. Recalled from exile.
3. Estates, manors.
4. Great day on which honour is to be vindicated.
5. Bearing the flag flying in the air.

---

that my accusation against Aumerle is true. Moreover the exiled Duke of Norfolk told me that you sent two of your men to murder the Duke of Gloucester at Calais.

Aumerle. Will some good Christian gentleman lend me a glove with which I may challenge the truth of what Norfolk says ? I throw it down engaging to meet him in combat of he is recalled from exile.

Boling. These quarrels will have to wait for their decision by combat till the Duke of Norfolk is recalled from exile : he shall be recalled and, though he happens to be my foe, yet shall get back all his properties and estates : we shall force him to meet Aumerle in combat on his return.

Carlisle. That day for the trial of honour will never come. The exiled Duke of Norfolk has many times fought battles in the holy cause of Christianity (taken part in Crusades), waving the Christian banner of the Cross against the

1. Heathens,
2. Exhausted, wearied.
3. Retired, withdrew.
4. Flag, banner
5. Pledge.
6. Appoint, fix
7. Stripped of his plumes, humbled.

Against black pagons[1], Turks, and Saracens ;
And toil'd[2] with work of war, retired himself[3]
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose *colours*[4] he had fought so long.
BOLINGBROKE. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?
CARLISLE. As surely as I live, my lord.
BOLINGBROKE. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham ! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage[5]
Till we assign[6] you to your days of trial.
[*Enter* YORK *attended*
YORK. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd[7] Richard ; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand ;
Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name !

---

dark heathens, Turks and Saracens ; and finally wearied with fighting retired to Italy ; and while at Venice he died and was buried in that lovely soil : he was thus received into the bosom of his Lord Christ whose soldier he had been all his life.

Boling. What ! is Norfolk dead ?

Carlisle. As dead, my lord, as I am alive.

Boling. May he find eternal rest in Abraham's bosom ! Lords appellants, your disputes must remain undecided till we fix the days of combat.

[*Enter* YORK *attended*

York. My Duke of Lancaster, I come with a message from Richard shorn of all his glory ; he readily accepts you as his successor and makes over to you the insignia of royalty ; take the crown which now falls from him. Long live Henry IV, King of England !

BOLINGBROKE. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
CARLISLE. Marry[1], God forbid!
Worst[2] in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best *beseeming*[3] me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse[4] would
Learn[5] for him bearance for so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged *but they are by to hear*[6]
Although apparent[7] guilt be seen in them;
And shall be figure[8] of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted[9] many years,
Be judged by subject[10] and inferior breath
And he himself not present? O forfend[11] it, God.

1. By Mary.
2. Humblest in rank.
3. Becoming as priest.
4. Nobility of nature.
5. Teach.
6. Without their being present to hear.
7. Manifest.
8. Image.
9. Established
10. An adjective here.
11. Forbid.

Boling. In the name of heaven, I accept the kingship.

Carlisle. By Mary! God forbid that you should do so! Although I have least right in point of rank to speak in the presence of so many personages of royal descent, yet it most becomes my office as a priest to speak the truth. I wish that any one in this great company were great enough to be an impartial judge of our good King Richard! In that case true nobility would teach him to shrink from such a great injustice. A subject cannot sit in judgment on his king and all present here are Richard's subjects. Even a thief is not sentenced unless he is present, however manifest the crime may be; and surely then the representative on earth of the great God, his soldier, agent and vicegerent, who has been consecrated and crowned and long installed on the throne should not be sentenced by subjects and inferiors in his absence. God forbid that civilised men in a Christian

That in a Christian climate[1] souls refined
Should show so heinous[2] black, obscene[3] a
deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for[4] his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to *proud Hereford's king*[5] :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy :
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin[6] with kin and kind[7] with kind
confound[8].
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall hear inhabit[9] and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*[10] and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise[11] this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

.1 Country, land.
2. Odious, hateful.
3. Foul.
4. On behalf of.
5. Richard.
6. Relations, family.
7. (1) Race, fellow-countrymen (2) human kind or race
8. Destiny.
9. Dwell.
10. A place of skulls, Matthew xxvii : 33 and Mark xv : 22.
11. Rouse, stir up.

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country should be guilty of such an odious, dark and foul act ! As a humble subject of King Richard inspired by God on behalf of the King, I speak to my fellow subjects. The Duke of Hereford, who is styled as King by you, is a hateful rebel against his true King : if you make him the King of England, I tell you what will happen in future : the blood of Englishmen will drench and fertilise the soil of England and generations unborn will suffer for your disgraceful deed ; peace flying from here will dwell in the land of the heathens and in this traditional home of peace violent civil war will make members of the same family and of the same race kill one another ; this country will be a scene of confusion, terror and revolt, a second Golgotha, a place of skulls. If you stir up one family against another by this civil strife this internal dissension will be the worst that any time fell to the lot of

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

NORTHUMBERLAND. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge[1]
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the *commons' suit*[2].

BOLINGBROKE. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view[3].
He many surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion[4].

YORK. I will be his conduct[5] [*Exit*.

BOLINGBROKE. Lords, you that here are under our arrest:
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding[6] to your love,
And little look'd for[7] at your helping hands.

1. A duty entrusted to you.
2. Petition of the commons for Richard's deposition.
3. Within sight of all men.
4. Without being suspected of unfairness.
5. Conductor, escort.
6. Beholden, obliged.
7. Expected.

men. Unless you stop it, posterity will curse you for its miseries.

North. It is well spoken, sir, and in return for your trouble you are arrested on a charge of high treason. My Lord of Westminster, I commit him to your care for safe custody till he takes his trial. Will you, my lords, be so good as to grant the petition of the common people for Richard's deposition?

Boling. Bring Richard here so that he may leave the throne within sight of all; then our proceedings will be above board!

York. I shall act as his escort. [*Exit.*]

Boling. Let those of you nobles who are under arrest, find persons who will be responsible for your appearance on the day of trial; we are not much indebted to you for your help, nor did we expect any.

Re-enter YORK, *with* RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the regalia.*[1]

K. RICHARD. Alack! who am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook of the *regal thoughts*[2]
Wherewith I reign'd I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor[3] me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours[4] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime[5] cry 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then amen
God save the king! although I be not he[6]
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me[7],
To do what service am I sent for hither?

1. Insignia of royalty.
2. Royal mentality.
3. Give me time to learn the lessons of suffering.
4. Features.
5. Formerly.
6. The king.
7. If I am still king in the eye of God.

Re-enter YORK *with* RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alas! why am I produced before a king before I have had time to be rid of my former royal bearing? I have had no time to pick up the new art of ingratiating myself with, flattering, curtsying and bowing to the King; leave me free for a time to learn in the school of sorrow the lesson of humility. I know well the faces of all these men: were they not once my followers? Did they not formerly greet me as Judas greeted Christ? But Christ found all his twelve disciples faithful except one: but I find none faithful in my twelve thousand followers. Long live the King! will no one repeat me? Am I to be the priest and clerk in one, saying the prayer as well as leading the response? Be it so. Long live the King, although he is Bolingbroke; and yet if in the eye of God I am still King, be it so. For what purpose have I been brought here?

YORK. To do that office of thine own good will[1]
Which tired majesty[2] did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. RICHARD. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize[3] the crown ;
Here cousin ;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes[4] two buckets, *filling*[5] one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs whilst you mount up on high.
BOLINGBROKE. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. RICHARD. My crown I am[6] ; but still my griefs are mine :
You may my glories and my *state*[7] depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

1. Of your own accord.
2. Weariness brought on by royal office.
3. Take hold of.
4. Owns, has.
5. Alternately filling with water.
6. I am willing to resign.
7. Majesty, royal dignity.

York. For doing that of your own accord which disgust with kingship made you wish to do, *viz*., surrender of your royal position and power to Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Let me have the crown. Here you are, cousin, take hold of it ; your hand that side, mine this side. The crown is like a deep well which has two buckets alternately filled with water, the empty one high up in the air the full one down under the water. I, full of grief and tears, am the one down under the water and you the one high up in the air.

Boling. I thought you were ready to give up the crown.

K. Rich. Yes, to give up my crown, but not my sorrows. You may make me part with my royal power and dignity, but not with my sorrows : they are still mine.

BOLINGBROKE. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. RICHARD. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of cares, by old care *done*,[1]
Your care is again of care, by new care won
The cares I give I have, though given away :
They *tend*[2] the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLINGBROKE. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. RICHARD. Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will *undo myself*[3].
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this *unwieldy*[4] sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart :
With mine own tears I wash away my *balm*[5],
With mine own hands I give away my crown,

1. Finished, done with.
2. Attend, accompany.
3. Strip myself of my kingship.
4. Hard to manage.
5. Consecrated oil.

Boling. When you make over the crown to me, you make over some of the troubles that are inseparable from it.

K. Rich. The cares that you take upon yourself are not deducted from mine. My trouble is loss of trouble through cessation of the trouble that goes with kingship : your trouble is increase of trouble through acquisition of the trouble that goes with kingship. The burden of cares that I have made over to you is still a source of sorrow to me : it is a burden which lies on the wearer of the crown, it lingers with me in the memory of my former kingship.

Boling. Do you willingly part with the throne ?

K. Rich. Yes no ; no—yes ; I cannot say yes, for I must be a nonentity now ; I cannot say no, for I surrender the crown. Now watch how I strip myself of all the insignia of my kingship : I take off the heavy crown from my head and withdraw this unmanagable sceptre from hand and purify my soul of its pride of kingship. My tears wash off the consecrated oil, my hands surrender the crown, my words

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state[1],
With mine own breath release[2] all *duty's rite*[3] :
All pomp and majesty I do forswear[4] :
My manors[5], rents, revenues I forego ;
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny[6] :
God pardon all oaths that are broke[7] to me !
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved.
And thou[8] with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long may'st thou live in Richard's *seat*[9] to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an *earthy pit*[10] !
God save King Harry, *unking'd*[11] Richard says,
And send him many years of *sunshine days*[12] !
What more remains ?

1. Relinquish my divine right.
2. Absolve, free.
3. Formal allegiance.
4. Renounce.
5. Estates.
6. Cancel, declare null and void.
7. Broken.
8. Thee.
9. Throne.
10. Grave.
11. Deposed.
12. Life of happiness and prosperity.

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disclaim my divine right and absolve my people from all traditional marks of reverence due to me as king ; I renounce all the grandeur of royalty ; I surrender all my estates, rents and revenues ; I cancel all the acts, decrees and statutes passed by me. May God forgive those who have broken their oaths of allegiance to me and prevent them from breaking those sworn to you ! May I, who has no possessions, not be burdened with cares, and may you who has got everything that you desired be completely happy ! May you for long years occupy Richard's throne and may he soon rest in his grave ! I, the deposed king, pray to God to give King Henry long life and prosperity ! Is there anything more for me to do ?

NORTHUMBERLAND. No more, but[1] that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state[2] and profit[3] of this land ;
That, by confessing them the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily[4] deposed.

K. RICHARD. Must I do so ? and must I revel out
My weaved-up folly[5] ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record[6],
Would it not shame thee *in so fair a troop*[7]
To read a lecture[8] of them ? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article[9],
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking[10] the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in *the book of heaven*[11] :

1. Except.
2. Condition.
3. Progress, improvement.
4. For good reasons, justly.
5. Unweave the web, analyse and expose to view.
6. Set down on paper.
7. Before such a distinguished company.
8. Read them out for the instruction of others.
9. Item, entry.
10. Breaking the solemn oath of allegiance.
11. The register of the recording angel for the entry of human acts.

North. It remains for you only to read out these charges against yourself and this list of serious offences committed by you and your favourites against the peace and prosperity of the country so that by your admission people may be convinced that you are deposed for good reasons.

K. Rich. Is this necessary ? Must I unweave the web of my crimes ? My Lord Northumberland, if your crimes were thus set down in a register, would it not be a disgrace to read them out as a warning to such a distinguished company ? If you did you would find therein one hateful entry, the deposition of a king and the breaking of the solemn oath of allegiance, stained and condemned in the book of the

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth *bait myself*[1],

Though some of you with *Pilate wash your hands*[2]

Showing an outward pity[3], yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my sour[4] cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND. My lord, dispatch[5]; read o'er these articles.

K. RICHARD. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much

But they can see a *sort*[6] of traitors here.

Nay, If I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent

1. Worry.
2. Ref. to Matthew, xxvii where Pilate washed his hands saying that he was innocent of shedding Christ's blood.
3. Not heartfelt, not sincere.
4. Bitter.
5. Hurry up.
6. Set, a contemptuous term.

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recording angel. All of you who stand here and watch unconcernedly, while, like a bear worried by dogs, I am worried by my own miseries, though some of you show sympathy not really felt and like Pontius Pilate wash your hands of the guilt, yet you all Pilates have brought this suffering upon me and nothing will ever purify you of your crime.

North. Hurry up, my lord; read out these items.

K. Rich. My eyes are filled with tears, so I cannot see the writing: yet I am not so blind as not to be able to see a set of betrayers here. Nay, I am myself as treacherous because I am a party to the act of stripping the king of all his marks of glory and magnificence; I have degraded greatness and kingship, brought down royal grandeur and dignity very low.

To *undeck the pimpous body of a king*[1] ;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud Majesty a subject, state a peasant.
NORTHUMBERLAND. My lord,—
K. RICHARD. No lord of thine, thou haught[2] insulting[3] man,
Nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was *given me at the font*[4],
But 'tis usurped[5]: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out[6],
And know not now what name to call myself !
O that I were a *mockery king of snow*[7],
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops !
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling[8] yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight[9],
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his[10] majesty.

1. To strip the king of his glories.
2. Haughty, proud.
3. Churlish.
4. Which was given me at baptism.
5. Taken away.
6. Passed so many years of my life.
7. Counterfeit, sham king made of snow.
8. Of full value, current.
9. Straight, at once.
10. Its.

North. My lord—

K. Rich. I am no lord of yours, you haughty, insolent man, nor any man's. I have lost my title and my name, even the name which was given to me at baptism has been taken away from me : woe be to the sorrowful day when I have passed so many years of my life and have no name ! I wish I were a counterfeit king model of snow standing in the sunshine of Bolingbroke and could be melted into water ! Good and great king—though not very good—if my command still passes current and is of full value in England, let a looking-glass be brought to me at once so that I may see how I, shorn of my royal dignity, look.

BOLINGBROKE. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an attendant.*

NORTHUMBERLAND. Read ov'r this paper while the glass doth come.

K. RICHARD. Friend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

BOLINGBROKE. Urge[1] it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTHUMBERLAND. The commons will not then[2] be satisfied.

K. RICHARD. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are *wrti*[3], and that's myself.

[*Re-enter* Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,

1. Press.

2. If it is not read.

3. Written.

Boiling. Let a looking-glass be brought.

[*Exit an attendant*

North. Read out this document in the meantime.

K. Rich. You infernal spirit, you torture me before I am in your power in hell.

Boling. Do not press the matter further, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The people will be discontented unless it is read.

K. Rich. They must be contented: I will read all my misdeeds in my face, the look in which they are all recorded.

[*Re-enter* Attendant, *with a glass*

Give me the mirror so that I may read what is in my face. What! No deeper lines? Have not the many sorrows

And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile[1] me ! was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face
That like the sun, did make beholders wink[2] ?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,[3]
And was at last outfaced[4] by Bolingbroke ?
A *brittle*[5] glory shineth in this face ;
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred *shivers*[6]
Mark, silent king, the moral[7] of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face

BOLINGBROKE. The shadow[8] of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The *shadow*[9] of your face.

1. Deceive, mislead.
2. Blink, flinch.
3. Countenanced, approved.
4. Put out of countenance
5. Shortlived, transient.
6. Pieces, fragments.
7. The lesson to be drawn from.
8. The demonstrations of your grief
9. The reflected image.

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that I have suffered left deeper impresssion on my face? Oh, this glass flatters me and deceives me like my summer friends. Is this the face of the king who maintained ten thousand men daily under his roof? Is this the face that, shining like the sun, dazzled the people, that countenaced so many foolish things to be at last put out of countenance by Bolingbroke? This face wears a short-lived splendour: the face itself is as short-lived as the splendour: [*Dashes the glass against the ground*]

Now there it lies shattered into a thousand fragments. Understand, silent Bolingbroke, the meaning of this act, your glory may be as transient as mine.

Boling. 'The act by which you express your sorrow has destroyed the reflected image of your face.'

K. RICHARD. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow ! ha ! let's see :
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments[1]
Are merely *shadows to*[2] the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the *tortured*[3] soul ;
There[4] lies the substance[5] and I thank thee, king.
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause ? I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?
BOLINGBROKE. Name it, fair cousin.
K. RICHARD. 'Fair cousin' ? I am greater than a king :
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Where then but subjects : being now a subject,
I have a king here to[6] my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
BOLINGBROKE. Yet ask.

1. Outward manifestation of grief consisting of lamentations.
2. External appearance of.
3. Tormented, afflicted.
4. In my soul.
5. Reality of grief.
6. For, as.

K. Rich What did you say ? The reflection of my grief ! Let me see : Yes, right you are ; my sorrow is in my mind ; and these outward expressions of grief are only the reflection of the invisible reality that lies hidden in the oppressed heart ; so in my heart is the reality : and I thank you, my lord, for your kindness which not only gives me reason to mourn but also shows me how to do it. I will ask for one favour, then go and worry you no more. Will it be granted ?

Boling. Ask for it, good cousin.

K. Rich. Good cousin ? I am greater now than when I was the king : for then those who used to flatter me were my subjects ; now I, a subject, am flattered by my king. Now that I am so great, I need not ask for a favour.

Boling. No, ask for it.

K. RICHARD. And shall I have?

BOLINGBROKE. You shall.

K. RICHARD. Then give me leave to go.

BOLINGBROKE. Whither?

K. RICHARD. Whether you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLINGBROKE. Go, some of your, convey[1] him to the Tower.

K. RICHARD. O, good[2]! convey? conveyers[3] are you all,
That rise thus nimbly[4] by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD, *some Lords, and a Guard*

BOLINGBROKE. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down[5]
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

ABBOT. A *woeful pageant*[6] have we here beheld.

1. Conduct, escort.
2. Well-spoken.
3. Thieves.
4. Cleverly, skilfully.
5. Fix, appoint.
6. A pitiful sight, a pathetic spectacle.

K. Rich. Will it be granted?

Boling. Yes.

K. Rich. Then allow me to go.

Boling. Where to?

K. Rich. Anywhere you choose, provided that I were out of your presence.

Boling. Let him be conveyed or conducted to the Tower.

K. Rich. Well said! You are all conveyers or thieves who so cleverly benefit by a true King's downfall.

Exeunt KING RICHARD, *some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. We formally fix our coronation for next Wednesday: my lords, make necessary arrangements for it.

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A very sorry spectacle we have seen here.

CARLISLE. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as *sharp*[1] to them as thorn.
AUMERLE. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this *pernicious blot*[2]?
ABBOT. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament[3]
To bury my intents[4], but also to effect
Whatever *I shall happen to devise*[5].
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall[6] show us all a merry day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE. I. *London. A street leading to the Tower*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies

QUEEN. This way the king will come; this is the way.

1. Full of suffering.
2. This great disgrace to the realm, *viz.*, Bolingbroke.
3. Solemn oath.
4. To keep secret my intensions.
5. My plans.
6. Which will show.

Carlisle. The sorrow is to come in the future; future generations will pay dear for to-day's transactions.

Aumerle. You holy priests, have you not thought of some plan to get rid of this disgrace to the realm, Bolingbroke?

Abbot. My lord, before I take you fully into my confidence in this matter, you will take the holy sacrament as a solemn pledge that you keep secret my intentions and also carry them out. I find that your faces are full of trouble, your hearts of grief and eyes full of tears. Come to supper with me; and I will devise a plan which will bring us better days.

ACT V

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower*

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. The king will pass this spot on his way to the

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected[1] Tower,
To whose flint[2] bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD *and* Guard

But soft[3], but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
That you in[4] pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model[5] *where old Troy did stand*,[6]
Thou *map of honour*[7], thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn[8],
Why should hard-favour'd[9] grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house[10] guest ?

1. Built for a wicked purpose.
2. Lit. stony ; figuratively, cruel, hard-hearted.
3. Hush.
4. Through.
5. Copy, representation.
6. The picture of fallen greatness like the city of Troy in ruins.
7. The mere outline of former glory.
8. Dwelling-place.
9. Harsh-looking.

Tower of London, built for evil purposes by Julius Caesar, within whose cruel stone walls my lord has been sentenced to imprisonment by the insolent Bolingbroke. We shall rest here if this country of traitors has any resting place to offer to the rightful queen.

Enter RICHARD *and Guard*

Hush ! See my lovely rose faded ; no, do not see ; and yet do look up so that you may shed tears of sympathy which will restore it to fresh beauty. My lord, you who resemble the city of Troy in ruins, a mere outline of your former glory, the grave of King Richard, not the king himself, why should ill-looking sorrow come to dwell in such a beautiful abode as yourself while joy resides in such a vulgar dwelling as Bolingbroke ?

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10. The vulgar ale-house as distinguished from the aristocratic inn, *i.e.*, the base Bolingbroke as distinguished from the noble Richard.

K. RICHARD. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden : learn good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream ;
From which awaked the truth of what we are,
Shows us but this : I am sworn brother sweet,
To *grim Necssity*,[1] and he and I
Will keep a *league*[2] till death. Hie[3] thee to France
And cloister[4] thee in some religious[5] house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's[6] crown,
Which our profane[7] hours here have stricken[8] down.
QUEEN. What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd[9] *and weaken'd*[10]? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect ? *hath he been in thy heart* ?[11]
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be[12] o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

1. Cruel adversity, stern reality
2. Alliance, union.
3. Hasten.
4. Shut yourself up.
5. Convent, nunnery.
6. Of Heaven, *i.e.*, spiritual glory.
7. Worldly lives, irreligious lives.
8. Struck, made us lose.
9. Changed in bodily appearance.
10. Enfeebled in mind.
11. Robbed you of your spirit or courage.
12. At being.

K. Rich. Do not, my wife, by your lamentations help sorrow in hastening my death : try to regard our previous glory as a sweet dream from which we have awaked to a sense of reality which is this ; relentless adversity and I are now bosom friends, dearest, and we shall keep up our friendship till I die ; hasten to France and shut yourself up in some convent. We must by pious living now win a heavenly crown, we having lost our earthly crown by our irreligious life.

Queen. It seems that Richard has been charged and degraded both in body and mind. Has Bolingbroke destroyed your cleverness as well ? Has he made his way into your heart and taken all the spirit out of it ? The lion, when about to die, at least tears the ground with his paw in helpless anger at being conquered ; will you who are a lion, the royal beast,

Take thy correction[1] mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which[2] art a lion and a king of beasts ?

K. RICHARD. A king of beasts, indeed : if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime[3] queen, prepare thee hence[4] for France :
Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave[5].
In winter's tedious night sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid[6] ;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit[7] their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And *send* the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why,[8] the *senseless brands*[9] will sympathize[10]
The heavy accent of thy *moving tongue*[11]

1. Take your chastisement lying down.
2. You who are.
3. Former.
4. To go hence : verb omitted.
5. Last leave or farewell in this life.
6. Now long since past.
7. To repay them for their sad stories.
8. For indeed.
9. The insensible or inanimate logs of wood in the fire.
10. Feel sympathy for.
11. Which melts the hearers to tears.

---

like a mere schoolboy, tamely submit to your punishment, caress the hand that strikes you and crouch at the feet of the tyrant ?

K. Rich. I have been a king of beasts, forsooth ; if my subjects had been anything other than beasts, I would have continued to rule as their king. Sweet former queen, get ready to go from here to France : look upon me as one already dead so that this is your last farewell in this life. When you feel dull on cold wintry nights, sit by the fireside and let good old people tell you sad stories of distant times ; and before you take leave of them for night repay them for their sad stories by telling them about my tragic fate so that they may be moved to tears, for even the burning logs which are insensible, moved by the sad tone of your pathetic voice, will

And in compassion *weep the fire out*[1];
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black[2],
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others.

NORTHUMBELAND. My lord the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must[3] to Pomfret, not unto the Tower
And, madam, there is order ta'en[4] for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. RICHARD. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal[5]
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More[6] than it is ere foul sin *gathering head*[7]
Shall break into corruption[8] thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little helping[9] him to all:
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way.

1. Extinguish the fire with their tears.
2. In black mourning garments.
3. Must go.
4. Arrangements made.
5. By means of which.
6. Older.
7. Becoming ripe the metaphor of a boil or abscess.
8. Burst forth into a discharge of corrupt matter, *i.e.*, burst forth into revolutionary activities.
9. As you helped him.

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shed tears which will extinguish the fire; some logs will mourn in black, others in ashes for the deposition of the true king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others

North. My lord, Bolingbroke has changed his plans regarding you; you must be off to Pomfret Castle, not to the Tower of London; and provision has been made for you also, madam, you must sail for France as quickly as possible.

K. Rich. Northumberland, it is with your help that the ambitious Bolingbroke mounted my throne: the time is not far off when the abscess will reach its head and then burst forth in a discharge of corrupt matter, *i.e.*, the accumulated wrongs will land the country in treason and violence. You will come to think that half the kingdom given to you by him as your share, will be enough recompense for your helping him to get the whole: he will think that you, who know how to

To plant[1] unrightful kings wilt know again,
Being *ne'er so little urged*[2], another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne
The love of wicked men converts[3] to fear :
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy[4] danger and deserved death.

NORHUMBERLAND. My guilt be on my head, and there[5] an end.
Take leave and part ; for you must part forthwith[6].

K. RICHARD. Doubly[7] divorced ? Bad man, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss[8] the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us Northumberland : I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines[9] the clime ;
My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in pomp,

1. Establish, instal.
2. On the slightest provocation
3. Turns, changes.
4. Well-merited, well-deserved.
5. There is an end.
6. Depart immediately
7. *i.e.*, from crown and queen.
8. Cancel by a kiss.
9. Causes to pine, *i.e.*, afflicts.

---

make a king will know, on the slightest provocation, to unmake him and pull him down from the throne to which he has no right. The devotion of bad men soon changes to fear, fear to hatred and hatred ends in the well merited death of one or both.

North. I shall pay for my sins ; don't you worry about them. Say good-bye and part ; for you must part immediately.

K. Rich. Am I to be divorced twice over ? You wicked man, you bring about a twofold separation, first between my crown and myself and then between me and my wedded wife. Let me cancel the marital bond with a kiss ; nay, not that, for it was sealed with a kiss. Separate us, my lord ; I go north where extreme cold and sickness make life very hard ; my wife goes back to France ; from there she came clad in the

She came adorned hither like sweet *May*[1],
Sent back[2] like *Hallowmas*[3] or shorts't of[4] day.

QUEEN. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICHARD. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN. Banish us both and send the king with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND. That were some love but little policy.

QUEEN. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. RICHARD. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far[5] *off than near be ne'er*[6] *the near*[7]
Go, count thy way[8] with sighs; I mine with groans.

1. Spring.
2. But is forced to return.
3. All-hallows, all Saints' day; November 1st, *i.e.*, autumn.
4. The shortest day, *i.e.*, mid-winter.
5. Far from each other
6. Be never.
7. Nearer, *i.e.*, though near yet not allowed to see each other.
8. Measure your journey.

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beauty of spring and thither she returns like autumn or winter.

Queen. Must we be separated? Must we leave each other?

K. Rich. Yes, hands and hearts must be separated, dear.

Queen. Banish both of us and let us live together.

North. Such an act on Bolingbroke's part would show great love but little wisdom in him.

Queen. Then let me follow him wherever he goes.

K. Rich. So that the two of us sorrowing together may make one sorrow between us, that is, by sharing it make it less. Instead you lament for me in France and I for you in England; it is much better for us to be far away from than near to each other, yet not really nearer, because not permitted to meet. Measure the distance of your journey with sighs and I shall measure mine with groans.

QUEEN. So longest way shall have the longe moans.

K. RICHARD. Twice for one[1] step I'll groan, th way being short,
And *piece the way out*[2] with a heavy heart,
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part[3];
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

QUEEN. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part[4]
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. RICHARD. We *make woe wanton*[5] with this *fond*[6] delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

1. Every.
2. Lengthen, supplement.
3. Separate in silence.
4. No kindness.
5. We make a luxury of, we sport or dally with.
6. Foolish.

Queen. So the one going the greatest distance will make the largest number of groans.

K. Rich. At every footstep I shall make two groans so that I shall supplement my short journey with my sad heart, which will then make it appear as long as your journey to France. Let us not prolong the preliminary sorrow of our farewell, since it will be ours the rest of our life: let us seal our lips with one last kiss and then let us separate in silence. So with this kiss I give you my heart and take yours.

Queen. Give me back my heart. It would not be kind of me to undertake the keeping of your heart, for I should only kill it with grief. Now I have mine back again, leave me so that I may try to kill it with sorrow.

K. Rich. We sport with our sorrow by this foolish delay: good-bye once again; let the rest be said by the grief we feel at heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *palace*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS

DUCHESS. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest[1],
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins[2] coming into London.
YORK. Where did I leave[3] ?
DUCHESS. At that sad stop[4], my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from window tops.
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many *greedy*[5] looks of young and old
Through casements[6] darted their desiring[7] eyes.

1. The remaining part of the story.
2. Richard and Bolingbroke.
3. Leave off, break off.
4. Point.
5. Hungry, devouring.
6. Windows.
7. Eager or anxious to see.

SCENE II. *The* DUKE OF YORK'S *Palace*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS

Duchess. My lord, when tears compelled you to break off in the middle of your description of Richard's and Bolingbroke's entry into London, you promised that you would finish the story another time.

York. At what point did I leave off?

Duchess. You stopped just at the point where the rough, unruly people threw dirt and refuse on King Richard.

York. After that, as I was telling you, the great duke Bolingbroke, seated upon a proud, spirited horse which appeared to be conscious of the ambitious nature of its rider, rode through the streets at a slow, dignified pace amidst welcoming shouts of 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!' So many people, young as well as old, through the windows cast their

1. Face.
2. Tapestry coloured hangings. etc.
3. Simultaneously.
4. Addressed.
5. Continually
6. All this time.
7. Popular, favourite.
8. With indifference, with unconcern.

Upon his *visage*[1], and that all the walls
With *painted imagery*[2] had said at once[3]
"Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst, he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake[4] them thus; I thank you, countrymen':
And thus still[5] doing, thus he passed along.

DUCHESS. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he, the whilst[6]?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced[7] actor leaves the stage,
Are idly[8] bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried
'God save him!'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,

---

eager and devouring glances at his face that you would have thought that the very windows were uttering words of welcome and that the walls hung with tapestry themselves shouted all together 'Jesus save you! welcome, Bolingbroke!' All the time, bareheaded, he bowed low on both sides and addressing them as his countrymen thanked them for their welcome; He did this all the time he passed through the streets.

Duchess. Alas! where was poor Richard all this time?

York. As in the theatre, the audience after a popular actor has left the stage looks with indifference on his successor and regards his acting as wearisome talk, similary or with even greater hatred the people cast frowning looks on good Richard; not a solitary voice wished him long life and prosperity and welcomed him joyously home: but dirt was thrown on his consecrated body: he removed it with a wild look of sorrow, his

His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges[1] of his grief and patience[2];
That had not God, for some strong[3] purpose, *steel'd*[4]
The hearts of men, they must perforce[5] have melted
And barbarism[6] itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will be bound[7] our calm contents[8].
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow[9].

DUCHESS. Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK. Aumerle that was;
But that[10] is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament *pledge*[11] for his truth
And lasting *fealty*[12] to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

DUCHESS. Welcome, my son: who are the *violets*[13] now

1. Marks, signs.
2. Endurance.
3. Great but mysterious.
4. Hardened.
5. Necessity.
6. Even the savages; abstract for concrete
7. Submit limit.
8. Contentment.
9. Ever acknowledge.
10. The title.
11. Surety.
12. Fidelity, loyalty.
13. *i.e.*, favourites.

---

face all the while showing a struggle for mastery between tears and smiles, the marks of his sorrow and endurance, so that if God had not for some very good reasons hardered the hearts of men they would have of necessity softened towards him, even the savages would have been moved. But God has disposed the course of events and we must submit to His holy dispensation in calm contentment. We are Bolingbroke's loyal subjects now and I for one shall always recognise his kingship.

Duchess. Here comes our son Aumerle.

York. He was Aumerle at one time. But his loyalty to Richard has cost him his title and you must call him the Earl of Rutland now: I have promised before parliament to be surety for his honour and loyal to the new king.

Enter AUMERLE

Duchess. I am pleased to see you, my son; who are the

That strew the green lap of the new-come[1] spring ?

AUMERLE. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :

God knows I had as lief[2] be none as one.

YORK. Well, *bear you well*[3] in this new spring of time[4],

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? hold[5] those jests and triumphs[6] ?

AUMERLE. *For aught I know*[7], my lord, they do[8].

YORK. You will be there, I know.

AUMERLE. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

YORK. What seal is that, that hangs without[9] thy bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

AUMERLE. My lord, 'tis nothing.

1. The new court, the new regime.
2. Gladly, willingly.
3. Conduct yourself cleverly.
4. Regime, era.
5. Do they take place ?
6. Tilts and pageants, tournaments and shows.
7. For anything I know to the contrary.
8. Are to be held.
9. Outside.

---

new favourities that flock to the court and try to win the favours of the new king ?

Aumerle. I do not know, mother, and I am utterly indifferent ; God knows I would rather not be one of them.

York. Conduct yourself with prudence under the new regime lest you should come to untimely grief. How do things go on at Oxford ? Are those tilts and tournaments to be held ?

Aumerle. For anything I know to the contrary, they are to be.

York. You will be present I am sure.

Aumerle. God willing, I intend to.

York. What is that seal that I see hanging outside your coat ?

You already look pale. Let me see it.

Aumerle. It is not of any consequence, my lord.

YORK. No matter, then, who see it :
I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.
AUMERLE. I do beseech your grace to pardon me :
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I *would not have seen*[1].
YORK. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
DUCHESS. What should you fear ?
'Tis nothing but some *hands*[2], that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst[3] the triumph day.
YORK. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
AUMERLE. I do beseech you, pardon me :
I may not show it.
YORK. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say
[*He plucks it out his bosom and reads it.*

1. I would rather should not be seen.
2. Bonds, contract.
3. In preparation or, in anticipation of.

York. In that case, it makes no difference who sees it. My doubts will be set at rest : let me have a look at it.

Aumerle. I pray you, my lord, to excuse me. It is a trifle which for some reasons I prefer not to let anybody see it.

York. Which for some equally good reasons I wish to see. I am afraid . . . .

Duchess. What are you afraid of ? It is some contract he has made for fine clothes in anticipation of the gala day.

York. With whom has he entered into the contract ? If it were true, the bond would be with the person to whom he is bound ? It is silly, my woman. I must see it, my son.

Aumerle. I beg you to excuse me, father ; I am afraid I cannot let you see it.

York. I must have my doubts removed ; give it to me, I order you.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*

Treason ! foul treason ! villain ! traitor ! slave
DUCHESS. What is the matter, my lord ?
YORK. Ho ! who is within there ?
[*Enter a* Servant.
Saddle my horse.
God for His mercy, what treachery is here !
DUCHESS. Why, what is it, my lord ?
YORK. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse. [*Exit Servant.*
Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach[1] the villain.
DUCHESS. What is the matter ?
YORK. Peace[2], foolish woman.
DUCHESS. I will not peace[3]. What is the matter Aumerle ?
AUMERLE. Good mother, be content ; it is no more
Then my poor life must answer.
DUCHESS. Thy life answer ?

1. Accuse, impeach, denounce.
2. Silence, be silent.
3. Be silent, hold my peace.

Treachery ! black treachery ! wretch ! intriguer ! scoundrel !

Duchess. What is wrong, my husband ?

York. Is anybody there ?

[*Enter a* Servant.

Get my horse ready. Great God ! What rank disloyalty !

Duchess. What excites you so much, my lord ?

York. Get my boots. Bring my horse ready saddled. [*Exit servant.*] In the name of all that I hold dear, I will denounce the traitor.

Duchess. What is all this about ?

York. Shut up, you silly woman.

Duchess. I will not be quiet. Aumerle, tell me what it is.

Aumerle. Do not worry, mother ; it is only a matter for which my life will pay the penalty.

Duchess. Your life will pay the penalty ?

YORK. Bring me my boots: I will unto the King.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

DUCHESS. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed[1].
Hence, villain[2]! never more come in my sight.

YORK. Give me my boots, I say.

DUCHESS. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass[3] of thine own[4]?
Have we more sons? or are we like[5] to have?
Is not my teeming date[6] *drunk up*[7] with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son *from mine age*[8],
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

YORK. Thou fond[9] madwoman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them *here*[10] have *ta'en the sacrament*[11]
And interchangeably[12] *set down their hands*[13]
To kill the king at Oxford.

1. Confounded.
2. Addressed to the servant.
3. Crime, offence.
4. Own son, own flesh and blood.
5. Likely.
6. Period of motherhood.
7. Exhausted.
8. From me in my old-age.
9. Foolish.
10. According to this document.
11. Taken a sacred oath.
12. In mutual agreement.
13. Signed their names, put their signatures.

York. Get my boots: I will at once go to the king.

Re-enter Servant *with boots.*

Duchess. Knock him down, Aumerle. My son, you are confounded. (*Said to the servant*) Begone, you wretch! let me never see you again.

York. My boots!

Duchess. Husband, what are you up to? Will you not keep your son's crime a secret? He is our only son, and we shan't have any more. I am past the age of motherhood. Surely you will not snatch away my only child and deprive me of the joy of a mother's name. Does he not take after you? Is he not your own child?

York. Foolish, insane woman, do you want me to hide this wicked plot? Twelve of them according to this bond, have taken a solemn oath and bound themselves in mutual agreement to murder the king at Oxford.

DUCHESS. He shall be none[1] ;
We'll keep him here : then what is that[2] to him ?
YORK. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty times my son,
I would *appeach* him.
DUCHESS. Hadst thou *groan'd for him*[3]
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind[4], thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard[5] not thy son :
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
YORK. Make way, unruly[6] woman ! [*Exit.*
DUCHESS. After, Aumerle ! mount thee upon his horse ;
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

1. Not one of those who will do the thing.
2. That deed.
3. Suffering giving birth to him.
4. Your thoughts.
5. An illegitimate son.
6. Disobedient, uncontrollable.

Duchess. He shall not be one of the party. We shall detain him here ; then he will not be responsible for the deed.

York. Begone, foolish woman ! Even if he were my child twenty times over I would denounce him.

Duchess. If you had undergone the throes of motherhood like me then you would have felt more for him. But now I can read your thought clearly ; you think that I have been a faithless wife to you, that he is not your legitimate child. Dear husband, remove that suspicion from your mind. He takes after you, not me nor my family ; yet I love him dearly.

York. Let me go, you disobedient woman. [*Exit.*

Duchess. Follow him, Aumerle ! Take one of his horses and ride post-haste so that you may reach the king before him and ask his forgiveness before he impeaches you. I will also come along though old, yet I can ride as quick

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Windsor Castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other* Lords.

BOLINGBROKE. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty[1] son ?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last :
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found ;
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent[2],
With unrestrained[3] loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch[4], and rob our passengers ;
Which[5] he, young wanton[6] and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour[7] to support
So dissolute a crew.

1. Good for nothing, useless.
2. Visit, are his favourite resort.
3. Lawless, licentious.
4. Watchmen, policemen on night duty.
5. As to which.
6. Trifler ; irregular.
7. Makes it a point of honour.

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as my husband and I will not stop pleading till the King has forgiven you. Off, my son ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *Windsor Castle*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and other Lords*

Boling. Could nobody give any information about my do-nothing son ? I have not met him for the last three months : he is now the only source of my trouble. I wish, my lords, that we could find him. Look for him in London, especially in the taverns which, we are told, are his daily haunt with licentious, wicked fellows who, it is said, infest the by-lanes, assault the watchmen and rob the passers-by ; and he, youthful, dissolute and womanish as he is, considers it a point of honour to support the conduct of such disgraceful lot.

1. To be held.
2. Houses of ill fame.
3. The worst woman.
4. As a pledge of love, thus being her champion.
5. Stoutest, strongest.
6. Reckless of consequence
7. The making of a better man in future; chances of future improvements.
8. Growing age, maturer years.

PERCY. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held[1] at Oxford.

BOLINGBROKE. And what said the gallant?

PERCY. His answer was, he would unto the *stews*[2],
And from the *common'st creature*[3] pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour[4] and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest[5] challenger.

BOLINGBROKE. As dissolute as *desperate*[6], yet through both
I see some *sparks of better hope*[7], which elder years[8]
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE

AUMERLE. Where is the King?

BOLINGBROKE. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

AUMERLE. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Percy. My liege, I met the prince a day or two ago and told him about the tournaments to be held at Oxford.

Boling. And what did our brave young knight say?

Percy. His reply was that he would go to the worst quarters of the city, obtain a glove from the worst woman and wear it as a pledge from his lady-love; as her knight he would defeat the stoutest champion.

Boling. He is as loose as reckless; yet in his wicked life I see some indications of better character which age and experience may fortunately develop. But who is this?

Enter AUMERLE

Aumerle. Is the king here?

Boling. How is that you look so wild, cousin?

Aumerle. May God save you, my lord! I pray you to grant me a private interview.

BOLINGBROKE. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords*
What is the matter with our cousin now ?
AUMERLE. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon[1] ere I rise to speak.
BOLING. Intended or committed was this fault ?
If on the first,[2] how[3] heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love[4] I pardon thee.
AUMERLE. Then give me leave that I may *turn the key*,[5]
That no man enter till my tale be done.
BOLINGBROKE, Have thy desire.
YORK. [*Within*] My liege, beware, look to thyself ;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there
BOLINGBROKE. Villain, I'll make thee *safe*.[6]
[*Drawing*.

1. Be promised me.
2. If your offence consists in the first, *i.e.*, in intention not in commission.
3. However.
4. Future loyalty and friendship.
5. Shut the door.
6. Powerless to do me harm by killing you.

Boling. Retire, my lords, and leave us alone.
[*Exeunt Percy and Lords*.
Now, cousin, what can I do for you ?

Aumerle. I shall kneel before you for ever and shall never speak until you give me a promise of forgiveness.

Boling. Was the offence you speak of planned or committed ? If it consists in the first, however serious, I forgive you in order to secure your love for the future.

Aumerle. Then permit me to shut the door so that no third man may come in before my story is finished.

Boling. Do as you please.

York. [*Within*] My lord, take care : be on your guard you have a traitor with you.

Boling. Wretch, I will put you out of your power to do me any harm, by killing you. [*Drawing*]

AUMERLE. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK. [*Within*] Open the door, secure[1], foolhardy king:
Shall I for[2] love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door, and shuts it again.*

Enter YORK

BOLINGBROKE. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm[3] us to encounter it.

YORK. Peruse[4] this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show[5]

AUMERLE. Remember as thou read'st, that promise pass'd[6]:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not *confederate with*[7] my hand,

1. Careless through over-confidence.
2. Out of.
3. Prepare ourselves.
4. Read carefully.
5. Which want of breath prevent me from showing.
6. Given, pledged.
7. A party to, in concert with.

Aumerle. You need not be anxious for your safety; put up the sword you have drawn to punish me.

York. [*Within*]. Let me in, your over-confident, rash King; shall I not, out of my love for you as a loyal subject, expose in your presence the plot against your life? Admit me or I shall force the door open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door, and shuts it again.*]

Enter YORK

Boling. What is wrong, uncle? Tell me; take a little rest; tell us where exactly lies the danger so that we may be prepared to face it.

York. Read this document and you will come to know about the plot which, being out of breath, I cannot explain.

Aumerle. Bear in mind, as you go through it, that you have promised me forgiveness already: I regret my former intention: pass over my name in the list: though I signed the paper, my heart is not there in my signature.

YORK. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king ;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence :
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

BOLINGBROKE. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy !
O loyal father of a treacherous son !
Thou sheer,[1] immaculate[2] and silver fountain,
From whence this stream[3] through muddy passages
Hath held his current[4] and defiled himself !
Thy overflow of good converts[5] to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing[6] son.

YORK. So shall my virtue be his *vice's bawd*[7] ;
And he shall spend[8] mine honour with his shame,

1. Pure, clear.
2 Undefiled.
3. *i.e.*, Aumerle.
4 Flowed ; held on its course.
5. Changes.
6. Transgressing.
7. An aid to or helper of.
8. Exhaust, destroy.

York. Your heart, wretch, was in the plot even before you signed the document. I took the paper from him by force, your Majesty. Fear for his own safety, not loyalty to the King, is the motive of his repentance. Forget the pardon promised through kindness lest your kindness should be your undoing.

Boling. Oh, what a wicked, dangerous and daring plot ! and what a tremendous difference between the loyal father and the disloyal son ! The father is like a pure, undefiled and crystalline spring and the son is like the stream which, rising from it, has flowed along muddy channels and become impure ! The abundance of virtue in you will obtain pardon for this heinous offence of your transgressing son.

York. In this way my virtue will be an aid to his vice ; and he will ruin my reputation for honour built up by me with so much pains by the disgraceful life he will lead, as a

As thriftless sons their scrapping fathers' gold.[1]
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my slandered life in his dishonour lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life[2], giving him breathe,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death,

DUCHESS. [*Within*] What ho, my liege ! for God's sake let me in.

BOLINGBROKE. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager[3] cry ?

DUCHESS. A woman, and thy aunt, great king ; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

BOLINGBROKE. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,[4]
And now changed to '*The Beggar and the King*[5],
My dangerous[6] cousin, let your mother in :
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

[*Aumerle opens the door.*

1. Wealth hoarded by the father at the cost of tremendous pains.
2. By sparing his life, by allowing him to live.
3. Vehement, high pitched
4. A tragedy.
5. Ref. to the poem and ballads on King Caphetua and the Beggar Maid.
6. Disloyal, conspiring against my life.

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spendthrift son squanders the wealth hoarded with such care by the father. If he dies for his disloyalty, my honour will be preserved, or if he is allowed to live, his disloyalty will bring disgrace on my fair name and so cause the death of my honour. By sparing his life, you reward the traitor but punish the man of honour.

Duchess. [*Within*] My lord ! I pray you to let me in.

Boling. Who cries loudly for admittance in a high pitched voice ?

Duchess. It is me, your Majesty, a woman and your aunt too. Let me in, for pity's sake. I, who has never begged before, beg a favour for the first time.

Boling. Now this meeting is changing from tragedy to comedy ; we are now performing the play of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. Open the door to your mother, my disloyal cousin. I am sure she is come to beg for your life. (*Aumerle opens the door.*)

YORK. If thou do pardon, whosoever[1] pray
More sins for[2] this sorgiveness prosper may.
This *fester'd joint*[3] cut off, the rest rest[4] sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.[5]

Enter DUCHESS

DUCHESS. O king, believe not this hard heart-ed man!
Love loving not itself none other can.
YORK. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make[6] here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
DUCHESS. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels*
BOLINGBROKE. Rise up, good aunt.
DUCHESS. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy[7] sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

1. (*a*) Having regard to the person who prays or (*b*) for the mere asking.
2. As a result of.
3. Diseased limb.
4. Remain, continue.
5. Destroy.
6. Do.
7. Happy man

York. If you show mercy like this in consideration of the supplicator you will encourage more crimes. Cut off this disesaed limb and you save the rest of the body; this, if allowed to remain intact, will corrupt the others.

Enter DUCHESS

Duchess. O my lord: do not listen to what this cruel man says. One who does not love his own flesh and blood cannot love another.

York. You mad woman, what is your business here? Do you wish to give life once more to a traitor?

Duchess. Forbear, dear York! listen to me, my noble lord! [*Kneels*]

Boling. Do not kneel, aunt.

Duchess. I shan't get up yet; I shall ever be on my knees and never look upon the cheerful light of day until you make me happy by forgiving my guilty son.

AUMERLE. Unto[1] my mother's prayers bend my knee.
YORK. Against them both my true joints bended[2] be
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace[3] !
DUCHESS. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his face ;
His eyes do drop no tears ; his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth[4], ours from our breast :
His prayers but faintly and would be denied[5] ;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside ;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prays are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out[6]-pray his ; then let them have.
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.
BOLINGBROKE. Good aunt, stand up

1. In addition to.
2. I set my loyalty against their prayer.
3. Mercy, favour.
4. Not from his heart.
5. Would gladly be refused.
6. Surpass his prayer in sincerity.

Aumerle. Let me also kneel in addition to my mother's supplications.

York. I throw the weight of my loyalty against their prayers by bending my knees. If you show any mercy, you will not prosper.

Duchess. He is not serious enough. Look at him. His eyes are dry, his supplications are not sincere enough ; he does not speak from his heart as we do : his requests are lukewarm which he would like to be refused. We throw ourselves heart and soul into our prayer ; he is already tired of kneeling but we will enternally kneel ; our knees will be rooted to the ground. His petition is insincere while ours is full of earnestness and honesty. Our prayers cast his into the shade ; then let them be granted as they deserve to be.

Boling. Rise from the ground.

DUCHESS. Nay, do not say, 'stand up';
Say 'pardon' first, afterwards 'stand up'.
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach[1],
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon', king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths *so meet*[2].

YORK. Speak it in French, king; say *pardonne moi*[3].

DUCHESS. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to detroy?
Ah, my sour[4] husband, my hard-heated lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping[5] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

1. Entrusted with the duty of teaching you how to speak.
2. So fit, so becomes.
3. Excuse me.
4. Bitter, unpleasant.
5. (*a*) Jerky, full of breaks (*b*) affected. (*c*) Changing, *i.e.*, vague, ambiguous. (*d*) Mutilated.

Duchess. No, do not ask me to rise. First say the word 'pardon' and next 'rise'. If it were my duty as your nurse to teach you how to speak, I would first of all teach you to say 'pardon'. Never before have I so earnestly wished to hear a word said. Say the word 'pardon', my lord; mercy will show you how to say it. The word is short but very sweet. No word becomes the mouth of a king so much as 'pardon.'

York. Say it in French: say '*pardonne moi,*' *i e.*, excuse me.

Duchess. You show the king how to cancel one pardon (in the English sense) with another (in the French sense). Oh, my bitter, cruel husband, you make the word neutralise itself. My lord, use the word in the English sense: we do not follow the effected French language. I see your eyes soften! let your tongue follow your eyes and say the word; or

1. Complaints
2. To utter the word 'pardon'.
3. Pray, supplicate.
4. Prayer, petition.
5. Advantage, profit.
6. Two offenders.
7. As far as regards.
8. Ironical, meaning the opposite.
9. The Earl of Huntingdon who propose the tournament at Oxford.
10. Abbot of Westminster.

That hearing how our plaints[1] and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse[2].
BOLINGBROKE. Good aunt, stand up.
DUCHESS. I do not sue[3] to stand;
Pardon is all the suit[4] I have in hand
BOLINGBROKE. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me
DUCHESS. O happy vantage[5] of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain[6]
But makes one pardon strong
BOLINGBROKE. With all my heart I pardon him.
DUCHESS. A god on earth thou art!
BOLINGBROKE. But for[7] our trusty[8] *brother-in-law*[9] and the *abbot*[10],
With all the rest of that *consorted crew*[11]

---

listening to the sympathetic prompting of your heart to which our appeals have penetrated, you may be moved by sympathy to utter the word 'pardon'.

Boling. Rise, my aunt.

Duchess. I do not ask for your permission to stand up but only forgiveness.

Boling. I pardon him as I trust God will pardon me!

Duchess. How great is the profit derived by supplication! yet I am nervous; say the word again; saying the word 'pardon' twice does not secure pardon for two offenders but makes it surer for the one.

Boling. I grant him whole-hearted pardon.

Duchess. You are a god among men.

Boling. But as regards our brother-in-law who is our so-called friend and the Abbot of Westminster and the rest of the

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11. Confederate band, body of conspirators united by a common purpose.

Destruction *straight*[1] shall *dog them at the heels*.[2]
Good uncle, help to *order several powers*[3]
To Oxford or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true[4].

DUCHESS. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same*

Enter EXTON *and* Servant

EXTON. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
Have I no friend will[5] rid me of *this living fear*[6]?
Was it not so?

SERVANT. These were his very words.

1. Straightway, immediately.
2. Follow them swift and sure.
3. Arrange for the despatch of separate bodies of troops.
4. May you prove faithful.
5. Who will.
6. A constant object of terror as long as he lives.

---

company of conspirators, punishment will be swift and sure. Uncle York, help us in despatching bodies of troops to Oxford or wherever these rebels may be. If I only know where they are, I will have them promptly arrested wherever they may be and put to death, I promise you. Good-bye to you, uncle and to you, cousin. Your mother's appeal has saved your life; may you prove loyal now.

Duchess. Come, my dear son; I pray to God that He may make you turn over a new leaf.

SCENE IV. *The same*

Enter EXTON *and* Servant

Exton. Did you not hear what the king said, 'Will not one of my friends free me from this perpetual terror of mine?' Did he not say so?

Servant. You have reported him correctly.

EXTON. 'Have I no friend? quoth he': he spake it twice,
And urged[1] it twice together, did he not?
SERVANT. He did.
EXTON. And speaking it, he wistly[2] look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce[3] this terror from my heart';
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid[4] his foe.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Pomfret castle*

Enter KING RICHARD

K. RICHARD. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because[5] the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself.
I cannot do it; yet I'll ***hammer it out***[6].
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,

1. Said it emphatically, stressed it.
2. Longingly, closely.
4. Destroy.
5. Since.
6. Manage to do it somehow.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' he said it twice and laid special emphasis upon it twice.

Servant. That he did.

Exton. While saying it he longingly looked at me; as if he said, 'I wish you were just the man to remove this dread from my heart,' in directly referring to the king at Pomfret. Come along with me. I am the king's friend who will destroy his enemy.

SCENE V. *Pomfret castle*

Enter KING RICHARD

K. Rich. I have been seriously trying to discover a basis for a comparison between my prison here and the world outside: but as the world is full of people and there is none here except myself I cannot make the comparison; yet I shall manage to do it somehow. My brain and my soul

My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of *still-breeding*[1] thoughts,
And these same thoughts people *this little world*[2],
In humours[3] like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented.[4] The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples[5] and *do set the word itself*
Against the word[6].
As thus 'Come, *little ones*,'[7] and then again,
It is as hard[8] to come as for a camel
To thread[9] the postern[10] of a small needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot[11]
Unlikely wonders; how[12] these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged[13] prison walls,
And, for[14] they cannot, die in their own pride

1. Constantly breeding, ever-multiplying.
2. *i.e.*, myself, the miniature copy of the universe
3. Tempers, dispositions.
4. At ease, happy, satisfied with itself.
5. Doubts.
6. Set one text of scripture against another.
7. Children.
8. Hard for a rich man.
9. Go through

between them will bring forth a number of constanly multiplying thoughts which will populate this miniature world of myself; these thoughts will be of the same tempers and dispositions as the men of the large world, for no thought is ever at rest. The higher thoughts, namely, thoughts of spiritual things are mingled with doubts and set one text of scripture against another; such as the passage 'suffer the little children to come unto me' and then again the passage 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God'. Ambitious thoughts devise impossible schemes; for instance, that my useless and weak nails may make a breach into the hard body of this world of stone, the rough walls of my prison and since it cannot be done, the thoughts perish in their own foolish pride. Thoughts conducive to contentment always remember with pleasure that others

10. Opening; lit., a small back-gate. 11. Devise schemes, conceieve. 12. For instance, how, etc. 13. Rough, rugged. 14. Because.

Thoughts tending to content[1] flatter themselves
That they are not the *first of fortune's slaves*[2]
Nor shall not be the last; like silly[3] beggars
Who sitting in the stocks *refuge their shame*.[4]
That many have[5] and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease[6].
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people.
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar.
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd[7] again: and by and by[8]
Think that I am unking'd Bolingbroke,
And straight[9] am nothing: but whathe'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man [10] is
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased

1. Contentment.
2. At the mercy of chance, liable to freaks of fortune.
3. Simple.
4. Console themselves in their disgrace with the thought
5. Have sat.
6. A sort of comfort or relief.
7. Made king.
8. Immediately.
9. At once.
10. Who is mere mortal.

besides themselves have been and will be the victims of chance; just as foolish beggars confined in the stocks come forth themselves in their disgrace with the thought that others have in the past and will be in the future punished in the same way. This thought gives them consolation by transferring the burden of their own misfortunes to others who have similarly suffered. Thus I in my prison play many parts but find happiness in none. At one time I play the king; treachery makes me wish to be poor and obscure and straightway I find myself so; then extreme poverty convinces me that a king is much better off; and then in imagination I am transformed into a king again: and presently I remember that I have been deposed by Bolingbroke and immediately I lose my kingship in the mind But whatever a man may be in life, king or beggar, no man will ever be satisfied with his position till he is relieved by death. Have we got music

With being nothing[1] Music do I hear ? [*Music*
Ha, ha ! keep time ; how sour[2] sweet music is,
When time is broke[3] and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness[4] of ear
To check[5] time broke in a *disorder'd* string ;[6]
But for the *concord*[7] of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
For now hath time made me his numbering[8]
clock :
My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs
they jar[9]
Their watches[10] on unto mine eyes, the *out-
ward watch*[11],
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point[12].
Is pointing still,[13] in cleaning them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strikes upon my
heart.

1. By ceasing to exist, by dying.
2. Harsh, discordant,
3. Broken.
4. Sensitiveness, delicacy.
5. Detect, find fault with.
6. A stringed instrument gone wrong or out of tune.
7. Harmony, music.
8. The clock which marks the flight of time and tells the hours.
9. Tick.

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here ? [*Music*] Yes ; keep time, you musician : music sounds harsh when the time and the pauses are not regularly maintained ; the same is true of the harmony of human life. I possess a musical ear sufficiently sensitive to detect any breach of harmony in a stringed instrument that is out of tune but I could not discover loss of harmony in the affairs of my government. I misused time but now time misues me, for I am a now a clock by which time marks the flight of hours. My thoughts are the minutes of the clock and my sighs are the ticks which mark the seconds and which also show to my eyes as on a dial-plate their progress in minutes. My eyes being the clock, my finger is the hand of the clock ever pointing to my eyes as it brushes away the tears therefrom. The strokes that

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10. The mark of the minutes on a dial-plate. 11. Dial. 12. The hand of the clock. 13. Always.

Which is the *bell*[1] : so sighs and tears and groans
Show[2] minutes, times and hours : but my time
Runs posting[3] on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, *his jack o' the clock*[4].
This music made[5] me ; let it sound no more ;
For though it have holp[6] madmen to their wits,
In me[7] it seems it will make wise men[8] mad.
For' tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
Is a *strange brooch in this all hating world.*[9]

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

GROOM. Hail, royal prince !

K. RICHARD. Thanks, noble peer ;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

1. Upon which the hours is struck.
2. Indicate ; mark.
3. Quickly passes.
4. The figure of an armed man in old clocks which struck the bell every quarter.
5. Maddens, makes me crazy.
6. May have helped.
7. In the light of my own experience.
8. Men in possesion of their senses.

tells us the hours are the loud groans of my heart which thus is the bell on which the hours are struck. In this way my sighs mark the minutes, my tears the times and my groans the hours. But time goes fast with Bolingbroke bringing him joy and happiness while I, like the wooden figure of Jack o' the clock, strike the bell for him. This music drives me mad ; let it stop : though music may have helped the madmen to recover their sanity, it seem it will help me to lose mine. Yet I am thankful to the man who gives me the music ! It indicates some amount of love for poor Richard who cosequently prizes it as a rare gem in a world where all the men hate him.

Enter a Groom of the stable

Groom. My greetings to you, your royal highness !

K. Rich. Thanks very much, noble lord ; even the least costly royal (coin) is ten groats too costly (the difference

9. A rare gem in a world which hates me.

What are thou ? and how comes thou hither,
Where *no man never*[1] comes but that sad[2] dog
That brings me food to make misfortune[3] live ?
GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who travelling towards York,
With much ado[4] at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[5] royal master's face,
O, how it yearn'd[6] my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on *roan Barbary*[7],
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid[8],
That horse that I so carefully have dressed[9] !
K. RICHARD. Rode he on Barbary ?
Tell me, gentle friend.
How went he under him ?

1. Double negative.
2. That morose-looking fellow.
3. Prolong my misery by making me live.
4. With much difficulty.
5. Former.
6. Grieved.
7. Roan-coloured or reddish-brown. horse of Barbary breed.
8. Ridden.
9. Groomed.

between the two coins, royal and noble) because Richard, a royal prince, has not in intrinsic worth proved equal to Bolingbroke a noble. Who are you and why do you come here ? No man comes here except that surly fellow who brings me my food and prolongs my sorrow by keeping me alive.

Groom. Your majesty, I was a humble groom in your stable when you were in power. With great difficulty I obtained permission at last to see my former royal master on my way to York. It grieved me very much to see Bolingbroke on the day on which he was crowned King riding through the streets of London on your reddish-brown horse of Barbary breed, the horse so often ridden by you and with so much care groomed by me.

K. Rich. Did he ride my Barbary horse ? Tell me, my good man, how the horse bore himself under Bolingbroke.

GROOM. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. RICHARD. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade[1] hath eat[2] bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail[3] on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing[4] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper *with a dish*

KEEPER. Fellow, give place,[5] here is no longer stay[6].

1. Worthless horse.
2. Eaten.
3. Abuse.
4. Fretting the horse to make it prance.
5. Make room for me.
6. You must not stay here any longer.

Groom. He went as proudly as if he scorned the earth under him.

K. Rich. Was he so happy because he carried Bolingbroke? I have fed that rotten horse with my own hands and patted him on the back. Would he not trip and fall—pride must have a fall—and break the neck of the wrongful rider? Nay, pardon me, my horse. Why should I complain against you? Being a horse, it is natural for you to submit to be governed by man and carry him on your back. I am not a horse and yet I submit to Bolingbroke, being like a horse ridden, wounded and exhausted by the hard-riding Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper *with a dish*

Keeper. Make room, my man; you must go away now.

K. RICHARD. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away,

GROOM. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

KEEPER. My lord, will't please you to fall to[1]?

RICHARD. Taste of it first, as thou art wont[2] to do.

KEEPER. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICHARD. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!

Patience is stale[3] and I am weary of it. [*Beats the keeper.*

KEEPER. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants *armed*

K. RICHARD. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand *yields*[4] *thy death's instruments*[5].

1. Begin to eat.
2. Used to.
3. Tedious tiresome.
4. Gives me.
5. The weapon with which to kill you.

K. Rich. For the sake of the love you have for me, you must be off now, for if you do not it will go hard with you.

Groom. I dare not express the great love I feel for you at heart.

Keeper. My Lord, please begin to eat. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Taste the food first as you were alwaas used to do.

Keeper. I must not, my Lord. Sir Pierce of Exton, who has recently been sent here by the King, forbids me to do it.

K. Rich. Henry Bolingbroke and yourself go to hell! Patience is exhausted and I am tired of it all.

[*Beats the keeper.*

Keeper. Save me!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants *armed.*

K. Rich. Do you mean to kill me by this murderous assault? Wretch, your own hand will supply me the weapon

[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him*
Go thou, and fill another room[1] in hell.
[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him*
[*down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers[2] thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand.
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross[3] flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

EXTON. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I spilled; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well[4]
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living I'll bear:
Take hence the rest[5], and give them burial here,
[*Exeunt.*

1. Place.
2. Makes me fall; lays low; strikes me down.
3. Heavy.
4. In killing the king.
5. The other dead bodies, *i.e.*, killed by Richard.

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with which I am going to kill you. [*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him*] You also go to hell with him! [*He kills another and then Exton strikes him down.*] The hand that strikes me down shall burn in everlasting hell-fire. Exton, your cruel hand has shed the king's blood on the king's own land. Ascend, my immortal soul, to heaven which is your right abiding place; only the dull material body falls to the ground in death.

Exton. As full of courage as of royal blood; I have destroyed both at one blow. I wish it were not a crime! But now Satan who encouraged me to do it says that this act is recorded against me in hell. I will take the dead body of the old king to the new king. Remove the other bodies and bury them here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other* Lords *and* Attendants.

BOLINGBROKE. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester[1] in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en[2] or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
NORTHUMBERLAND. First, to thy sacred state[3] wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking[4] may appear
At large discoursed[5] in this paper here.
BOLINGBROKE. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And *to thy worth*[6], will add right worthy gains.

1. Cirencester
2. Captured.
3. Majesty
4. Capture
5. Dwelt upon at great length, described in detail.
6. According to your meritorious services.

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Gentle uncle, the latest information we have received is that the rebels have burnt down the town of Cirencestor in Gloucestershire; but we do not know yet whether they are captured or killed.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND

My greetings to you, my lord: is there any fresh news?

North. First, I wish your Majesty all prosperity. Secondly the heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent have been sent to London: in this document is described at length the way in which they were captured.

Boling. Thanks very much, Percy, for what you have done for us: and you will be rewarded adequately for your great services.

Enter FITZWATER

FITZWATER. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London.
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted[1] traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
BOL.NGBROKE. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot[2].

Enter PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

PERCY. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster.
With clog[3] of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grace;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide[4]
Thy kingly[5] doom and sentence of[6] his pride.
BOLINGBROKE. Carlisle this is your doom[7]:
Choose out some secret[8] place, some reverend room[9],
More than thou hast, and with it joy[10] thy life

1. Confederate, associated.
2. Know.
3. Burden of guilty conscience.
4. Suffer, endure.
5. Passed by the king.
6. Due to; brought on by.
7. Sentence.
8. Solitary.
9. Sacred place, religious retirement.
10. Enjoy; spend life as best you may.

Enter FITZWATER

Fitzwater. My liege, I have sent from Oxford to London the heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely, two of the dangerous associates who conspired to kill you at Oxford.

Boling. Fitzwater, we shall not forget to reward your services. I know full well that you deserve a great reward.

Enter PERCY *and the* BISHOP OR CARLI LE.

Percy. The chief plotter, Abbot of Westminster, has, under the weight of a guilty conscience and bitter despondency, sunk to the grave. But I have brought Carlisle here alive to receive the royal sentence and pay the penalty for his presumption.

Boling. I pronounce this sentence upon you: find out home solitary place, some sacred spot other than what you already possess and there spend your life. Provided you

So as thou livest in peace, *die free from strife*[1].
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour[2] in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON *with persons bearing a coffin.*

EXTON. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear[3]: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLINGBROKE. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A *deed of slander*[4] with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON. From your own mouth[5], my lord, did I this deed.

BOLINGBROKE. They love not poison that do poison need.
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

1. Die in peace; live unmolested
2. Marks of nobility and truth.
3. Object of fear now dead.
4. A deed that brings disgrace upon; a shame.
5. By your own encouragement.

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live a quiet life, you will be allowed to die in peace; for though you have always been my enemy, yet I have observed marks of nobility in you.

Enter EXTON *with persons bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Your Majesty, I bring you one who was an object of terror to you in life but who now lies dead in this coffin, Here lies absolutely lifeless your greatest enemy on earth, Richard of Bordeaux.

Boling. Exton, you have not earned my gratitude; for you have by your murderous hand done a deed that will bring disgrace upon me and my kingdom.

Exton. I was incited to do the deed by your own words, my liege.

Boling. Men who adopt some wicked means for the accomplishment of some wicked end do not like the means any the more, neither do I like you. Though I liked to see him dead yet I dislike the man who has brought about his

That guilt of conscience take thou for[1] thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With *Cain*[2] go wander through shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow[3] :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen[4] black incontinent[5] :
I'll make a voyage *to the Holy Land*[6],
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :
March sadly after ; *grace my mournings*[7] here,
In weeping after this *untimely bier*[8]. [*Exeunt.*

1. As a reward for your troubles.
2. Who murdered his brother Able (Bible).
3. That blood should have to be shed in order to make me thrive or prosper.
4. Gloomy.
5. At once, immediately.
6. Palestine.
7. Attend the funeral rites, observe the obsequies.
8. *i.e.*, the dead body of Richard who has died a premature death.

death. I like the deed but not the doer. Your only reward will be a guilty conscience, neither a word of praise nor any act of kindness from me. Like Cain, who murdered his brother Able, be a wanderer over the earth in darkness and never show yourself in the light of day. My lords, I proclaim that I am full of grief at the thought that I should need to shed blood in order to rise in power. Mourn with me for Richard whose death I lament and wear black mourning garments immediately. I will go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to atone for this crime. March after me mournfully ; join his funeral procession and follow the dead body of Richard who has died a premature death.

APPENDIX

GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. **Give a brief estimate of the history of the English Drama.**

Answer. I.—Greek Drama.

In Greek, drama signifies action. The vision of man in movement has animated all dramatic composition from the earliest times. It is not only portrayal of action but action itself. The Dionysian rites from which Greek tragedy sprang, were not only musical and religious but also theatrical. In drama there is always some clash between man and his environment and this conflict is the very essence of a drama.

Varieties. There are four main types in drama :—

(*a*) *Tragedy*—This form of drama signifies the goat-song and recalls the hymn sung by the dancing chorus at the sacrifice of a sacred animal on the altar of Dionysus. The names of three great tragedians of Greece may be mentioned in this connection.

Aeschylus (525 B. C.)—The creater of Tragedy. He added a second actor to the first and subordinated the chorus to the dramatic dialogue. Later on he added the third actor to his cast.

Sophocles (495 B. C.)—a musician and actor from his youth. He wrote nearly a hundred plays of which only seven have been preserved. He added a a fourth actor to the cast.

Eurpides (484 B. C.)—Of his his tragedies 19 have come down to us. As a dramatist he is inclined more to the natural study of man than to the creation of heroic characters.

(*b*) *Comedy*—Like Tragedy, Comedy began in the festivals of Dionysus. Comic treatment of mythology appealed to some irreverent spirits of a very early date but

Comedy was never considered seriously as a literary form until the time of Persian Wars when it found a welcome in Athens. Its form was moulded on the lines of tragedy. The old comedy was a tempting channel for personal abuse.

Cratinus, an old contemporary of *Aristophanes*, gave it marked political turn. The admitted master of old comedy was *Aristophanes* (444 B.C.) Of his 40 comedies only 11 have come down to us.

II. English Drama.

In the beginning the drama in England was a religious thing. The Medieval Church was the oldest tradition. In the Middle Ages, the clergy and their parishioners started playing some part of the story of Christ's life suitable to the festivals of Christmas, Easter and other holy days.

Thus the *Miracle Plays* represented an episode from scripture history or the life of a saint or martyr. Then the *Mystery Plays* had for their themes those portions of the New Testament which were concerned with mysterious subjects —the Incarnation, Resurrection, etc. The plays were acted in the church as part of some particular service. The presentation of the great Doctrines of the Church before the people in a concrete and picturesque form appealed strongly to their uneducated and childlike intelligence. Later on the town Guilds took up the plays and each Guild became responsible for one or more of the series and the actors were carefully selected and trained. This gave a new character to the plays.

Moralities. After the *Miracle* and *Mystery* plays the next stage in the history of the religious drama is the *Moralities* or *Moral Interludes*. They meant to enforce a religious or ethical lesson. The personages were allegorical and figurative expounding moral lessons. The allegorical personages were, Life Death, Repentance, Goodness, Greed and other virtues and vices. Such plays gave a free scope to the imagination for new plots and incidents. But they proved defective because the characters were abstractions and not human beings. Hence Vices and Virtues soon proved very dull.

Artistic Period of the Drama—The Artistic Period is the final stage in the development of the English drama. Its chief purpose is not to point a moral but to represent human life as it is. The Morality gradually lost its popularity and finally died out at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Historical characters were taken from classical mythology. The drama had by this time penetrated to the court and noblemen had their own companies of players. The first true play in England with a regular plot, divided into acts and scenes, is probably the comedy, *Ralph Royster Doyster*. The next play, *Gammer, Gurston's Needle,* is a domestic comedy, representing the life of the peasant class. The first tragedy, representing the life of the peasant class, *Garbodne,* was written by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton.

The English represented the whole sweep of life in a single play. The scene changed rapidly ; the same actors appeared now at home, now at court, now on the battlefield. The child of one act appeared as the man of the next. The dramatist had a free scope to represent all life in a single place and a single hour. The Elizabethan Age, with its freedom, its freshness, its great rush of national energy, its divided glowing life, took material ready to its hands.

Q. 2. Write a biographical note on Shakespeare.

Answer. William Shakespeare (1564—1616) was the eldest son and third child of John Shakespeare and Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a well-to-do farmer of Wilmcope, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, and baptized on 26th April, 1564. Shakespeare's father was a husbandman at Stratford and held various municipal offices. Though in financial straits, he applied in 1596 for a grant of arms, which was authorized in the same year. We have very little direct and positive knowledge concerning the facts of Shakespeare's life and are dependent on inferences of more or less probability, ranging from practical certainty to conjecture. The poet was educated at the free grammar school at Stratford. He married in 1582 Anne, probably daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery. He left Straford about

1585 to avoid, it has been suggested, prosecution for poaching at Charlecote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, and after spending some time, perhaps as a schoolmaster in a neighbouring village, arrived in London about 1586, where perhaps he became acquainted with Lord Southampton. He was probably engaged in some subordinate capacity at one of the two theatres (The Theatre or The Curtain) then existing in London, and afterwards became a member of the Lord Chamberlaine's company of players. He acted with this company at the Curtain, the Globe and at the Blackfriars Theatre He took part in the original performances of Jonson's 'Every man in His Humour', and 'Sejanus'.

His earliest work as a dramatist probably dates from 1591, and is to be found in the three parts of 'Henry VI'. 'Henry VI' was followed by 'Richard III' and 'The Comedy of Errors' in the theatrical season of 1592—3, and by 'Titus Andronicus' and 'The Taming of the Shrew' in 1593—4. Shakespeare's first tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet' is assigned to 1594—5; 'Richard II' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' to 1595—6. About 1596 Shakespeare may have visited Stratford, and relieved his family from growing financial embarrassment. He purchased 'New Place', the longest house in the town, in 1597, but does not appear to have settled permanently there till 1610, by which year he had by further purchases built up an estate at Stratford. Shakespear's most perfect essays in comedy, 'Much Ado Abbout Nothing', 'As You Like It' and 'Twelfth Night' belong to the years 1598—1600, together with 'Henry V' and Julius Caesar', 'Hamlet' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

Then came the accession of James I who (according to Ben Jonson), no less than Elizabeth, held Shakespeare in high esteem. A period of gloom in the author's life appears to have occurred about this time, manifested in the great tragedies, and succeeded, about 1608, by a new outlook in the the final romances.

On the 9th of July, 1614, a terrible calamity fell upon the little town in which Shakespeare dwelt, and a great fire destroyed no less than fifty-four houses, besides various

homes and stables. Shakespeare whose house was spared, contributed generously towards the alleviation of the general distress. The last wedding festivity in which Shakespeare had taken part was the ideally royal marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. Some days after the wedding Shakespeare was taken ill. Perhaps the poet was attacked by typhus fever. He died in 1616. A monument was erected by his family in Stratford church before the year 1623.

Q. 3. Attempt a classification of Shakespeare's Plays.

Answer. Shakespeare's Plays my be classified into three types :—

(I) Tragedies, (2) Comedies, (3) Histories.

The classification is not rigid because the same play may, with equal claim, be included in more then one group. Therefore rigid classification is not possible. The three main groups may be explained as foilows :—

(1) **Tragedies.** A Shakespearean tragedy is the tale of an exceptional calamity coming unawares upon a man who stood in high degree, apparently happy and secure, resulting in his death. The movement in this type of drama is generally stately and dignified. The two tragic emotions of pity and terror are aroused.

(2) **Comedies.** A Shakespearean comedy deals with the light, trivial occurrence of everyday life. The characters, here, are placed in numerous situations, and the movement is generally light and mirthful.

(3) **Histories** " A Shakespearean History is a collection of events borrowed from history but connected together in respect of cause and time poetically and by dramatic fiction. In such a play, the events themselves are immaterial otherwise than as clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is waking within. A historical drama takes that part of real history which is the least known and infuses a principle of life and organization into the naked facts and makes them all the framework of an animated whole ". In a historical play, the aim of the dramatist is generally to give us a historical character of an age.

According to Professor Dowden the following is the classification of Shakespeare's plays :—

Comedies

'Love's Labour's Lost'—(1590); 'Comedy of Errors'—(1591); 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'—(1592-93); 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—(1593-94); 'Merchant of Venice'—(1597); 'Taming of the Shrew'—(1597); 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—(1598); 'Much Ado About Nothing'—(1598); 'As You Like It'—(1599); 'Twelfth Night'—(1600-1); 'All's Well That Ends Well'—(1601-2); 'Measure for Measure'—(1603); 'Troilus and Cressida'— (1603; revised 1607); 'Tempest'—(1610); 'Winter's Tale,—(1610—11).

Histories

'Henry VI' (Part I)—(1590-91); 'Henry VI' (Parts II and III)—(1591-92); 'Richard II'—(1591); 'Richard III—(1593); 'King John'—(1593); 'Henry IV' (Parts I and II)—(1597—98); 'Henry V'—(1599); 'Henry VIII'—(1612—13).

Tragedies

'*Titus Andronicus*'—(1588—90); 'Romeo and Juliet'—(1596—97) 'Julius Caesar' (1601); 'Othello'—(1604); 'Lear'—(1605); 'Macbeth'—(1605); 'Antony and Cleopatra'—(1607).

Romances

'Pericles'—(1608); 'Cymbeline'—(1609); 'Tempest'—(1610); 'Winter's Tale'—(1610—11).

Q. 4. Write a note on the Genius of Shakespeare.

Answer.—" Shakespeare is at once the greatest and the most popular of writers. It was his business to please the 'groundlings' as well as the cultured noblemen in the box; and his success in doing so then is one of the causes of his success now. 'As You Like It' he frankly dubbed one of his plays; it is still as we like it. Falstaff is the wittiest character in English drama; he is also the fattest. Shakespeare had, and still has, something for everybody, and he gave of his abundance. No writer in the history of the world had a more intimate knowledge of the human heart.

He could ' probe from hell to hell of human passions ', and yet could command a laugh ' brood as ten thousand beeves at pasture '. This produced sympathy, this universality of appeal, are the secrets of Shakespeare's greatness. Men love to see him acted and to read him, because he lays bare to them their own souls, because he gives expression to their most varied moods. But, with all his sympathy and understanding, he could never have conquered the world as he did without the gift of song. To express the whole scale of human emotion he has a corresponding gamut of style. From the airy melodies of his lyrics to the mighty harmonies of his great soliloquies, Shakespeare is a master of word-music. He has not the level flight of Chaucer. He worked so rapidly, and at such high pressure, that at times he is commonplace, bombastic, obscure. But these times are seldom ; and when he wills he can with one sweep of his wing outsoar his mightiest rival. His magic is most evident in his power of giving such a turn to thoughts and observations which are not in themselves either original or profound that they come to us with all the force of a new revelation. He has caught up the sentiments that find an echo in every breast, and has clothed them with the rainbow and pearl of his divine utterance. He is the poet of our common humanity ; and through him England will continue to rule the minds of men, when her temporal empire is ' one with Nineveh and Tyre '. "

" Yet for all his genius, it cannot be denied that Shakespeare was assisted by circumstances. He was fortunate in his predecessors, who rendered his task the easier and his output the greater by providing him with plots and with plays in manuscript. It was fortunate for him, and therefore for us, that drama happened to be the chief literary form of his age ; since none was more fitted to give scope for his many-sided knowledge of human nature. It was fortunate, too, that his school of experience was the acting profession. There not only did he learn to impersonate all sorts and conditions of men, and perhaps in his earlier days of women also, and so came to ponder over the problems of character and personality, but he learnt there

as well to realize the necessity, which his craft imposed upon him, of pleasing all sections of his audience. Finally he was fortunate in living at a period of luxuriant imagination, when men seemed to find it easier than ever before or since to give vent to their thoughts in beautiful language. Both in the width of his sympathies and in the magic of his word-music Shakespeare differed in degree but not in kind from his contemporaries."

(Adapted from John Buchan)

That Shakespeare was a student of men and manners is clear enough and proved by the plays in which almost every type and shade of humanity are represented. They also prove that he was throughout life a reader of books. In few writers is so varied knowledge shown. He shared to the full the ardent spirit of an eager, inquisitive, intellectual age. In his first period he shows great interest in Italy and it is possible enough that in some unrecorded way he visited that land. Up to 1554 he must have read with fondness the Latin poets. For the next few years (till 1598) his subject of study was English History. From that he turned simultaneously to Plutarch's biographies of the old world and to records of later medievalism. and out of each he carved four great tragedies. To the end the love of romance remained, and the combination of the poetic spirit with rational thought and clear vision.

Q. 5. Discuss Shakespeare's career as a dramatist from 1592 to 1601.

Answer. Shakespeare was, in the first instance, an actor and an actor he remained most of his life. He was excellent in his quality but the excellence of the player was soon overshadowed by the fame of the playwright. This fame first becomes audible in 1592. The jack-of-all-trades whom Greene despised, took rank, almost at once after Greene's attack, among the most brilliant and refined of poets, for he published *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* in quick succession. He was moreover honoured by the friendship of one of the greatest peers of the realm, the Earl of Southampton. Further, and most important of all, he was for six or seven years the undis-

puted, almost the only, master of English drama. Chance and death and his genius worked together to bring about this supremacy. Greene died in 1592, almost immediately after denouncing him. Marlowe, the greatest of his rivals, came to a sudden end next year. Kyd's death occurred in 1594. Lodge abandoned play-writing for medicine; Lily withdrew from connection with the stage of the court; Peele plunged deeper and deeper into dissipation and wrote no more. Nostre had found his right means of expression in satirical pamphlets and novels. Until the end of the century, not least until 1598, no one vied with Shakespeare. No important writer was his rival. It is impossible to cite a single play, either a tragedy or a comedy, which appeared in those years and had a real value to make it comparable to Shakespeare's.

It is therefore not surprising that the most unmodified praise accorded to Shakespeare in his lifetime dates from 1598. In this period and the three following years, that is up to 1601, Shakespeare wrote the rest of his historical dramas, his fairy play, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, one tragedy, *Romeo aud Juliet*, and all his romantic and light-hearted comedies. His youth lasted through these years and his skill grew. From 1593 onwards he was no longer prentice to his craft. Marlowe's influence is still apparent in 'Richard III', that portrait of a monster of crime which might be called Shakespeare's *Tamburlaine*, but its dimensions have been Westernized, and it claims admiration rather for the hero's strange energy than for his cruelty and his crimes. The tragedy of *Richard II.* the arbitrary, weak, imaginative king who is the victim of his own vagaries, is a pendant to Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, but also a contrast to it. Shakespeare departs from his model and follows his own genius for character-drawing. In Shakespea e's most powerful creation in the sphere of English history,—his mingling of the comic and the tragic, his association of Falstaff with the Prince of Wales who became the hero of the battle of Agincourt—show that his genius had reached complete independence. Here he owed nothing to any one but himself.

His originality is no less striking in the passionate tragedy of *Roome and Juliet* of which the splendour, the poetry, and the pathos were not even faintly foreshadowed by any earlier work.

Every memory of Lyly's mythological imagination and witty dialogue and of Greene's sustained and tender grace grows dim and fades into oblivion before exquisite fairy-piece, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and before that marvellous series of romantic plays, compounded of feeling and laughter, mocking and grave at once, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You like it*, and *Twelfth Night*.

He did not, however, imprison himself in them. He remained alertly watchful ready to accept interesting novelties. When, about 1598, realism made its appearance on the comic stage, mingled by Ben Jonson with satire, the success of the new genre provoked Shakespeare to emulation. This, rather than mere chance, must have been the origin of *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

It was during this period that men were concerned about the niceties, dramatic decorum and probability. But Shakespeare dismissed such things with a smile, trusting to the docility of his audience and to the facile imaginative power, which kept them from quarrelling with their enjoyment.

Q. 6. Discuss Shakespeare's career as a dramatist from 1601—1608.

Answer. About the year 1601 Shakespeare's dramatic career underwent a singular revolution. Hitherto there had been about his plays an air of youth and cheerfulness. Even *Romeo and Juliet* begins in a lively, even a rapturous, moral.

Not only does 1601 mark the beginning of the series of great and cruel tragedies and no less tragic dramas of Roman History, but after this date such comedies as the poet wrote had lost all their gaiety. In *Troilus and Cressida*, laughter persists, it is bitter, cynical and sarcastic, never light-hearted.

and roll away. Once more the sky becomes quite clear, the days of gloom and suffering pass away. The poet comes out successful from the furnace of affliction and suffering—a sadder and a wiser man than before. In the last period of his life he leaves the impression on the minds of his readers that whatever his trials, sorrows and errors may have been, he has come forth from them wise, large-hearted and calm-souled.

Q. 7. Write a note on 'the Elizabethan Theatre.'

Answer. The Elizabethan stage consisted of a platform viewed from both sides and not only from the front. Along its sides as well as in front of it, stood the people. Obviously the sides of this platform were open : nor were there movable scenes even at the back of it, nor was there any front curtain. It was overshadowed by a projecting roof and this was called the main stage. The back of the stage consisted of a movable scene but was formed by the 'tiring-house' or 'dressing-room' of the actors. In it were two doors, by which entrances and exits were made. But it was not merely a tiring-house. In the play it might represent a room, a castle, the wall of a town, and the door played their parts accordingly. Again, when a person speaks from within that doubtless means that he is in the tiring-house, opens one of the doors a little and speaks through the chink. So apparently did the prompter.

On the top of the tiring-house was the 'upper stage' or 'balcony' which looked down on the platform stage. Coming to the scenes where balcony was used, we find that on it, as the city wall, appeared the Governor and citizens of Harfleur, while King Henry and his train stood before the gates below. From it Arthur made his fatal leap. It was Cleopatra's movement, into which she and her women drew up the dying Antony. Juliet talked to Romeo from it. Richard appeared there between the two bishops ; and there the spectators imagined Duncan murdered in his sleep.

There was towards the back of the main stage, a part that could be curtained off and so separated from the front

part of the stage. Let us call it the 'back stage'. Coming to the scenes where the back stage was used, we find that it was the room where Henry lay dying ; the cave of Timon, the cell of Prospero ; it was Juliet's tomb and the canopy of Desdemona's bed and the hovel where poor Tom in *Lear* is found taking refuge from the storm.

There was no change of scenery, and the imagination was compelled to play its part when one episode was followed on the same stage by another supposed to happen at a totally different place. Thus the dramatist depended largely upon the imagination and the quickness of apprehension of his auditors. Theseus points to this fact in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he insists on the necessity of imagination to supply the inadequacy of stage representation. And a great part of the humour of the play presented by Bottom and his companions lies in their determination to leave nothing to the imagination of their audience.

In Shakespeare's time " audience felt no need for such aids to illusion ; their imagination instantly supplied the want. They saw whatever the poet required them to see as a child sees whatever is suggested to its fancy. For the spectators were children alike in the freshness and in the force of their imagination. If only a placard were hung on one of the doors of the stage bearing in large letters the name of Paris or of Venice the spectators were at once transported to France or Italy. If an actor made a movement as though he was plucking a flower, the scene was at once understood to be a garden. If an actor spoke as though he were standing on a ship's deck in a heavy sea, the convention was at once accepted. " (Adapted from Brandes).

The greater part of *As You Like It* is supposed to be staged in the forest of Arden. On the modern stage, this would be beautifully and accurately represented by means of artificial trees, flowers and animals. But in Shakespeare's time, Rosalind and the banished Duke appeared in no such surroundings. The bare boards of the Elizabethan stage, which a few scenes previously had represented the Duke's palace, had to become the forest of Arden, in

the imagination of the spectators. That is why Shakespeare gives a minute description of the forest ' the green-wood tree ', ' the winter wind, ' and the 'oak tree '

Whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,

to remind the spectators continually that the scene amid which the action is taking place is supposed to be a forest.

The actors appeared in costumes which were rich, but not always very appropriate to the parts, and they wore masks and wigs. No woman ever appeared on the stage but women's parts were enacted by boys whose voices had not yet broken. Thus Shakespeare makes Hamlet, speaking to a boy who played women's parts, say :

" What my young lady and mistress ! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than I saw last, by the attitude of a chopine. Pray God that your voice like a piece of uncurrent gold,.but not cracked " (Hamlet, Sc. ii, Act II).

" What a contrast it all has been to a play in a theatre of the twentieth century ! When we think of the uncomfortable benches, the flat, bare earth of the pit, the lack of scenery, footlights, and drop curtains ; when we hear the shrill voices of boys piping the women's parts, and see mist and rain falling on spectators' heads, we are inclined to pity the play-goer of Elizabethan times. Yet he needs no pity. To him the theatre of his day was sufficient. The drama enacted there was a source of intense and genuine pleasure. His keen enthusiasm, his fresh, youthful eagerness, about all his highly imaginative power—far greater than ours to-day—gave him an ability to understand and enjoy the poetry and dramatic force of Shakespeare's works. "

(Samuel Turber).

Q. 8. In what does Shakespeare's superiority over his contemporaries consists ?

Answer. Shakespeare possessed a great variety of gifts.

There is indeed hardly a glory of Shakespeare's drama which might not be matched by a fragment or an extract of some other play of the period. He did not nor could he surpass the pathos and poetic sublimity of the last scenes of Marlowe's *Faust*. He created no atmosphere of grief and horror more agonizing than that which envelops Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. Not one of his play is more solidly constructed than Jonson's *Volpone* and *Alchemist*. None of his comedies is more skilfully staged than Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. He has created no character more singularly original than Dekker's old Friscobaldo.

What then is distinctive in Shakespeare?

First is his combination of all the gifts which were scattered or isolated in the works of others, the multifariousness of his curiosity, and the extreme diversity of his talents. From the very outset of his career this is apparent. He did not, like most of his fellow-dramatists, continue unswervingly in the path in which he took his first steps, acquiring like Lyly, Kyd, and Marlowe, a distinct manner which both marked and bounded his personality. His flexibility was marvellous. He adapted himself to the most diverse material, and seemed to use it all with equal ardour and joy. Besides the narrative poems like *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, into which he poured all his love for lyrical beauty and command of rhymes, his first essays in drama are so astonishingly various that no one theory fits them and each of them ought to be studied separately. They correspond to and overflow every dramatic classification hitherto known —national history, tragedy, comedy, romantic and fairy plays. But these categories do not suffice to show their variety. The word comedy includes works of Shakespeare as distinct as *Love's Labour's Lost*, that fantasy made up of sparkling dialogue and volleys of word-play. *The Comedy of Errors*, a farce with a much involed plot modelled on Plautus. No two of the dramas of English history have the same shape or a like movement. *Henry VI.*, little removed from the mysteries, is a chronological series of scenes from

a very long reign, hardly connected with each other and without a central figure. *Henry IV*, and *Henry V* also resume whole reigns, but they include very searching character-drawing and are persistently dominated by one personage. This trilogy is in fact massed very freely about the wild young heir to the crown, constantly in the company of the jovial drunkard Falstaff, till he is transformed into a triumphant king. As for *Richard II.*, it is essentially a tragedy; everything in it is reduced to a struggle between the bad, weak and capricious king, a sentimentalist and an egoist, and the politic Bolingbroke.

Shakespeare is never found twic at the same point. It is as though he had sworn in his youth to experiment in constructions of the most varied kinds and in the most highly contrasted moods. He shows equal aptitude for the tragic and the comic, the sentimental and the burlesque, lyrical fantasy and character-study, portraits of women and of men. To the end of his career these alternatives recur. In the two years 1601 and 1602, he produced the light-hearted comedy, *Twelfth Night*, with its mingling of farce and romance, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet* and *All's Well that Ends Well*. About 1608 came, in quick succession, *Coriolanus Timon* and *Pericles*. His greatest triumphs could not induce him to sustain an attitude, and although a persistent pessimism consecutively inspired, from 1604 to 1606, the great sorrowful tragedies, *Othello*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*, these were differentiated by such astonishing variety of kind presentment and dramatic movement, that the impossibility of fiding one formula to fit them all is quickly apparent.

This diversity exists everywhere in Shakespearean drama. It is shown both in the contrast afforded by plays produced at the same time, and in that evolution which colours the whole series of the plays with the hues of the succeeding seasons—the fresh green of spring, the darkness of summer thunderstorms, and the melancholy splendour of autumn.

(Adapted from Cazamian)

Q. 9. Discuss the Universal Appeal in Shakespeare.

Answer. Ben Jonson, the great contemporary of Shakespeare, said, "He was not of an age, but for all time." So atonishingly widespread is his glory, that it might also be said that 'he was not of a land but of all lands.' We ought to notice certain other characteristics which distinguish him from his English rivals less than they place him in opposition to the classical drama. The most important of all is the frequent complexity of his characters, which, as a rule, are not represented only within the short space of a crisis.

Shakespeare took advantage of the wide allowance of space under his dramatic system, the twenty or so scenes into which each of his plays is, on an average, divided, and showed his heroes at various moments of their lives, in changing situations and in colloquy with different persons. They are not obliged to sustain one attitude, but have time to move and alter. No simple principle accounts for them. They have life and life's indefiniteness, and therefore they are not always fully intelligible, but are mysterious. It is even possible to ask whether Shakespeare himself understood them all. Had he any analytical comprehension of Halmet? The watchmaker understands the watch he has made, but 'it is a wise father that knows his own child.' Thus it is that many Shakespearean beings whose reality cannot for an instant be questioned, do not admit of too precise investigation or are differently interpreted by different critics. But even as they evolve and their complexity increases, an act of which the secret escapes us, preserves the illusion of their identity through all their changes.

Another great characteristic of Shakespeare's genius is an undefinable alertness and mobility which keep attention on the stretch. His pradigious vitality remains unimpaired after three centuries. It seems to grow every time he is read. Something of the mystery belongs to him which Evobarbus noticed in Cleopatra's charm :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feel : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

There is no other work, however beautiful, that does not seem monotonous after Shakespeare. Free of every theory, accepting all of life, rejecting nothing, uniting the real and the poetic, appealing to the most various men, to a rude workman as to a wit, Shakespeare's drama is a great river of life and beauty. All who thirst for art or truth, the comic or the tender, ecstasy or satire, light or shade, can stop to drink from its waters, and at almost every instant of their changing moods find the one drop to slake their thirst.

(Adapted from Cazamian.)

Q. 10 " It is said that 'Invention' is an important feature of Shakespeare's plays." Discuss.

Answer. In Shakespearean drama almost every phase of the life of the age is mirrored, from the particular craze and fashion of the moment to the broad, general characteristics of the national life. The richness and variety of Shakespeare's plays are simply bewildering. ' Invention ' is certainly an important feature of Shakespeare's plays.

Shakespeare took no trouble to be original. He borrowed right and left from the older playwrights. But he transformed and vitalized with glaring splendour of his imagination the matter so obtained. Thus the passages in the English Historical Plays are metrical paraphrases of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and the matter for plays dealing with Roman History is drawn from Plutarch's *Lives*. Yet the plays of Shakespeare are clothed with 'a light that never was on sea or land ' ; with the ' glory and freshness of a dream.' He has put the very flesh and blood into the dry bones of history.

The power and copiousness of his invention always stand out unparalleled. Consider the rare scheme of *The*

Tempest. Suppose an author should say to you—"I am going to write a play about an uninhabited island where an exiled Duke and his daughter have found refuge. She has been brought up without ever seeing any man except her father. He, a great magician, causes his enemies to be shipwrecked on the island so that the young prince way meet and fall in love with his daughter and thus provide the means for a general reconciliation and forgiveness. On the island is a strange animal, half-beast, with all the baser human instincts, but with a touch of higher human inspiration. In company with some rogues from the shipwrecked company he will seek to rob and kill the magician ; but his efforts will be thwarted by a tiny fairy, a spirit of the air, who has become the servant of the magician".

Even this brief scheme shows the marvellous conception of Shakespeare. Read *The Tempest* and you will realize how marvellously Shakespeare has succeeded in carrying out the conception. The same creative power is visible is Touchstone's wooing of Audery, Dame Quickly's account of Falstaff's death, the magnificent opening scene of *Hamlet* where a new world is unfolded before us. The play within the play, the funeral of Ophelia, and the catastrophe carry on the story with a sweep and magnitude that are Shakespeare's own. But the outward clash of events, in which Hamlet struggles against Claudius and Laertes to the final ruin, is paralleled by an inner conflict in the mind of Hamlet. His soliloquies reveal the varying states of the mind of a noble nature facing a task for which his very excellences and abilities render him unfit. The character of Hamlet, thus, becomes typical of human nature in its most tragic ordeals and finds a response from every one who has ever stood helpless before evil, suffering or pain :

> The time is out of joint ! O cursed spite
> That even I was born to set it right.

And yet a man who could interweave plot within plot

as *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Twelfth Night*, who could contract years of history into five acts as in *King John* and *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Macbeth* ; and who could make the dust of history glow with a heavenly radiance with the magic touch of his imagination, be called a borrower ! Even the commonest reader will notice how often out of mere mud, mortar and bricks, he has raised a magnificent structure, 'a miracle of rare device'. He may go further and notice how such qualities as characterization, humour and wit, poetry and tragic intensity, deft manipulation of plot and underplot and varied relief are Shakespeare's own gifts, never the inspiration of another. This is in truth, a vital point, and on it Dr. Furness has some valuable remarks, written indeed with reference to *King Lear*, but applicable to all Shakespeare's plays of which some 'original' has been unearthed.

"What false impressions are conveyed in the phrases which we have to use to express the process whereby Shakespeare converted the stocks and stones of the old dramas and chronicles into living, breathing men and women ! We say 'he drew his original' from this source. Granting that he drew from Holinshed, or whence you please, where did he find Lear's madness, or the struggle of the elements or the inspired babblings of the Fool ? Of whatsoever makes his tragedies sublime and heaven high above all the other human compositions—of that we find never a trace.........

Q. II. Discuss Shakespeare's power of characterization.

Answer. Shakespeare possessed a marvellous power of drawing characters. He could endow historical and imaginary beings with life, not intermittently with flashes like most of his contemporaries, but constantly, so that, though waved hither and thither in the whirlpool of the world, they do not lose their identity. Each character bears the stamp of Shakespeare's creative genius, a characteristic mark of his individuality.

But this extraordinary power Shakespeare exercised so easily, naturally and spontaneously that it never gives us an

impression of effort. Bottom could only be forged out by the glaring fire of Shakespeare's own imagination. Hamlet could only be conceived by Shakespeare. Macbeth who is a traitor to his king, murderer of his sleeping guest, breaker of the most sacred trust, ingrate, self-seeker, false kinsman, perjured soldier, could only exist in Shakespeare's imagination. Falstaff has been made immortal by the magic touch of Shakespeare's imagination. Touchstone with his 'natural wit' is Shakespeare's own creation. He portrayed all kinds of people. We find in him pictures of a king, a clown, a demi-devil ; a saint, a seer, a lover, misanthrope, a wise man and a fool. It may seem marvellous that the same Shakespeare, who could invent Cordelia, could also draw Goneril and Regan, 'two-headed monster' ; and who could paint a villain like Iago could also portray the most innocent creature like Desdemona. Surveying this multitude of character one can only cry out, as Hamlet does, "what a piece of work is a man!"

Another feature of Shakespeare's characterization is his attitude of impartiality. He seems to be absolutely indifferent to good and evil. He possesses the mind of a creator looking at all things, good and bad, in the same manner, provided they are apt and life-like. He does not waste his talents in creating fantastic characters. The villain, Iago, in *Othello,* is a man of intelligence, courage and resourcefulness. Claudius in *Hamlet* is a wise, confident man. Rosalind, Touchstone, Jacques, the banished Duke are all real and life-like. His characters are full of life, they are living men and women, they engage all our sympathies, and we share in their joys and sorrows. It is only in his earlier plays that he makes wooden puppets play the part of his characters. Therefore, Shakespeare's gift which places him far above his contemporaries is that he could impart to his puppets life and animation so that they live, breathe and move, like actual human beings. "It is in what I call portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakespeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakespeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this

or that face of it, but its inmost-heart and generic secret, it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it." (Carlyle).

"His charactes are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal ; they show you the hours like others, and the inward mechanism is also visible." (Goethe).

Besides his variety, the poets capital gift was certainly that he could endow historical and imaginary beings with life, not intermittently and by flashes, like most of his contemporaries, but constantly, so that however they are modified during a play, they do not lose their identity. This power was abnormally developed in him, but he wielded it easily, naturally, spontaneously, without ever giving expression of effort. From the beginning there is life everywhere, but as he advanced towards maturing his characters came to be more boldly outlined and more complex. This is first manifest in Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and by Richard II and Richard III in the plays called after their names, and in the contrast in Richard II between the too imaginative King and the astute Bolingbroke

From 1593 onwards, very few characters of any importance in any one of the plays failed to receive from their creator the vital spark and distinctive mark of their individuality ; each one of them deserves to be named. They differ in their sex, age, state of life, virtues, and vices, but all of them are alike in being alive. Their parts may be short, they may have to speak only some twenty lines of verse, but these are enough to let the poet make them unforgettable. Multiply them by thirty-six, the number of plays, and you have a throng than which none more alive ever issued from a human imagination. A whole world persuades audiences, or even mere readers, of its presence, with a force of realism to which very few of the real beings among whom playgoers spend their lives attain. It is principally in this respect that Shakespeare surpasses his rivals and is Shakespeare. His contemporaries have written scattered scenes, as animated, as tragic, comic, or poetic as his but when the total number of the persons to whom

they have ensured immortality is counted, it is questionable whether all of these, collected from all their plays, would counterbalance those in a single great Shakespearean play.

Q. 12. Is Shakespeare an artist ? Discuss with illustrations.

Answer. The question whether Shakespeare in an artist is the one concerning him which was most discussed by his contemporaries and has most divided posterity. From the beginning, his natural genius, fancy, and spontaneity have been almost universally recognized. But that firm reason, a concerted plan, and an organized will directed his poetic-force, this was for long not perceived and is still disputed by many. Ben Jonson says bluntly, and comments in the statement, "Shakespeare wanted art," in a well-known passage. " He had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle impressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was he should be stopped."

Shakespeare is so abundant a writer, at times indeed to the point of excess, that Jonson inclined to deduce that he lacked self-control, that his genius ran away with him. His fellow-actors, publishing his manuscripts in 1623, gave credence (belief) to this opinion when, thinking to honour him, they stated that 'what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.' Milton echoed them even in his loving praise of Shakespeare, calling him ' sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,' who warbled forth his 'native woodnotes wild.'

Literary judgments often rest on an antithesis (contrast) We can understand how in men's minds the learned and laborious Jonson soon came to be contrasted with the spontaneous Shakespeare. Art, by a confusion between learning and care for art, was conceded to the one, genius to the other. There was no protest against this view except that which, curiously, was advanced by Jonson himself, who had done so much to propagate it. He, in the fine verses which headed the 1623 folio, wrote,

Yet must I not give Nature all : thy art,

My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poets' matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn !
For a good poet's made, as well as born :
And such wert thou.

This irrefutable evidence of the great humanist, who had known him personally, is confirmed not only by Shakespeare's non-dramatic work, whith all its marks of loving chiselling, but also by numerous signs of corrections, some of them considerable, in the several editions of his plays.

While Shakespeare's work contains no dramatic theory, it very clearly indicates his opinions on the art of acting. The celebrated scene in which Hamlet criticizes the actors and tries to inspire them to natural interpretation, equally removed from emphasis and flatness, says much for the control which Shakespeare would have had reason to exercise over caprice and fancy. It is in this passage that an illuminating dictum occurs which hardly leaves a doubt that the poet could be completely master of himself even when borne on the wings of the most impetuous flights of his genius : 'in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

To admit that Shakespeare gives this regulating power to wisdom is the best way of explaining the harmony which he has been able to bring into almost every one of his plays. Different though their elements be, each has its own atmosphere and this could not regularly happen as the effect of a fortunate accident. The very freedom habitual to popular plays, the custom of mixing two or three plots

in one play, the alternation of the tragic and the comic, the concurrent use of rhymed and blank verse and prose: all contributed to enhance the difficulty of fusing harmoniosuly pictures and scenes so disparate in their moods. The resultant success is the more meritorious because, like something done for a wager, it was all but unattainable. No one recipe was ever twice applicable, but each work demanded its special solution. A detailed study would be necessary to show the concealed and sure art which interweaves the threads of the double plot of *The Merchant of Venice*, finally confronting Shylock with Portia, or which in *Midsummer Night's Dream* brings together, from the opposite extremes of society, the groteque craftsmen and the lords and ladies of Athens and, from their even greater remoteness, Titania, the little fairy, and Bottom the boor, whose meeting has a symbolism essential to the play. Similarly in *King Lear* the theme of filial ingratitude is repeated, as by an echo, when Lear's suffering recurs in Gloster, the betrayal of Goneril and Regan in Edmund.

(Cazamian.)

Q. 13. Discuss the personal element in Shakespeare's plays.

Answer. A critic has said that all Shakespeare's tragedies are the outcome of some profound personal experience. though it may not necessarily be the actual experience related in the play. The cry of Hamlet,

> The time is out of joint! O curse spite
> That ever I was born to set it right,

And Lear's agonising cry:

> Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend
> More hideous when thou showest thee in a child
> Than the sea monster!

can only come from the heart of a poet who had experienced ingratitude at the hands of his friends, who had fallen on the thorns of life and was bleeding, and to whom

the world was 'a sorry scheme of things'. The poet's marvellous insight has impressed the crude fact with a poignancy and passion that the man himself need not have necessarily experienced. But the underlying inspiration has been founded upon the actual experience of life. Shakespeare himself has experienced intellectual paralysis; he has been torn by the cruel devastation of jealousy, has tasted the bitterness of ingratitude among those he has reckoned his friends; has been oppressed by those obstinate questions of the Why and Whither that meet us in *Hamlet*. Therefore, the spirit that animates all the great utterances is surely something that is born of actual experience. The rich and varied experiences of life he had was enough to kindle into a blaze the marvellous gift of his imagination.

Shakespeare as a man, though not immune from the weaknesses of his time and the infirmities of a full and sensuous nature, soon realised to use Shelley's words, that :

"Man who man would be must rule the empire of himself. Had he not fashioned his life so well, this record he has left behind would have been impossible. Moreover, his compelling greatness lies in that he sounded sorrow and despair yet preserved to the end a brave front, a courageous confidence."

A progress in Shakespeare's conception of life and personal mood is traceable through his plays. We can have an insight into the working of Shakespeare's own mind if we go to those plays or characters where he indulges in self-delineation or self-criticism. Take the early group of his plays : *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*. In them we see Shakespeare as a literary critic who ridicules the false tastes and affectations of his contemporaries. *Love's Labour's* Lost is a play that reflects Shakespeare's dreamy ideality, his natural Spenserianism and his delight in sylvan phantasy and romance.

Then turning to the subjects chosen from English History, we find that Shakespeare's delight in ideal landscapes and dreamy realms of fairyland is as yet undiminished.

"It is in the next two plays, *Hamlet* and *As You Like It* that Shakespeare's mood is marked. Hamlet, who is mainly absorbed in his soliloquies, and is lost in wonder and speculative musing, and finds the world out of joint, reflects Shakespeare's own mood. Shakespeare now views the world as a complex, inexplicable wonder, full of problems for meditation, with more of sorrow dashed through it than it appeared to contain in his youth. Jacques (in *As You Like It*), too, with his incessant moralizings, his power of finding sadness in everything, reflects Shakespeare whose faith has been upset. But when we enter upon *Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Julius Caeser, Antony and Cleopatra*, we notice a wonderful change. To him the world no longer appears to be full of speculative musings and wonder but full of tremendous moral realities. The meditativeness and the intellectual scepticism of the *Hamlet* period are gone now: Shakespeare is brought face to face with a grim sense of reality, bitter strife, selfishness and jealousy, hatred, pain and anguish ravaging the human heart. In *Coriolanus* and *Timon of Athens*, the mood deepens, we find nothing but sadness and gloom and bitterness and misanthropy. The cry of Timon is Shakespeare's own cry:

'I am sick of the false world, and will love naught.'

But soon the clouds of darkness that had overwhelmed the mental horizon of Shakespeare, disappear. The sun of his faith shines again. It is in this mood that we find Shakespeare in *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*, though something of the sternness does appear in the beginning, it gradually softens and disappears before the end. But it is in *The Tempest*, Shakespeare's last play, that the mood of contemplative calmness and kindness born of his life-long experience shines forth. To me Prospero is no one but Shakespeare himself, who like Prospero had been practising magic all the while; and Prospero's farewell to the magic is Shakespeare's farewell to the stage and to the active world".

Q. 14. Write a note on Shakespeare's style.

Answer. Shakespeare experiments every form of style,

He plays upon words like a musician. With the magic touch of his marvellously rich imagination, he makes words carry a wealth of images, a treasury of suggestion, the beauty of molody, and the very radiance of life. Even his choice of names is characteristically Shakespearean, as Prospero, Miranda, Caliban and Ariel for the persons of *The Tempest.* Rosaland, Orlando, Celia, Touchstone and Jacques as we find them in *As You Like It. The Tempest* contains many passages in which beauty of words makes memorable the ideas, as in the speech of Prospero, in which we may imagine that Shakespeare, too, was saying farewell to his magic art :—

> Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fobric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself:
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this substantial pageant faded,
> Leave no track behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

It might truly be said of Shakespeare that he transmuted everything into music.

He is the supreme poet in an age of great poetry ; because his poetry is wider in range and deeper in feeling than that of his contemporaries. " He touches every mood of graceful sentiment, as in the romantic comedies ; of delicate fanetasy, as in the fair plays ; of philosophic meditation, as in the tragedies of mid-period ; and of poignant passion, as in the later tragedies. In the verse that bodies forth such primal things as love, hate, hope, despair, courage, endurance, Shakespeare towers above his fellows! When we think of Lear 'in his desolation', of Othello 'in his last anguish', of Macbeth 'in his soul agony', of Richard 'digging his grave

with his tears '; Viola 'sitting on a monument like patience and smiling at grief', and 'the despair of Cleopatra', we think of English literature at its grandest. Shakespeare's style is characteristically individual. Many of Shakespeare's expressions and passages have passed into common speech. It possesses sweetness, adaptability and strength to a very high degree.

His style in general is not extremely elevated or too poetical. It is strong, precise and individual:

It thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while;
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. (Hamlet.)

Such a style at times moves easily into the highest flights of poetry, or, if need be, it can express adequately the depths of terror and despair. While it can express the serene and ecstatic reverie of a sage, it can also, with truth, give expression to the bitterest outpourings of a cynic:

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse.

When we may think of all these, we cannot help feeling how Shakespeare is true to his own definition:—

And as the imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare was afflicted by all the diseases of style proper to his age, one after another, as well as by its happy bravery, and be blended them is a style entirely his own, which transforms its constituent elements and harmonizes disparities as numerous as though they had been assembled in each play in fulfilment of a wager.

Most often the fusion of dramatic and lyric elements is perfect, absolute and beyond analysis. A whole scene is lifted to a higher mood while the proportions of its constituent elements are unmodified, and thus the pleasure of truth, which is retained, and the added pleasure of beauty are blended in strict unity.

Beauty comes of the perfection of the style and the versification, the rarity of the images, and the accompanying music. No purely lyrical poetry in English weds words or metaphors more triumphantly or contains more varied, richer, or more delicate sonorities than those which Shakespeare spontaneously and inexhaustibly produces in the blank verse of his plays.

(Cazamian).

Q. 15. What is the philosophy of life that Shakespeare teaches in his plays ?

Answer. A careful study of Shakespeare's plays reveals that there is no philosophy in them. Shakespeare was an artist and concerned primarily not with postulating theories of life, but with the stuff of life itself. You have a dozen different points of view, but no definite conclusion.

> Others abide our question. Thou art free !
> Work and ask—Thou smilest and act still

He deals with the inexhaustible drama of a human life which is rather inexplicable in its character. Yet attempts have been made by some of his admirers to squeeze a philosophy of life out of the utterances of his characters. Let us examine them.

He does indeed admit with Hamlet that human reason is limited and is surrounded by a great mystery.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Yet Hamlet himself says, ' To die ; to sleep ; no more,' for all that he fears is

> The dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.

Other characters, like Macbeth, utter a more despairing cry:

Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour on the stage
And then is heard no more: It is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

It may mean no more than it appears to the cynical Jacques:

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

Touchstone, the fool, has also something to present to us:

It is ten o' clock:
Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.

Nor can we miss the serene melancholy of Prospero to whom:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Then comes Kent with his fatalism:

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our condition.

Gloucester's cry also attracts one's attention:

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods
They kill us for their sport.

Such are the various theories that have been propounded. Each has its value as a human document, each perhaps falls in with some mood of its creature, but none is to be taken as other than the expression of one content to live life to the full, in place of weaving theories about life.

In truth, no Shakespearean system exists; this philosophy vanishes if we seek to grasp it. Its numerous contradictions soon become apparent, and its incoherence, which is no less than that of reality. They escape disappointment who hold that had the poet had a message to deliver, he would have placed it in his non-dramatic work, more specially in his sonnets and that he did nothing of the sort. There is nothing in Shakespeare's philosophy which is dis-distinctive or carries conviction. The miracle is not in the abstract thought his works contain, but in that extraordinary pliability which let him put the most divergent, most striking and most ingenious passions or interests. Each of them, from the kings to the clowns, had indeed a philosophy, which he makes singularly clear. Each judges life in his own way, from his own angle, whence he may utter a remark strikingly fine, and profound also in many instances. But all this is emanation of a vigorous dramatic genius. These scattered reflections, evoked by circumstances and deliberately self-contradictory, derive strength from their appropriateness and are penetrating by the feeling of which they are born, as they are beautiful by the poetry of the words which clothe them. But it is vain to hope, by gathering them together, to arrive at a higher wisdom which was the poet's. They are not maxims accumulating to produce a total result. Hence philosophies constructed from the ideas scattered, the plays have been frail and mutually contradictory. Each temperament and every circumstance has in the plays its appropriate philosophy. No higher doctrine embraces and resumes them all.

Nevertheless, the deduction is allowable that the playwright's thought rarely went beyond earthly life, and that if

he sometimes glanced further, he soon brought back his gaze to this world, which seemed to him man's all. Shakespeare did no more than find rare and unforgettable forms in which to enclose the secular thinking of the man of his time.

(Adapted from Cazamian).

Q. 16. What is the importance of the chronology of Shakespeare's plays ?

Answer. If we know nothing about the dates of Shakespeare's plays, we might well wonder how the same man could be the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* and *King Lear*. Viewed in the chronological order, we perceive that the former is the work of Shakespeare's clever, prentice hand while the latter is the outcome of his manhood with its sorrow and experience.

The evidence which helps us to ascertain the chronology of Shakespeare's plays is of *three* kinds :—

(*a*) Wholly external.

(*b*) Partly external and partly internal.

(*c*) Wholly internal.

Evidence wholly external. (1) The date of the publication of certain plays is provided by the entries in the registers of Stationer's company.

(2) Also by the mention of Shakespeare's writings in contemporary books or documents of ascertained date, something of the play may be known.

(3) We sometimes also come to know something of the date of a certain play when we find a certain passage imitated by a contemporary poet in his work, the date of which is known.

In Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) occur the lines :—

The many-headed multitude were drawn,
By Brutus' speech, that Caesar was ambitious ;
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown

His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious ?

These lines must have been suggested to Weever only by Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* because no such scene exists in Plutarch.

(4) Some information with respect to dates can be gleaned from the facts that certain companies represented a play, or that it was produced at a certain theatrd.

Evidence partly external and partly internal. If we find in a play of Shakespeare a quotation from, or allusion to, or matter derived from a book whose date is known, then we naturally infer that the date of Shakespeare's play was later than that of the book of which use was made by him. In *In As You Like It* we have the couplet :

Dead Shepherd ! Now I find thy son of might—
"Who ever loved that lov'd not at first sight" ?

The second line is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* published in 1598.

Evidence wholly internal. (1) *Style and diction*— In the earliest plays, Shakespeare cares more for the rich and elaborate expression than for thought. In the middle plays there seems a perfect balance and equality between the thought and its expression. *Julius Caesar* serves an an example. In the latest plays thought predominates over the expression. Shakespeare's excessive use of conceits, puns, frequent classical allusions, occasional overwrought rhetoric, especially in the historical plays, gradually disappears and subsides.

(2) In some of the earlier plays, there is a tendency to *formal symmetry, an artificial setting of character against character, and group agvinst group, e.g.,* Proteus and Launce against Valentine and Speed ; the King of Navarre and his three fellow-students against the Princess of France and her three ladies. Afterwards he becomes the master of his craft.

(3) *Characterization changes*—There is depth or subtlety in characterization in the latest plays ; characters are lightly sketched in the early plays. Instead of a Valentine or a Demetrius, we have a Hamlet or an Othello ; instead

of a Rosalind with her bold repartee, we have an Imogen or a Desdemona.

(4) In the later plays the poet's knowledge of life becomes wider and more varied. His feelings with respect to life become more grave and earnest. His imagination becomes lofty, chastened and well-sustained; the homour takes 'a sober colouring', the pathos deepens.

(5) Finally, in moral reach, in true justice, in charity, in self-control, in all that indicates fortitude of will. the writings of the mature Shakespeare excel, in an extraordinary degree, those of his younger self.

Q. 17. What do you know about the Unities ? What was Shakespeare's attitude towards the Unities.

Answer. The Greek drama was based in what are known as the *three classical Unities*. Those rules of drama as laid down by Aristotle are :—

(1) *The Unity of Time*. The time taken in the representation of the play must coincide with that of the action of the play. This requires that the duration of the actions or story of the drama should not exceed 24 hours.

(2) *The Unity of Place*. No scene of the play must be so located that the *dramatis personae* are unable to visit it in the time allotted for performance of the play.

(3) *The Unity of Action*.—All the characters and scenes must contribute to the action. Hence no unnecessary character or scene be introduced.

The rules of the classical drama which Shakespeare and his contemporaries found so embarrassing are embodied in what are called the *Three Unities*. These Unities imposed the following limitations upon the playwright :—

(*a*) In order to achieve unity of tone, it was necessary to keep tragedy and comedy entirely separate. Also, all sub-plots or subsiding episodes which might check the movement of the story were to be excluded.

(*b*) The action of the play should be of such a nature that the time it would occupy in actual life

should correspond as nearly as possible with the time taken to represent it on the stage, *i.e.*, the action should not be broken by intervals of time.

(c) All the action should be confined to one place.

Shakespeare violated the first rule of the classical drama by mixing the tragic with the comic in a play. He refused to separate them in the drama because in real life he found laughter and tears such close neighbours.

Laughter and tears both make the music of life. He disregarded altogether in most of his plays, the classical law of Time and Place. He representswithin two or three hours events which extended over months. He transfers his characters from place to place sometimes shipping them overseas. He makes use of sub-plots which affored us a great delight in the lovely Lorenzo and Jessica scehes in *The Merchant of Venice* and Touchstone's wooing of Andery. The French blame Shakespeare that his plays have no structure at all because he breaks the rules of the drama. Fling in their faces the skilful interweaving of plots in such plays as *Twelfth Night* and *King Lear* and the development of action in *Julius Caesar*, and they will at once realize Shakespeare,s masterly skill in craftsmanship. Defects there are in his work, occasional flashes of bombastic diction and shallow philosophy. But what are these defects before the stupendous achievement of Shakespeare? For each ounce of dross there are pounds of the purest gold. He has tried to 'load every rift with gold'. It is over three hundred years since he died, and still year by year he grows fresher and fresher in his glory, and his plays grow more and more charming. Something of the mystery belongs to him which Enobarbus noticed in Cleopatra's charm :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Shakespeare's drama is a great river of life and beauty. All who thirst for art or truth : the coarse or the tender,

ecstasy or satire, light or shade, can stoop to drink from its water and at almost every instant of their changing moods find one drop to slake their thirst !

Q. 18. Write an essay on the 'Greatness of Shakespeare'.

Answer. If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendentally excellent you would mention, perhaps, among others, this, that his stories are not put together and his characters are not conceived to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another. After all the instructions we have derived from them there remains still something, an unresolved something which the artist gives and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that Shakespeare's truth lies. He represents real life. He dramas teach as life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fallacies as nature does on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is. Both the good and evil, the innocent and guilty are overwhelmed by the inevitable catastrophe. He sometimes heaps unmerited sufferings on the head of an innocent creature, and does not properly punish the wicked. In this Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it. He never attempts at a solution of the riddle of life because he knows full well that the sage is as ignorant as the child.

Only the highest order of genius can represent nature thus. An inferior artist will force on nature a didactic purpose ; he composes what are called moral tales.

Cibber and others wanted to alter Shakespeare. The French king in *Lear* was to be got rid of ; Cordelia was to marry Eldger, and Lear himself was to be rewarded for his sufferings by a golden old age. They could not bear that Hamlet should suffer for the sins of Claudius. The wicked king was to die and the wicked mother, and Hamlet and

Ophelia were to make a match of it, and live happily ever after. A common novelist would have arranged it thus; and you could have had your comfortable moral that wickedness was fitly punished and virtue had its due reward. But Shakespeare would not have it so. Shakespeare knows full well that the riddle of life is not so easy to be solved or Providence so paternal. He cares only to take the truth from life. Shakespeare gives us the thing itself, on which we may build whatever theories we please.

The greatest poet is he who has felt the most of all the things that move the hearts of men and felt them most deeply; and can touch the most hearts to sympathy. And that is why Shakespeare whose heart was made out of the hearts of all humanity and whose tongue had learned all human speach, sits and smiles alone; and that is why we call him god-like.

Ben Jonson calls him 'Sweet swan of Avon', also 'The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!' and says that 'He was not for one age but for all times.'

Milton calls him 'Dear Son of Memory, great heir of Fame, sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child'.

Collins calls him 'the perfect boast of time'.

Coleridge opines, 'our myriad-minded Shakespeare'.

Carlyle calls him, 'the greatest of intellects'.

Landor says, 'No our poet, but the world's'.

Dryden says of him—

'Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.'

—Prologue to the *Tempest.*

and that he 'was a man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul'.

Dr. Johnson says—

'Each change of many coloured life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign;

And panting time toiled after him in vain.'

Pope speaks of him—

"Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style 'The divine', 'The matchless', what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roaring flight,
And grew immortal in his own deposite."

—Imitations of Horace.

And Matthew Arnold:

'Others abide on questions. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge'—*Shakespear.*

In a sonnet, William Basse, after commenting on the fact of Shakespeare's not being buried in Westminster Abbey, exclaims:

Under the carved marble of thine tomb,
Sleep, brave tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone.

Q. 19. Discuss Shakespeare's empiricism.

Answer. The factor which has done most to mark Shakespeare's art is consistency with cheerful not least resigned acceptance of the conditions which the contemporary stage imposed on a dramatist, and which were a result of the demands and habits of the public, the poor staging and methods of Shakespeare's brother actors.

His art is essentially empirical, it takes realities into account and is not based on the abstract. He himself, speaking with the voice of King Henry V., reveals its principle:

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

In no way blind to the faults of the stage of his day, Shakespeare was as aware as any one else of the poverty of its scenery and the brutal taste of the 'groundlings', 'capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise; he was annoyed by the misuse of clowns, who interrupted and

held up the most pathetic scenes with ill-timed fooling; he was pained by the emphatic declarations of tragic actors whom he implores not to 'plow the air too much with your hand'; or tear a passion to tatters, to very rags'. Yet he did not, as a consequence, effect any riddance; he forbade nothing. He attempted no such reform to the noble simplicity of the theatre of antiquity as would soon have emptied the Globe playhouse, but endeavoured to do the best he could with the actual conditions; he could not escape, galling though some of them were. Although he laked scenery, he did not think it necessary that the whole action of his play should pass in a neutralized scene, some abstract place. He counted on the facile imagination of his audience to conjure up what he could not reproduce, and helped them with the swift, vivid descriptions which he introduced into his verses. The scenery which the naked stage could not provide is supplied in the text of his plays. His characters and places are so closely associated that they cannot be separated. The name of Juliet at once calls up the Capulets' ball-room or the moonlit balcony, or the tomb in which she lay before she died. The trees of the Forest of Arden droop and rustle about Rosalind. The storm blows upon the dishevelled Lear on the deserted heath. Hamlet waits feverishly for the ghost on the platform at Elsinare or cracks grim jokes in the churchyard. Nowhere is there more of the picturesque or of the poetry of nature than in these plays, performed with a few properties to symbolize rather than to indicate the places in which their action passed.

Similarly, instead of eliminating or disdainfully neglecting the clown, Shakespeare undertook his education, gave him guidance, and converted a necessary evil into good. Marlowe, an idealist, proclaimed his contempt for clowning and resoled to have done with it. Shakespeare, complain as he may of the outrageousness of the clown, takes another course. After all, he appreciated the inherent drollery of this figure, his jokes, special terms of speech, his quips, and his play on words. He therefore adopts him, lets him into comedies and even into tragedies so long as he speaks 'no more than is set down' for him. He writes

his part to fit his habitual speech, puns and all, but includes in it some better compounded and more pointed jokes. Shakespeare makes of the clown, whether he remains a boor or becomes a court fool or nobleman's jester, a sort of popular philosopher who is independent and sagacious beneath his apparent stupidity, and who passes through most of the plays without belonging to them.

Sometimes, however, he makes a real character of the clown, humanizes him and gives him a sort of heart. He lends him affection, such as Launce feels for his mangy dog, a Touchstone for Celia, a Lear's fool for his master. Or he admits him into a craft. Bottom is a weaver and with his self-sufficiency and artlessness, his character, shown for instance in his conviction that the amusement which his stupidity affords proceeds from his wit.

At the very end of his career Shakespeare brings the clown back to the state which was his originally before he becomes a professional jester. He identifies him with the country gaby whose name had clung to him, but whom he had forgotten. In *The Winter's Tale* he is an old shepherd's son, a real thick-headed ingenuous country lad. Thus the clown who had deserted the fields for the stage is brought to the fold.

To sum up: Shakespeare's use of the clown is often so often and unexpected that this character could hardly be spared from Shakespearean drama. If the clown were gone, something would be missing from the whole. The purity and nobility of the plays would doubtless be enhanced, but their meaning would be restricted and their philsoophy would suffer. The poet did well to think, like Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet*:

> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
> But to the earth some special good doth give.

It was this tolerance, proper to him, which enabled Shakespeare to retain the clown longer than most of his rivals, and the poet is among those which make his plays seem more archaic than theirs.

Shakespeare's conversation is more clearly shown in matters of greater importance. He seems to have been one of the least inventive among his contemporaries. He preferred subjects of which others had made trial. Very often he did no more than work upon existing plays. Some of his masterpieces have already been tried on the stage, for instance, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Lear*.

The plays of which he seems to have invented the subjects are very few, nor can it be absolutely asserted that their source will not one day be discovered. They are *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*.

The Tempest, written at the other end of Shakespeare's career is also full of symbolism. Prospero is a magician who by his art has subjected the man-beast personified in Caliban and the invisible elements personified in Ariel.

Content as a rule, 'to hold, as't were, the mirror up to nature', and to show 'the very age and body of the time his form and pressure, Shakespeare givəs fewer direct lessons than the dramatist who, like Ben Jonson, pose as censors of morals. Systematic thinking has marked his work less clearly than that of the revolutionary Marlowe. He has not Massinger's tendency to oratorical discussion of thesis.

(Adapted from Cazamian)

Q. 20. Discuss the epical basis of Shakespeare's Drama.

Answer. A profound difference between Shakespeare's work and that of his contemporaries consists in the greater truth, the more serious and substantial character, which fundamentally belongs to his plays in the mass. Their matter and theirs alone, is epical as much as romantic. He alone gave so much space to the epical, and wrought it consciously, continuously, and on a great scale. His six dramas of his English History and three Roman tragedies together with *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*—based on earlier and more or less legendary chronicles accepted as genuine history by him and his public—form such a whole as is found nowhere else and is the solid bulwark of Shakes-

pearean drama. They prove the poet to have been long in contact with what were, or what he believed to be, the realities of the past. His effort to evoke and revive the past left him with a taste for truth apparent in the treatment of subjects which are hardly historical but are borrowed from the *novellieri*, for instance, the themes of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*. It would be possible to find yet other reminiscences of the epic mood which give substance to fiction even in his fantastic or fairy worlds, right in the heart of his romantic plays. Other playwrights often made history unreal, but Shakespeare could warrant the truth even of romance.

It is the plays devoted to national history which most plainly connect his work with the old religious drama, of which the original object was not mere pleasure but instruction and edification.

Nothing is more honourable to Elizabethan audiences than that they sought their amusement in the mere spectacle of great national events; nothing better attests the poet's greatness than his self-effacement in his work and his neglect of all the pettiness of the dramatic codes and the recipes for producing emotion. There is no apparent art. The simplicity and the greatness of conception found in the mysteries are repeated.

He imparts knowledge of history as the old poets taught religion. Foreign war with its triumphs and disasters, years of prosperity and of misery, glory and shame, princes heroic and abject, all succeed each other in the plays, painted almost impartially for a public enabled at once to marvel and to learn.

Shakespeare keeps this breadth when he leaves London for Rome and abandons Holinshed for Plutarch. Although no longer sustained by patriotism, he is upheld by the prestige which belongs to the great names of antiquity, and enhaloes the heads of Coriolanus, Brutus, Julius Caesar Antony, Cleopatra. His first care still is to breathe new life into famous men and great events. He is less scrupulously respectful of truth than incapable of conceiving drama as made by the violation of truth. He is, however, entirely

unconcerned to reproduce manners and costumes. Knowing nothing of the historical realism which goes by the name of local colour, he succeeds in representing the past differed from the man of the present. Shakespeare works the characteristics they share so vigorously that he eliminates twenty centuries. With him historical drama reaches its apotheosis in such scenes as that in which the Roman populace, after acclaiming Brutus, Caesar's murderer, is almost immediately turned against him by the moving, insidious eloquence of Antony, so that men weep at the sight of Caesar's body and cry out for the death of the conspirators.

Only Jonson followed Shakespeare along that path but he, having more exact knowledge, was too much preoccupied with the painting of curious customs and with his own learned details to retain Shakespeare's broad epic manner. He was too ready to sacrifice the intuitive insight into human character and the play of human feelings to a literal reproduction of the narratives of Latin historians.

Q. 21. Discuss Shakespeare as a tragic writer.

Answer. What he is capable of as a poet, as a dramatist, Shakespeare reveals nowhere in so overpowering a manner as in his great tregedies; and as to what constitutes tragic action no poet of ancient times can instruct as better, no modern poet as well.

The conflict which constitutes the essence of every real drama, is in tragedy of such a nature that the hero succumbs, and our sympathies are enlisted in his sufferings and his ruin. We are profoundly moved by compassion and at the same time by fear, produced by beholding in the unfortunate hero an image of ourselves, by seeing in his fate the common fate of man and our own, by being reminded of the limits which confine humanity. Tragic fear will always be naturally awakened when tragic compassion is aroused. Everything depends upon exciting tragic compassion. How is this aroused? The greatness of the suffering which we witness is not in itself sufficient. A great misfortune, terrible suffering, may inspire horror,

revulsion, disgust; if it concerns a person whom we love, it will, under any circumstances, cause us pain. But in order to excite our compassion, it is essential that we should perceive a connection between the hero's sorrows and his actions as related to his character and his position that we may imagine ourselves in his place.

The deed or deeds of the hero of tragedy which are the cause of his sufferings constitute his error, or as they are pleased to term it in more modern times, his tragic fault. The act of the poet is put to the test in his conception of the motive of the tragic error, of the irreparable deed; it is in just such cases that Shakespeare reveals his incomparable tragic power. Far from painting his offending hero in the blackest possible colours, from representing him as repellent to the highest degree, he endeavours, on the contrary, to bring his humanity near to us, to make his deed comprehensible, endeavours to change his crime as far as it be possible, into innocence.

If Shakespeare is the greatest of tragic writers, it is pre-eminently because of his spiritual depth and his thorough reality. He needed no traditional aesthetic theory in order to penetrate his tragic idea. The function of the drama is, according to him, no other than to hold the mirror up to nature. And human nature, the life of man, offered him a wealth of tragic elements, of tragic destinies, which he observed, felt, and probed with that universal sympathy for which he was fitted by his own inmost experiences. Dramatic creation had become his vocation, but he did not make a profession of it, and as all art was held sacred by him, so pre-eminently, was tragedy. He did not obtrude himself upon his tragic material, but rather it obtruded (thrust) itself upon him.

Like all great poets, but in a higher degree than most, he possessed that inborn fine sense of the fitness of things, of harmony, of justice. He needed not to seek laboriously for tragic effects, and he ran no risk of choosing the wrong means. It did not occur to him to excite in his hearers emotions which had not thrilled the depths of his own soul; it was impossible for him to disguise himself, to

exaggerate. That effect of pity and of fear which at once relieves us, and which constitutes the essence of tragedy, he had himself often enough felt; he needed but to look into his own heart to see what means were required to produced it.

For Shakespeare it was a matter of course that tragic suffering cannot be a thing of accident, that it must be brought about by the sufferer's own deeds; for to him it was a matter of profound significance, not a mere cruel sport of chance. It was a matter of course that the tragic catastrophe presupposed the insolubleness of the preceding conflict. Tragic necessity was an axiom in the code of his poetic logic one upon which he may, perhaps, never have reflected, but which formed the groundwork of all his reflections: necessary connection between the sufferings of the hero and the conflict into which his deeds throw him with the powers and the laws of the world about him; necessary connection between the actions of the hero and his inmost nature as it is shaped and developed by the circumstances of his contact with the outer world.

In his tragedies Shakespeare unconsciously followed the same fundamental laws which governed the great tragedies of classical antiquity. Many varieties may be conceived in the domain of tragedy. Shakespearean tragedy bears, primarily, the family trains of his dramas, of the English drama in general of the time; it has its broad, realistic basis, its abundance of reflection of real life.

Matchless is the art with which Shakespeare contracts wide-spreading, condenses the dramatic action; the way in which by the simplest means,—by alternately introduc ing parallel motives and parallel scenes, by foreshadowing to us at the appropriate time what is to come,—he produces the illusion that we have really beheld in all the plenitude of life even those parts of the action which he has deflected merely with a few strokes.

No poet ever better understood than Shakespeare how to utilize for the highest purposes of his act the constitution of the stage which was at his disposal, and the dramatic traditions to which he attached himself. Shakespeare, in

tragedy, followed his inner bent, which impelled him to the psychological side of his subject. He represented, as he loved to do, the evolution of a passion from its first beginnings to its climax. He laid the chief weight on the connection between the character and the acts of the tragic hero, or what is the something, to devote the last part of his powers and endeavours to the dramatic unfolding of his characters.

The picture of the world which Shakespeare presents to us is illuminated in one way in his tragedy, and in another in his comedy ; the deeply religious spirit of the artist is apparent in both—in a religiousness whose root and essence lie in his moral senses and which, therefore, does not need to shut its eyes to unpleasant facts. Shakespeare loves life and is penetrated with a sense of its high worth, but yet he is convinced that life is not the highest good, and he knows that no one can be pronounced happy before his death. To him the best thing on earth is love—self-sacrificing, active ; and he feels that it is infinite love which pervades and animates the universe.

APPENDIX II

QUESTIONS ON "KING RICHARD II"

Q. 22. What do you know of Shakespeare as a writer of History Plays?

Answer. "About the age of thirty," says Brandes, "even men of an introspective disposition are apt to turn their gaze outwards. When Shakespeare approaches his thirtieth year, he begins to occupy himself in earnest with history, to read the chronicles, to project and work out a whole series of historical plays. Several years had now passed since he had revised and furnished up the old dramas on the subject of Henry VI. This task had whetted his appetite, and had cultivated his sense for historic character and historical nemèsis. Having now given expression to the high spirits, the lyricism, and the passions of youth, in lyrical and dramatic productions of scintillant diversity, he once more turned his attention to the history of England. In so doing he obeyed a dual vocation, both as a poet and as a patriot.

Shakespeare's plays founded on English history number ten in all, four dealing with the House of Lancaster (*Richard II.*, the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*), four devoted to the House of York (the three parts of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*), and two which stand apart from the main series, *King John*, of an earlier historic period, and *Henry VIII.*, of a later.

The order of production of these plays is, however, totally unconnected with their historical order, which does not, therefore, concern us. At the same time it is worthy of remark that all these plays (with the single exception of *Henry VIII.*), were produced in the course of one decade, the decade in which England's national sentiment burst into flower and her pride was at its highest. These English 'histories' are, however, of very unequal value, and can by no means be treated as standing on one plane.

Henry VI. was a first attempt and a mere adaptation. Now in the year 1594, Shakespeare attacks the theme of *Richard II.*, and in this, his first independent historical drama, we see his originality still struggling with the tendency to imitation.

There were older plays on the subject of *Richard II.*, but Shakespeare does not seem to have made any use of them. The model he had in his mind's eye was Marlowe's finest tragedy, his *Edward II.* Shakespeare's play is, however, much more than a clever imitation of Marlowe's; it is not only better composed, with a more concentrated action, but has also a great advantage in the full-blooded vitality of his style. Marlowe's style is here monotonously dry and sombre. Swinburne, moreover, has done Shakespeare an injustice in preferring Marlowe's character-drawing to that of *Richard II.*

Richard II. is one of those plays of Shakespeare which have never taken firm hold of the stage. Its exclusively political action and its lack of female characters are mainly to blame for this. But it is exceedingly interesting as his first attempt at independent treatment of a historical theme and it rises far above the play which served as its model.

Shakespeare's Historical plays occupy a middle place in the Folio, and in the process of Shakespeare's development, are a link between comedy and tragedy. Plays founded on English History were already popular when Shakespeare began to write. The exercise that they gave him steadied his imagination, and taught him how to achieve a new solidity and breadth of representation. By degrees he ventured to intermix the treatment of high political affairs with familiar pictures of daily life, so that what might otherwise have seemed stilted and artificial was reduced to ordinary standards, and set against a background of verisimilitude and reality. His vision of reality was widened to include in a single perspective courts and taverns, kings and highwaymen, diplomatic conferences, battles, street brawls and the humours of low life. Having perfected himself in craft, he passed on to graver themes and, with Plutarch for his text-book, resuscitated the world

drama of the Romans; or breathed life into those fables of early British History which he found in Holinshed. His studies in English History determined his later dramatic career, and taught him the necromancer's art—

> To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
> Roll back the heavens, blow open the iron gates
> Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
> Great heaps of ruinous mortality.

He revived dead princes and heroes, and set them in action on a stage crowded with life and manners.

It is in the historical plays that comedy is first perfectly blended with serious political interest. He narrates serious events and portrays great crises in history, to the accompaniment of a comic chorus. He admits us to the King's secret thoughts, and lets us overhear the grumbling of the carriers in the inn-yard at Rochester. For a last reach of boldness, the same characters are hurried through many diverse scenes, and the same events are exhibited in their greater or lesser effects. The fortunes of the kingdom call the revellers away from the tavern.

In Shakespeare's earlier historical work a certain formality and timidity of imagination make themselves felt. His bad kings, Richard the Third and John, are not wholly unlike the villains of melodrama. From the first he gave dramatic unity to his Histories by building them round the character of the king. It was a great advance in method when Shakespeare, in *Richard II.*, brought the king to the ordinary human level, and set himself to conceive the position from within.

Q. 23. Discuss Richard II. as a Historical Play.

Answer. *Richard II.* is among the Histories what *Romeo and Juliet* is among the Tragedies, an almost purely lyrical drama, swift and simple. Richard is possessed by the sentiment of royalty, moved by a poet's delight in its glitter and pomp, and quick to recognise the pathos of its insecurity. There is nothing that we feel in contemplating

his tragic fall which is not taught us by himself. Our pity for him, our sense of the cruelty of fate, are but a reflection of his own moving and subtle poetry. Weakness there is in him, but it hardly endears him the less; it is akin to the weakness of Hamlet and of Falstaff, who cannot long concentrate their minds on a narrow practical problem. Like them Richard juggles with thoughts and action : he is a creature of impulse but when his impulse is failed, he highly discounts it at once by considering it in relation to the stars and the great scheme of things. What is failure, in a world where all men are mortal ? Sometimes the beating of his own heart rouses him to fitful activity :

Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

Then again he relapses into the fatalistic mood of thought which he beautifies with humility :

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?
Greater he shall not be : if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be is fellow so.

The language of resignation is natural to him ; his weakness finds refuge in the same philosophic creed which is uttered defiantly, on the scaffold, by the hero of Chapman's tragedy :

If I rise, to heaven I rise ; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven : what stronger faith
Hath any of your soul ?

The action of *Richard II.*, follows pretty faithfully the course of history as the poet found it in Holinshed's chronicle. The character of the Queen, however, is quite unhistorical, being evidently invented by Shakespeare for the sake of having a woman in his play. He wanted to gain sympathy for Richard through his wife's devotion to him, when he is thrown into prison. In 1398 when the play opens, Isabella of France was not yet ten years old, though

she had nominally been married to Richard.................... Finally the king's end, fighting bravely, sword in hand, is not historical : he was starved to death in prison, in order that his body might be exhibited without any wound.

Shakespeare has vouchsafed no indication to facilitate the spectator's understanding of the characters of this play. Their action often takes us by surprise. But Swinburne has done Shakespeare a great wrong in making this a reason for praising Marlowe at his expense, and exalting the subordinate characters in *Edward II.*, as consistent pieces of character-drawing, while he represents as inconsistent and obscure such a personage as Shakespeare's York. We may admit that in the opening scene Norfolk's figure is not quite clear, but here all obscurity ends. York is self-contradictory, unprincipled, vacillating, composite, and incoherent, but in no sense obscure. He in the first place upbraids the king with his faults, then accepts at his hands an office of the highest confidence, then betrays the king's trust, while he at the same time overwhelms the rebel Bolingbroke with reproaches, then admires the king's greatness in his fall, then hastens his dethronement, and finally, in virtuous indignation over Aumerle's plots against the new king, rushes to claim to assure him of his fidelity and to clamour for the blood of his own son. There lies at the root of this conception a profound political bitterness and an early-acquired experience. Shakespeare must have studied attentively that portion of English history which lay nearest to him, the shufflings and vacillations that went on under Mary and Elizabeth, in order to have received so deep an impression of the pitifulness of political instability.

The character of old John of Gaunt, loyal to his king but still more to his country, gives Shakespeare his first opportunity for expressing his exultation over England's greatness and his pride in being an Englishman. He places in the mouth of the dying Gaunt a superbly lyrical outburst of patriotism, deploring Richard's reckless and tyrannical policy. In the thunderous tones of old Gaunt's invective, against the king who has mortgaged his English

realm, we can hear all the patriotic enthusiasm of young England in the days of Elizabeth :

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise,
> This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
> Against the infection, and the hand of war ;
> ... ...
> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the world,
> Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
> Like to a tenement, of pelting farm.

Here we have indeed the roar of the young lion, the vibration of Shakespeare's own voice.

But it is upon the leading character of this play that the poet has centred all his strength ; and he has succeeded in giving a vivid and many-sided picture of the Black Prince's degenerate but interesting son. As the protagonist of a tragedy, however, Richard has exactly the same defect as Marlowe's *Edward*. In the first half of this play he so repels the spectators that nothing he can do in the second half suffices to obliterate the unfavourable impression.

We see the hand of the beginner in the way in which the poet here leaves characters and events to speak for themselves without any attempt to range them in a general scheme of perspective. He conceals himself too entirely behind his work. As there is no gleam of humour in the play, so, too, there is no guiding and harmonizing sense of style.

The scene of abdication is admirable by reason of the delicacy of feeling and imagination which Richard displays. His speech when he and Henry have each one hand upon

the crown is one of the most beautiful Shakespeare has ever written :

> Now is the golden crown like a deep well,
> That owes two buckets filling one another ;
> The emptier ever dancing in the air,
> The other down, unseen and full of water ;
> That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
> Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Q. 24. Critically discuss the salient features of Richard II, as a play.

Answer. The following salient features of *Richard II.* may be discussed :

1. *Richard II.* belongs to Shakespeare's First Period. The characteristics of this early period are four.

(*a*) Early plays have a large proportion of **riming lines.**

(*b*) Early plays generally have the **pause** at the **end** of the line.

(*c*) Early plays have very few **weak** and **unemphatic** monosyllable endings.

(*d*) Early plays have very few double or feminine endings.

Other early **riming** plays are : *The Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet* and *Richard III.*

Richard II. is full of turbid imagery, quaint conceits, and exaggerated language, but in depicting such a character as that of Richard these defects cease to be blemishes and almost become beauties. It is almost safe to say that Shakespeare in his later periods, when he had arrived at the plenitude of his powers, when he had somewhat clipped the wings of his ever-glowing fancy, and pruned the exuberance of his language, could not have given us such a

like-life portrait of this weak king, as he was able to do in his earlier years. The faults are the faults of Richard, the poet has faithfully painted them with just that amount of high poetic colouring which was necessary to make the likeness a work of art, and to lift it out of the ruck of commonplace portraiture. But whatever may be the faults of the play as a whole, the speech of Gaunt on his death-bed, that patriotic outburst of 'time-honoured Lancaster, has embalmed this play for everlasting remembrance in the hearts of all Englishmen. The whole passage ought to be committed to memory by every schoolboy, for it is a passage unique in literature, and may well be 'the envy of less happier lands' ; it is a passage to nurse the patriotism and inspire the hearts of Englishmen to lofty and heroic deeds.

2. This is one of Shakespeare's Historical Plays, as distinguished from his Tragedies.

What is the dividing line between the two ? The simplest answer is given by borrowing two words from psychological, and using them in their scientific sense. The **historical plays** are **objective,** the **tragedies** are **subjective.** In the first we have the hero's dealings with his fellow-men brought vividly before us, the plot (if there is any) turns upon success or failure in the attainment of some **practical** end ; from *Richard II.* to *Henry V.*, we have a series of English Kings, studied with regard to elements which lead to failure and success in the endeavour after **perfect kingship** and the **mastery** over one's **fellow-men.** The tragedies from *Hamlet* to *Timon of Athens* are a series of studies, with regard to the elements which lead to failure and success in the endeavour after **perfect manhood** and the **mastery** over human passions. In the first the problem is how a crowned King is to save his crown, in the second how a King, or a man worthy of being counted as king among men, is to save his own soul. In short, the failure or success of the historical plays is **temporal,** but of the tragedy it is **spiritual.**

3. The character of Richard II may be usefully compared with that of Hamlet. Both have the same weak will, the same **unpacking** of their **hearts**

with **words**; the same habit of introspection. and the same want of resolute action. But Hamlet's inaction is chiefly owing to his fear of doing what might be morally wrong, while Richard's arises from sheer moral weakness, and downright cowardice. He has no strength in himself, he is brave only when surrounded by armed men, and when relying on wills stronger than his own. A long course of reliance on flatterers and parasites has sapped the foundations of his moral nature, and when the crisis comes, when the hour for action arrives, the whole of what seems a goodly edifice crumbles into ruins.

4. Richard seated on his throne, presiding over the tournament, uttering the decrees of his council, seems every inch a King. But when his day of adversity arrives he is but a King of **shreds** and **patches**. He is a weak King, because he is a thoroughly weak man. At the feet of Bolingbroke he grovels in the dust, and seems to take a positive delight in covering himself with mud. The King who, in his youth, surrounded by his courtiers, and at the head of his troops, had subdued a rebellion by the sudden inspiration of the words, 'I myself will be your King,' became in early middle life a man devoid of all kingly qualities. The son of the Black Prince has proved himself unworthy of his princely sire. The fate of Richard is painted by a master hand We can see behind the scenes, and have no need to wonder why such a man met with a fate so tragic.

5. Bolingbroke from his first appearance on the stage, to **appeach** the Duke of Norfolk, acts with all the dignity of a kingly nature. He seems to command the fates. The son of John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster', has made up his mind to be King. In Richard's weakness he sees his opportunity. His banishment is only the first step on that rugged road which leads him to the throne. His regret at

leaving England is natural, but not weak ; it is the regret of a **true-born Englishman.** He was a **journeyman to grief**, he served a *rough apprenticeship to foreign passages*, but he comes back

> In nothing else so happy,
>
> As in a soul remembering my good friends.

He has made up his mind to *pluck* and *weed* away 'the caterpillars of the Commonweath'. Like a king he sentences Bushy and Green to execution, and appoints the day for his own coronation. The contrast between him and Richard is striking and remarkable, and dramatically appropriate.

6. The interest of the plot is well sustained throughout, and rises in intensity to the very last. A blot in the construction is the second challenge scene in the fourth act where Bagot and Aumerle parody the action of Norfolk and Hereford in the first. After the other it comes as an anti-climax, and its only defence is its historical accuracy.

7. Throughout the play, Shakespeare has strictly followed the chronological order of events. In 'King John' he has not hesitated to alter them to suit his purposes : Both methods of treatment are perfectly defensible, and both are subservient to different purposes. In 'King John' the historical order was at variance with the principle of Dramatic Unity of Action, a principle which Shakespeare invariably observes. The fate of King John is made to depend upon his persecution of his nephew Arthur, and in order to bring this into true dramatic perspective, events remote in time, but yet invisibly connected as cause and consequence, had to be manipulated by the artist's hand.

But the historical order of events beginning with the banishment of Bolingbroke in January, 1398, led on

irresistibly and evidently to the deposition of Richard in September, 1399.

8. Mean and cruel and contemptible as Richard was, and is even in the hands of Shakespeare, yet in the reciprocal love of wife and servants we have a few light touches, which compel our pity for him though they cannot gain our respect; and sad and shameful as is the story of his life, yet we feel and must acknowledge the force of Richard's last pathetic prayer:

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell these tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quiet their griefs
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

(Adapted from T. Duff Barnett)

Q. 25. "As an example of the artist's method of telling history, as opposed to the ordinary prosaic historian's, Richard II stands very high." Discuss.

Answer. Shakespeare got all his historical information from Holinshed. Holished repeats the dry facts. detail by detail, just as they happened. Shakespeare sees the keynote of the whole period, and all his details harmonize with it; he sees history as a sequence of cause and effect, not as events with no connection. Under his hands the dry bones live. He transfers us to the very period. We see the men as they then were. We are introduced to the midst of the tournament. We see the knights with their lances in rest, and are ready to witness the very shock of arms, when, to our consternation, the king throws down his warder. From this to the battlefield the transition is easy and natural. A king has committed an act of injustice, and a nation must bleed for it. From the field we follow Richard into captivity, and Bolingbroke to the throne, not without pity for the one, and some admiration for the other.

And at the close we have a more vivid impression of what the England of those days was than if we had simply been reading the pages of a Hall or a Holinsed. We can almost hear the burning questions of the day, the claims of Richard and Bolingbroke, debated throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we see the beginnings made of that great faction fight which, under the name of the Wars of the Roses, was soon to convulse the land. John of Gaunt's prophetic eye saw what was coming on his country. Richard himself, speaking to Northumberland, says.

(thou) which knows't the way
To plant unrightful kings, will know again,
Being never so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.

Shakespeare has centred all his strength on the leading character of the play *Richard II.* and it is the delineation of this character that makes the account of Shakespeare more charming than that of Holinshed. Not only has Richard II. before the opening of the piece, committed such thoughtless and politically indefensible acts as have proved him unworthy of the great position he holds, but he behaves with such insolence to the dying Gaunt, and, after his uncle's death, displays such a low and despicable rapacity, that he can no longer appeal, as he does, to his personal right. It is true that the right of which he holds himself an embodiment is very different from the common earthly rights which he has overridden. He is religiously, dogmatically convinced of his inviolability as a king by the grace of God. But since this conviction, in his days of prosperity, has brought with it no sense of correlative duties to the crown he wears, it cannot touch the reader's sympathies as it ought to for the sake of the general effect.

Q. 26. Write a brief note on the 'Date of the Play, Richard II.'

Answer. The evidence for the date of any of Shakespear's plays may be thus classified :

(1) **Entrinsic.**

(*a*) Entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.

(*b*) The publication in **Folios** or **quartos** or **both**.

(*c*) Allusions to the play in contemporary literature.

(2) **Intrinsic.**

(*a*) Allusions in the play to **past** or **contemporary** events.

(*b*) A critical examination of the **style** and **tempo** of the play.

(1) (*a*) *Richard II.* was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1597, by Andrew Wise, who published the **First Quarto** in the same year.

(*b*) This play was first published in **Quarto** in 1597, then in 1598 in 1608 and again in 1615. A **Folio** form was also published in 1615, and the play again appeared in the First Folio in 1623.

In the edition of 1608, the Parliament Scene, containing the deposition of King Richard, was added for the first time. This had most likely been omitted for fear of giving offence to the court, and it has every appearance of having been written at the same time as the rest of the play. In fact, in line 321 of the scene, the Abbot says,

"A woeful **pageant** have we here beheld"

and nothing else in the scene except the deposition of Richard can with any truth be called **pageant**.

(*c*) The play is alluded to in the 'Palladis Tamia' of Francis Meres, 1595.

(2) (*a*) We have no allusion in the play itself to help us to the date of writing, unless we may take the words :

"England bound in by the triumphant sea"
and in fact the whole of Gaunt's speech as a patriotic outburst at the failure of the Spanish Armada of 1588, or the allusion to the Irish Wars, as suggested by the expedition of 1594.

(*b*) But judging from the style and tempo of the play, taking into account the following :—

(*i*) Its dramatic construction, in which it is superior to the three parts of *Henry VI.*, but inferior to the two parts of *Henry IV.*

(*ii*) Its want of comic humour.

(*iii*) Its stilted and inflated language, and turbid imagery.

(*iv*) Its frequency of rime, and

(*v*) The pauses occurring so frequently at the ends of the lines, we cannot be far wrong in putting it down to the years 1593 or 1594. Nearer than this we cannot go, though not certain of the date of the **writing** of the play, we are certain of the *date of publication, viz.*, 1597, and of its being alluded to by Meres in 1595.

The first Quarto of *Richard II.* (1597) shares with that of *Richard III.* (1597) and the imperfect version of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597) the honour of being the earliest Quarto of Shakespeare's authentic plays. A second Quarto appeared in the next year, and ten years later a third was issued. In the third Quarto were found for the first time the "new additions of the Parliament scene and the deposing of King Richard".

The reasons of this excision of the deposition scene from the first published editions, is not far to seek. A Papal Bull of Excommunication and Deposition against Elizabeth was secretly prepared at Rome in 1569 and published in 1570, whereupon it became the duty of English Catholics to attempt her overthrow—a duty which individual assassins tried to carry out. A play centring round the only instance of the deposition of an English monarch, especially

when that deposition appeared to be politically justifiable, was hardly the play to perform in Elizabeth's time; more especially when the Queen herself was only too well aware of the analogy that might be drawn.

The fourth Quarto, that of 1615, was evidently printed from the third, and a corrected copy seems to have been used for the version in the Folio of 1623.

The fifth Quarto (1634) was printed from the second Folio (1632) ; but curiously enough its readings sometimes agree with the earlier Quartos, and occasionally venture into complete independence.

The sum total of positive knowledge regarding any play or plays of Richard II., previous to Shakespeare's is therefore very meagre ; of most we are only justified in saying that there was one play on the subject in existence before Shakespeare's ; that this play may have been an Old Chronicle play in two parts which it is just barely possible that the little evidence we have may indicate the existence of two pre-Shakespearean plays on Richard's reign. We have no means of telling whether Shakespeare recast or made other use of all or any of this earlier work. The question of the date when *Richard II.* was written is so closely bound up with the same question regarding *King John* that it is impossible to deal with either play separately.

Q. 27. Write a note on the source of Richard II.

Ans. Shakespeare got all his historical information from the second edition of Holinshed, published in 1587. The first edition, published in 1577, does not record the withering of the bay-trees mentioned in ii 4. 8,

"The bay-trees in our country are wither'd."

Holinshed has followed Hall, an older chronicler, and the Clarendon Press editors of *Richard II.* think that the words of the Duchess of York in v. 2. 114-115 may give some slight grounds for supposing that Shakespeare had Hall's history beside him also. But Hall refers to the Duke's age and the Duchess to her own. The following

are Shakespeare's own additions to Holinshed's historical facts:

1. The deathbed scene of John of Gaunt.
2. Aumerle's continuing faithful.
3. Northumberland's not kneeling to Bolingbroke.
4. The Gardener's scene.
5. Richard's interview with the Queen on returning from Ireland.
6. The Duchess of York darting off to Bolingbroke in order to plead for Aumerle.
7. The farewell of Bolingbroke over Richard's dead body.

Shakespeare has departed from Holinshed more or less in the following sentences:—

1. Shakespeare represents John of Gaunt as a very old man. He was 58 at the opening of the play.
2. In I, 3, 7, Shakespeare makes Mowbray enter first. According to Holinshed he entered last.
3. Holinshed does not say that Gaunt as member of the council assented to his son's banishment.
4. The Duchess of Gloucester did not die till 1399.
5. Shakespeare in Act IV mixes up the proceedings of two parliaments, the 30th of September and the 14th of October. Richard was not present at either. The Bishop of Carlisle's speech was delivered in parliament on the 22nd of October.
6. The Duchess of York at the time of the play was not Aumerle's mother.

The sources of *Richard II.* were, either directly or indirectly, through the intermediate stage of the possibly existent earliest play, the "Chronicles" of Holinshed. A trace of Holinshed's predecessor Hall is apparently to be found in connection with Act V, Scene II. Holinshed copies Hall almost *vərbattm*, but a reference to York's age as prevent-

ing him from riding to Bolingbroke as fast as Aumerle, is to be found alone in Hall.

The adventures of Mowbray in the Holy Land seem to be suggested by Stowe's *Annals* (1580). The apparent source of the formal renunciation of the crown by Richard is Berner's *Frorissort* (1525).

The debt to any historical source other than Holinshed is trivial, and on examination it may be seen that the second edition of the *Chronicle of England, Scotland and Ireland* (1816—7) was used ; for the withering of the bay-trees does not appear in the first edition.

In no other historical play does Shakespeare keep so closely to the *Chronicles*. Indeed the closeness of the relationship between Holinshed and *Richard II*. might well form an argument against the supposition that any earlier play was rehandled or even glanced at. Even if Shakespeare did work over an earlier *Richard*, he must also have referred at first hand to Holinshed.

The close correspondence between Shakespeare and Holinshed in that play may be illustrated by the following:—

1. Hereford's challenge spoken by a knight on his behalf.
2. The meeting of Richard and Bolingbroke on the latter's return to England.

The English history of *Richard II*. is, therefore, close to that of Holinshed and since Shakespeare only introduced occasionally, in the interest of his art, certain modifications of the material offered him. Shakespeare's main deviations from the narrative of Holinshed may be noted as follows :—

1. The remission of four years from Bolingbroke's period of banishment took place according to Holinshed at Eltham, evidently later than the day of the vetoed combat at Coventry. Shakespeare places the incident at Coventry, and makes it a result of Richard's pity for Gaunt. This change is evidently in the interest of dramatic conciseness, and the

motive supplied is a human touch entirely missing from the chronicles of Holinshed.

2. Bolingbroke did not delay his landing in England in order to await 'The first departing of the King for Ireland'; but 'lay hovering on sea and showed himself now in this place and now in that, to see what countenance was made by the people, whether they meant to resist him or to receive him'.

3. The death of the Duchess of Gloucester is antedated a little, in order, presumably, to add to the confusion and helplessness of aged York. Holinshed mentions her death as taking place later than the incidents which Shakespeare treats as exactly contemporaneous.

4. Bolingbroke's exhortation to his lords to

come.........away

To fight with Glendower and his complices

is, if we trust the evidence of the use of 'complices' both by Shakespeare and Holinshed, an antedating of Glendower's raid on Lord Grey of Ruthin in Henry IV's time—the summer of 1400.

5. The episode of Flint castle—whence Northumberland was to beguile Richard to Flint castle—and his account of the happenings at the latter stronghold somewhat later.

6. Act IV, which consists of one scene, is compounded from the chronicle account of the Parliament at Westminster on September 30th, 1399, which was summoned by Richard and dissolved the same day; from the account of the meeting of Henry IV's Parliament on October 14th, 1399 and again on October 16th, 1399; from the account of Aumerle's impeachment by Fitzwater on October 18th; and from the reported speech of Carlisle on Wednesday following the last incident;—October 18th being a Saturday, Carlisle's speech was made in Parliament on October 22nd.

The order of these events has been completely altered to suit Shakespeare's dramatic development of the situation.

7. According to Holinshed, Bolingbroke entered London the day before Richard. Shakespeare makes both entries part of the same pageant. The effect of the contrast between the receptions of the two personages is thus made more striking.

8. Prince Henry being only twelve years of age was necessarily incapable of the conduct mentioned in Act V, Scene iii. This is a licence similar to that taken with the age of the Queen.

Q. 28. Briefly narrate the main events forming the plot of 'Richard II'.

Answer. The play opens with Bolingbroke's impeachment of Mowbray, who is accused of the misappropriation of eight thousand rubles ; of being the head and spring of all the treasons of the previous eighteen years : and of having murdered Gloucester. In this last lies the gravamen of the charge, apparently ; Richard himself, when it is made, whispers. " How high a pitch his resolution soars !"—clearly indicating that Bolingbroke's impeachment was indirectly aimed at the King himself, who was held directly responsible for Gloucester's murder.

The next short scene makes this clear ; the Duchess of Gloucester vainly attempts to rouse John of Gaunt to vengeance upon Richard ; but Gaunt's ideas of the divinity that doth hedge a king prevent him listening with any sympathy. Richard's attempts at pacification in Scene I, having failed, Bolingbroke and Mowbray have been directed to meet in the lists at Coventry. Richard stays the combat at the beginning of the first onset, banishes Bolingbroke for ten years—a sentence afterwards softened to six years through pity for Gaunt's sorrow—and Mowbray for life.

While Richard and his nobles are discussing Bolingbroke's bearing after his sentence, news comes of Gaunt's grievous illness, and Richard accedes to the dying man's requests that the King should visit him ; while acceding,

he hopes for Gaunt's immediate death so that his goods may pay for the Irish wars. Gaunt reproves Richard for his misgovernment, and within a few minutes of the last heated words that pass between the two, breathes his last; Richard immediately carries out his purpose regarding Gaunt's estate. Time having been absolutely annihilated at this point, news comes that Bolingbroke is ready to land at Ravenspurgh. The Queen, while speaking of presentiments of coming evil, hears the news, and York, left in charge of the kingdom during Richard's absence in Ireland takes what feeble measures his frightened incompetence suggests.

In the next scene (Act III, Scene III, we find Boilingbroke already in Gloucestershire, making friends and overriding the half-hearted objections of York, while at Conway (Sc. IV) we are shown Richard's Welshmen dispersing.

The next Act opens with Bolingbroke's execution of Bushy and Green. Scene II deals with Richard's return from Ireland and his reception of the various items of 'intelligence' near 'Barkloughly' castle At Flint castle Bolingbroke interviews Richard, and both set out for London. Scene IV takes us back to the Queen, who hears from the Gardener of Richard's virtual deposition. The first scene of Act IV recalls the first scene of the play. Aumerle accused of a hand in the death of Gloucester and of treachery towards Bolingbroke. Other lords take sides in the matter, and Bolingbroke finding that Mowbray is dead and cannot be summoned to give evidence, decides that the differences shall rest 'under gage'. York, brings news of Richard's willingness to abdicate in Bolingbroke's favour. Bolingbroke declares his intention of ascending the throne, in spite of the protest of Carlisle, and sends for Richard in order that he may surrender the crown publicly.

Then follows the famous 'deposition scene' in which Richard hands over the crown to Bolingbroke and is conveyed to the Tower. The scene ends with Aumerle and the Abbot of Westminster hinting at a plot for the restoration of Richard. On his way to the Tower (Act V, Scene I) Richard's Queen takes leave of him, but is interrupted by

the arrival of Northumberland with orders that Richard is to go to Pontefract and his Queen to France. Scene is concerned with York's discovery of his son's share in the plot against Bolingbroke. York rushes off to warn the King and to impeach his own son, while the Duchess urges Aumerle to get to Bolingbroke first, as the next scene shows us, but is interrupted by the Duchess; Bolingbroke inclines to the side of mercy and pardons Aumerle. Scene IV, consisting of eleven lines only, shows us Exton setting out for 'Pomfret' with the intention of murdering Richard—the result of a chance remark of Bolingbroke's.

In Scene V, we are at Pontefract listening to Richard's soliloquy upon his misfortunes; a sympathetic groom enters first, to be followed soon by 'Exton and servants.' Richard snatches an axe from one of them and dies fighting. The last scene shows us Bolingbroke receiving news from all quarters of the crushing of enemies. Last of all, Exton enters with the body of Richard, to receive banishment as guerdon for his deed, and the play ends with Bolingbroke's declared intention of going on a pilgrimage to purge his sins.

(Adapted from Ivor. B. John).

Q. 29. Give a critical estimate of the plot of 'Richard II' and discuss the play as a tragedy.

Answer. The manner in which the incidents of the play are arranged one after the other, shows distinctly that the play possesses coherence and unity of structure apart from the unfolding of a character. Obviously, it is only when incident and development of character are taken together that we carefully estimate and appreciate Shakespeare's artistic intention and his success in carrying it out; but the point to be noted is that the incidents arrange themselves into a 'plot' with a definite beginning, middle and end, and these incidents are only slightly modified from the historical material of the Chronicles.

The organic unity of the incidents is last seen from the point of view of Bolingbroke's opposition to Richard:—among other deeds of misgovernment, detailed in Gaunt's dying words, Richard had been guilty of bringing about

Gloucester's death: Bolingbroke had sought some kind of redress by attacking Mowbray. Richard banished both and still further increased Bolingbroke's enmity by the seizure of Gaunt's estates. On Bolingbroke's landing Richard found himself almost friendless, for his weak, capricious and oppressive methods of government had turned all his possible supporters against him. Bolingbroke triumphs easily, and Exton, catching at a natural exclamation of the new King's, rounds off the tragedy.

But Shakespearean tragedy is something far more subtle and complex than what we may term the superficial tragedy of incident—'Terrible Tragedy' in the newspaper sense, which merely connotes some sort of bloody happening; and although on sweet Richard has not the baffling, intricate mysteriousness of soul and intellect that we find in *Hamlet*, nor the gigantic passions and simplicities of Othello in *King Lear*, still it is true he is more of their fellowship than he is akin to King John or Richard III.

As in the central figures of the Shakespearean tragedies, the possibility of tragedy is inherent in the build and material of Richard's character; the 'Soul's tragedy' is therefore along with the outward tragedy of incident. Bound with the possibility of tragedy is also the possibility of salvation; indeed it is not too much to say that the dangling of both possibilities before us during the whole course of the play is a crude summary of the essence of tragic drama. Nor does this war with that other canon of dramatic art which demands the inevitability of the tragic climax. Given the circumstances, this inevitability must strike us or the drama becomes forced, artificial and unreal. The fact that we are not given the circumstances until after we have read or seen the play explains how the inevitability of the catastrophe may co-exist along with the alternate raisings of hope and fear in our breasts by the vicissitudes of the play. While following the play we are content to believe in the possibilities of each moment, and are swayed this way and that, we arrive afterwards at the sense of inevitability by a process of retrospective analysis.

It would be folly to claim that elements of tragic tension are handled with such sublime skill in *Richard II.* as they are in the great tragedies. In *Hamlet* and *King Lear* they are raised to their highest power; in *Richard II.* they are, however, positively present. In each case we are watching a timid soul struggling to be free, although the struggling of Richard differs in more ways than one from that of the Danish prince and the BritishKing. It is to these differences that we must look for the explanation of the dislike which *Richard II.* has inspired in many critics, and the explanation is this.

Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and King Lear have to contend against forces far greater than those which are arrayed against Richard. Cast as they are in the grand heroic mould of the later tragedies, we feel that even these great protagonists are not strong enough to triumph. Richard, we feel, has only to exercise a little common-sense, to exhibit those more everyday virtues which the meanest of us possesses, in order to conquer his difficulties. The forces that contend against him are not powerful; any ordinary person might have withstood them successfully. Not only has he no heroic strength but, and this is worse, he has no heroic weaknesses; he attracts strongly neither our admiration nor our sympathy. We feel that any unheroic, plain, straightforward person, would have done better than Richard if put in his place; we dare not think the same for an instant in connection with the central figures of the later tragedies. Hence, in spite of Shakespeare's deliberate attempts towards the end of the play to enlist our sympathies on Richard's side, on the whole we despise him.

Q. 30. "Richard's weakness of character manifested in his conduct in facing the various situations he had to face, is the main cause of the tragedy." Discuss.

Answer. It can be asserted beyond doubt that there is weakness in Richard which is akin to the weakness of Hamlet who cannot long concentrate his mind on a nar-

row practical problem. Like Hamlet, Richard juggles with thought and action: he is a creature of impulse, but when his impulse is foiled, he highly discounts it at once by considering it in relation to the stars and the great scheme of things.

His weakness of nature consists in his inherent sense of resignation as opposed to firm determination and the resulting quick action. The language of resignation is natural to him; his weakness finds refuge in the same philosophic creed which is uttered defiantly, on the scaffold, by the hero of Chapman's tragedy:

> If I ries, to heaven I rise: if fall,
> I likewise to heaven: what stronger faith
> Hath any of your souls?

Richard has a delicate and prolific fancy, which flowers into many dream-shapes in the prison; a wide and true imagination, which expresses itself in his great speech on the monarchy of Death; and a deep discernment of tragic issues, which gives thrilling effect to his bitterest outcry:

> Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
> Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
> Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
> And water cannot wash away your sin.

For all the intimacy and sympathy of the portraiture, we are not permitted to lose sight of Richard's essential weakness. The greater part of the Third Act is devoted to showing, with much emphasis and repetition, how helpless and unstable he is at a crisis.

It is from the moment that the tide begins to turn against Richard that he becomes interesting as a psychological study. After the manner of weak characters, he is alternately downcast and overweening. His temperament was highly poetical, and misfortune reveals in him a vein of reverie. In these moods of depression, in which Richard gives his wit and intellect a free play, he knows very well that a king is only a human being like any one else:

For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends. Subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

But at other times when his sense of majesty and his monarchical fanaticism master him, he speaks in a quite different tone :

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

Richard's weakness of his mind is manifested at various stages of the play and the situations that he has to face. He is a man of moods and he meets every situation according to his particular mood at the moment.

What happened at Coventry ? Richard felt delighted when, amid the pomp and circumstance of the lists, while every eye watched Bolingbroke and Mowbray at that tense moment of the first career, Richard threw his warder down and swung the concentrated interest of the whole assembly in a second upon himself and his own power. He mistook his warder for an enchanter's wand.

This sensitiveness to the possibilities of a 'situation' and his instant response to the demand for its utmost realization is found again in the reduction of Bolingbroke's sentence. Gaunt's grief suggests another pose to Richard—that of the magnanimous king lightening the punishment of the unworthy son for the sake of the worthy father. The shallowness of the impulse is indicated when, a little later, news comes of Gaunt's illness at the moment when Richard is beating his brains for expedient to raise money. Like a flash the possibility of seizing upon Gaunt's estates and revenues in case of his decease comes to him.

When he returns from Ireland on hearing of rebellion, he weeps for joy to stand upon his kingdom ; the very earth he salutes with his hand. In return let the earth annoy

his enemies with spiders, toads, nettles and adders! His nobles naturally dislike these extravagances; they prefer bows and bills to toads and nettles.

Finally, Richard refuses to be comforted and hastens to Flint castle, contrasting, with his last words, Richard's night with Bolingbroke's fair day. In a fit of dreaminess he thinks that God is mustering armies of pestilence to make up for Richard's lack of soldiers—a lack which he weakly admits. In the interview with Bolingbroke, Richard weakly submits and in so doing he is playing the part for which he has already cast himself.

Richard's delight in pose and situation, in artistry of words and elegance of fancy, although sadly, ludicrously, or even criminally, out of place in the council-chamber and on the battle-field, may be a pleasing quality and a source of potent charm in the lighter moments of life. Richard's incompetence, while attempting to face the sterner issues of life in the world of men, need not reflect itself in any way in the world of women and dependents. To his Queen, therefore, Richard is her "fair rose; the map of honour". But even she would wish some more manly resistance to Bolingbroke; she upbraids Richard for having taken his correction so mildly.

Q. 31. Write a note on the Historical Antecedents of "Richard II."

Answer. At the death of his grandfather, Edward the Third, in June 1377, Richard was only in his eleventh year; a very handsome boy, with fair gifts of mind, and not without amiable disposition, but of just about the right age to be spoiled by the influences of his position. Of course, he was too young to be capable of rule, while the English had not yet learned how to bridge over the voyage of their king by a settled regency. The youth was fond of pleasure, careless of expense, and apt to love those who humoured his fancies; and in effect the State soon became a prey to rapacious and unprincipled flatterers.

Of his three uncles, the Duke of Lancaster, York, and Gloster, the latter was much the ablest, but in an age of

fierceness and turbulence, was chiefly distinguished for his fierce, turbulent, and despotic temper. Gloster undertook to root out "The caterpillars of the Commonwealth"; and his doings in this behalf so strengthened his influence, that in 1387 he drew into his own hands nearly the whole power of the State and reduced the king to a mere cipher. In this career he proved such a remorseless and sanguinary tyrant that some year and a half later Richard succeeded, by a well-timed stroke of vigour, in shaking off the tyranny, and becoming his own master. Their government then went on in a smooth and tranquil course for several years, during which time a fresh batch of greedy and reckless favourities got warmed into life. Meanwhile, Gloster used means to regain his broken influence, took advantage of his seat in the council to baffle and irritate the king, and was the chief mover of every intrigue, the soul of every faction that opposed Richard's wishes.

In 1396, the King's first wife having died, he espoused the Princess Isabella of France, then in her eighth year. Emboldened by this alliance, the King in 1397 resolved to execute his long-cherished but deeply-dissembled scheme of vengeance against the Duke of Gloster. The matter was carried with great secrecy and dispatch. Richard himself leading the party that went to apprehend the Duke at his own castle. When Gloster, not dreaming what was on foot, came out to meet the King, he was forthwith delivered into the hands of Norfolk who was then Governor of Calais, and who, while pretending to conduct Gloster to the Tower, spirited him away down the river, and across to Calais, and there lodged him in the castle. Richard's fury, so long repressed, now broke loose. The Duke, in his absence, was impeached of treason for what he had done ten years before. Bolingbroke concurred in the impeachment. When Norfolk was ordered to bring his prisoner before the House, he replied that he could not do so, as the Duke had suddenly died. Gloster was now out of the way, and, as it was generally thought, by means the most foul; and his former partisans, notwithstanding they had been pardoned and taken into seeming favour, were made to taste the full measure of Richard's vengeance.

In these doings the King's real character was fairly disclosed. The smiles and affability in which he had so long cloaked his revenge, his perfidious favours towards the destined victims, and his contempt of law and justice as soon as he felt secure in his power, appalled not only Gloster's former adherents, but all who had ever incurred the royal displeasure. Bolingbroke, as we have seen, had of late sided with Richard in the impeachment of his uncle. But he had been himself more or less implicated as a partisan of Gloster in those very doings which were now drawing the King's vengeance on so many others; though now seeming to stand firm in Richard's good-will, and though lately advanced by him from Earl of Derby to Duke of Hereford, he might well distrust a hand that had proved itself so false and treacherous in its favours.

Here, most likely, we have the true secret of Bolingbroke's sudden and otherwise inexplicable rupture with the Duke of Norfolk. The two had lately ridden together in a friendly manner, and during the ride had opened their minds to each other with apparent freedom and sincerity touching the King's doings and purposes. But the imputed murder of his uncle Gloster might well put Bolingbroke upon apprehending that Norfolk's seeming confidence was all feigned for the purpose of drawing him into some act or speech that might be turned to his destruction. It is true, Norfolk himself, also, along with Bolingbroke and others, had borne a part in those same treasonable proceedings for which Gloster was impeached; but he now stood high, apparently, in the King's favour; and in his possession of the whole secret touching Jloster's death he had a strong pledge of the King's fidelity to him. Richard was bound to Norfolk as his instrument, Norfolk was bound to Richard as his principal, in that dark transaction; neither could betray the other without exposing himself that this was very perilous combination. Bolingbroke's astute, penetrating, determined spirit saw how to be master of the situation. He could not attack the principal directly, but he could attack him through the instrument. Thus Gloster's death became Bolingbroke's opportunity. (Adapted from Hudson).

Q. 32. Discuss the political situation of the play, Richard II.

Answer. The play fitly opens with Bolingbroke's accusation and challenge of Norfolk; the forecited points of history not forming any part of the action, nor being stated directly, but only implied, sometimes not very cleverly, in various notes of dramatic retrospection. Richard tries his utmost to reconcile the parties: for he knows full well that he himself is the real mark aimed at in the appellant's charges and defiance; but he is forced alike by his positions and his conscience to dissemble that knowledge, and to take Bolingbroke at his words.

On the other hand, Bolingbroke's behaviour throughout is also a piece of profound and well-acted dissimulation: he understands the king's predicament perfectly; knows that he does not avow his thoughts, lest he stand self-convicted in the matter charged. So he has both Richard and Norfolk penned up in a dilemma from which they can in no wise escape but by letting out the whole truth, and thus giving him a clear victory. His keen sagacity pierces the heart of their situation; nor does his energy lay behind his insight, naturally bold and resolute, his boldness and resolution now spring at the game in conscious strength: he is ambitious of powers, he resents his uncle's death, he loves his country; and his ambition, his resentment, his patriotism, all combined to string him up for decisive action, he has got a firm twist on the wrong-doers, and is fully determined either to twist them off their legs or to perish in the attempt. And observe what a note of terror he strikes into Richard when, referring to the spilling of Gloster's blood, he declares,

> Which blood, like sacrificing Able's cries,
>
> Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
>
> To me for justice and rough chastisement;
>
> And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
>
> This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

The little world to me, falling in here with such quiet

emphasis, are a stern warning to the guilty parties, that speaker has assured the office of avenger, and will not falter in the work. How well the sense of them is taken, appears in the King's exclamation,

How high a pitch his resolution soars !

It is to be understood withal, that Norfolk has now come to be the king's main supporter in his career of misrule. Bolingbroke forecasts that Norforlk once hewn out of the way, Richard will then have to cast in his lot with those who have neither washed the land with rapacity nor washed their hands in unrighteous blood. Then too he reckons upon having himself a voice potential in the royal counsels ; and he already has it in mind that the race of cormorant upstarts and parasites and suckers who have so long preyed upon the state shall make a speedy end.

Such, I think, is clearly the dramatic purpose and significance of the opening scene, which has been diversely interpreted by several critics, who, it seems to me, have not fully entered into its bearing, prospective and retrospective, on the action of the play. Coleridge, for instance, thinks the poet's aim in so beginning the piece was to bring out the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke ; while Courtenay holds him to have made the opening thus, not from any dramatic purpose, but merely because he found the matter so ordered in the "Chronicles." Gervinus, again. thinks that Shakespeare 'began with this scene, because it was just the beginning of all the sufferings which fell upon the King, and afterwards upon his dethroners'. The views of both Coleridge and Gervinus are doubtless right, as far as they go ; but I think the chief object of the scene is to unfold, in its various bearings, direct and remote, the dramatic relation of the two leading persons. Accordingly, out of this relation as these set forth, the whole action of the play is made to proceed.

Q. 33. Is there any secret purpose in the King's sending both Bolingbroke and Norfolk into exile ?

Answer. The King's course in arresting the quarrel just

as it is coming to the upshot, and in sending both parties into exile, is very cunning, though perhaps in a rather small way. He thus gets rid of the whole question for the present, and saves himself from falling into the hands of either side: Bolingbroke's scheme is baffled, and his purpose indefinitely postponed: withal the act wears a look of fairness and impartiality, so that the public discontent cannot well find where to stick upon it. As matters stand, even Norfolk's help is likely to prove a hindrance to the King; he has a firm hold upon him through the secret that lies between them: on the other hand, Richard has found in Bolingbroke an antagonist whom he dare not cope with, and can nowise conciliate but by arming him with a still greater obstructive power. So, by thus playing them off against each other, he seems to have shaken himself clear at once from a troublesome friend and a dangerous foe: at all events, as he views the thing, he can well afford to purchase a riddance from so formidable an assailant by the loss of his ablest defender. For so Richard's main difficulty, in the play, as in history, is that he feels unable to stand without props, and yet is too weak or too wayward to lean upon any but such as are weaker than himself: none are for him but those who pander to his wilfulness, creatures at once greedy and prodigal, and who have no strength to help him but what they suck out of him.

Richard is evidently not a little elated at the stratagem of banishment: he flatters himself with having devised a master-stroke of policy which is to make him stronger than ever. Both the clog of Norfolk's friendship and the dread of Bolingbroke's enmity are now, as he thinks, effectually removed. After such a triumph, he presumes that none will dare to call the oppressions and abuses of his government to account. Thus he arrogates to himself entire impunity in whatever he may please to do, and so is emboldened to fresh excesses of misrule. Though he has cut down the term of Bolingbroke's exile to six years, it is with a secret purpose that the exile shall never return; and the trusts that the same kingcraft which has extricated him from so sharp a dilemma will carry him safe through any plots, however dark and treacherous, which he may

frame for putting the man out of the way. But, in his exhilaration of seeming success, he cannot keep his thoughts to himself; he must still feed his self-applause by blurting them out to his favourites, instead of leaving them to be gathered after the work is done. For so, among his other weaknesses, he has an incurable leakiness of mind, so that he must still be prating of designs which he hardly ought to breathe aloud even to himself.

Richard has, indeed, a good deal of practical cunning, and is endowed with no mean powers of intellect; but somehow he can never so weave his intellectual forces together as to make them hold water: hence he is ever stumbling over schemes which he has himself split in advance.

Q. 34. Discuss the underlying philosophy in "Richard II."

Answer. *Richard II* has justly been extolled by several of the most judicious critics as embodying a very profound and comprehensive scheme of political philosophy. Shakespeare was certainly no less a master in this high province of thought than in the exercise of the creative and representative imagination. The just limits and conditions of sovereign authority and of individual right, and how all the poets of the body politic should stand in mutual intelligence and interdependence, were as 'things familiar and acquainted' to his all-gifted and serenely-tempered mind. He was indeed a mighty workman, if the world ever saw one. And his mightiness in the grounds and principles of man's social being is especially conspicuous in his drama. What rightly 'constitutes a state'; 'the degrees by which True Sway doth mount'; 'the stalk true power doth grow on'; and that 'reverence is a loyal virtue, never sown in haste, nor springing with a transient shower';—these lessons are here unfolded with a depth and largeness of wisdom, and with a harmony and fruitfulness of impression, that cannot be too highly praised. Almost every scene contains matter that craves and repays the closest study.

The play forecasts, vividly yet sedately, the long

series of civil crimes and slaughters of which Richard's reign was in fact the seed-plot. These fire-castings, however, so far as they come to verbal expression, are fitly put into the mouths of the King and Bishop of Carlisle, men whose personal interests and settled prepossessions make them strongly averse to the events in progress; while the persons engaged in driving those events forward are touched by no warnings or misgivings in that kind, because with them all such forebodings of distant evil are naturally lost in their resentment of the wrongs that have been done, and in the hopes that dance before them in the path they are treading. But, besides this, the same forecast is also placed silently in the general drift and action of the piece; which infers the whole workmanship to have been framed with that far-stretching train and progeny of evils consciously in view.

But the most noteworthy point in this matter is the Poet's calmness and equipoise of judgment. In the strife of factions and the conflict of principles, utters, or rather lets the several persons utter, in the extremest forms, their mutually-repugnant views, yet without either committing himself to any of them or betraying any disapproval of them. He understands not only when and how far the persons are wrong in what they say or do, but also why they cannot understand it: so he holds the balance even between justice to the men and justice to the truth; for he knows very well how apt men are to be at fault in their opinions while upright in their aims. The claims of legitimacy and of revolution, of divine right, personal merit, and public choice, the doctrines of the monarchical, the aristocratic, the popular origin of the state, all these are by turns urged in their most rational or most plausible aspects but merely in the order and on the footing of dramatic propriety, the Poet himself discovering no preferences or repugnances concerning them.

So in this play the dialogue throws but timber from which many diverse theories of government may be framed: and various political and philosophical sects may here meet together, and wrangle out their opposite tenets with themes and quotations drawn from the Poet's pages; just as his

persons themselves wrangled out, with words or arms or both, the questions upon which they were actually divided. Nor does he in any sort play or affect to play the part of umpire between the wranglers: which of them has the truth, or the better cause,—this, like a firm commissioner, so to speak, of Providence, he leaves to appear silently in the ultimate sum-total of result. And so imperturbable in his fairness, so unswerving his impartiality, as almost to seem the offspring of a heartless and cynical indifference. Hence a French writer, Charles, sets him down as "chiefly remarkable for a judgment so high, so firm, so uncompromising, that one is well-nigh tempted to impeach his coldness, and to find in this impassible observer something that may almost be called cruel towards the human race. In the historical pieces, the picturesque, rapid, and vehement genius which produced them seem to bow before the higher law of a judgment almost ironical in its clear-sightedness. Sensibility to impressions, the ardent force of imagination, the eloquence of passions,—these brilliant gifts of nature which would seem destined to draw a poet beyond all limits, are subordinated in this extraordinary intelligence, to a calm and almost deriding sagacity, that pardons nothing and forgets nothing."

(Adapted from Hudson).

Q. 35. What are the important traits of Richard's character?

Answer. The important traits of Richard's character may be noted as follows:—

1. The first three acts of the play reveal Richard as despicable. He is at once crafty and credulous, indolent and arrogant, effeminate and aggressive; a hollow trifler while fortune smiles, a wordy whimperer when she frowns as a thorough-paced profligate, at once lawless and imbecile, who glories in spurning at whatever is held sacred by all true men.
2. Richard's character, in history as well as in the play, is mainly that of a pampered and emasculated voluptuary, presumptuous, hollow-hearted, pro-

digal, who serves his private will and pleasure and has no regard for the nation.

3. Hume describes Richard as "indolent, profuse, addicted to low pleasures, spending his whole time in feasting and jollity, and dissipating, in idle show, or in bounties to favourites of no reputation, that revenue which the people expected to see him employ in enterprises directed to public honour and advantage."

4. Among his other traits of wantonness is an eager, restless haunting of public places and scenes of promiscuous familiarity; thus making himself 'stale and cheap to vulgar company', till he grows "common—hackneyed in the eyes of men," so that even "when he has occasion to be seen, he is but as the cuckoo is in June, heard, not regarded."

5. He moves altogether by fits and starts. He has no equilibrium. This is mainly the result of bad education and an unconscientious way of life. Thus he has developed a habit of setting pleasure before duty, and of making reason wait on passion. Thus arose in him contradictory impulses and humours.

6. Dowden says, "Without any genuine kingly power he has a feeling of what kingly power must be; without any veritable religion, he has the pale shadow of religiosity".

7. Richard is not without bright and just thoughts, but he cannot for any length of time maintain a reasonable propriety of thought Hence his discourse presents a strange medley of sense and puerility. He is lofty and abject, pious and profane.

8. He is a dreamer and sometimes cannot distinguish between a phantom and a fact. His spirit soars in the faith "that, for every man in arms with Bolingbroke, God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay a glorious Angel."

9. The most mark-worthy point in his character is that the prospect or the pressure of adversity or distress, instead of kindling any strain of manhood in him, or of having any bracing and toning effect upon his soul, only melts it into a kind of sentimental pulp. He hangs over his griefs, hugs them, nurses, them, buries himself in them.

10. In his reverse of fortune, Richard's mind is altogether self-centred; and he is so becharmed with his self-pity, that he has no thought to spare for those whom his fall has dragged down into ruin along with him.

11. Richard is as self-centred as he is weak, and weak partly because of his selfishness. With goodly powers of mind, still his thinking never runs clear of self, but is all steeped to the core in personal regards; he reads men and things altogether through the medium of his own wishes and desires.

12. His faults and infirmities are so much those of our common humanity, that even through them he creeps into our affections, and spins round us the ties of brotherhood. Our sympathies are deeply moved in the wretched man's behalf, because the spectacle of fallen greatness, of humiliation, and distress, however merited, is a natural object of pity.

Q. 36. "Bolingbroke is the moving and controlling spirit of the drama." Discuss.

Answer. Richard has thought to stand secure on the strenght of his good right, and would not see how this right be practically annulled by bad use. By not respecting his great office, he has taught the people to despise his person, and has set them to longing for a man in his place who will be a king in soul as well as in title. Thus the king by inheritance finds himself hopelessly unkinged in an unequal struggle with a king by nature and merit.

Bolingbroke is obviously the moving and controlling spirit of the drama. Everything waits upon his firm-set

and tranquil potency of will, and is made alive with his silent, inly-waking efficacy of thought and purpose. He sets the action on foot, shapes its whole course, and ties up all its lines at the close; himself riding, in calm and conscious triumph, the whirlwind he has had a hand in raising. Bold, crafty, humble, and aspiring, he is also brimful of energy, yet has all his forces thoroughly in hand, so that he uses them, and is never mastered by them. His vessel is so well timbered and so tight-built that it never springs a-leak; either from nature or from purpose, perhaps from both, he takes the way spreading himself by deeds, not by discourse; plans industriously, but says nothing about it; and as he prates out of his mental whereabout, so you never know what he is thinking of or driving at, till his thoughts have compassed their drift, and overtaken their ends: consequently he remains throughout the play an enigma both to the other persons and to us. At once ardent and self-restrained, far-sighted, firmly-poised, always eyeing his mark steadily, and ever working towards it stealthily, he knows perfectly withal how to bide his time: he sees that opportunity clearly while it is coming and seizes it promptly when it comes but does all this so quietly as to seem the mere servant of events, and not at all the worker of them. He is undoubtedly ambitious of the crown, expects to have it, means to get it and proves his action to that end; but he builds both the ambition and the expectation on his knowledge of Richard's character and his own political insight reading the signs of the time with a statesman's eye, he knows that things are hastening towards a crisis in the State; as he also knows that they will be apt to make an end the sooner if left to their natural course: nor, after all, is it so correct to say that he forces the crown away from Richard, as that he lets Richard's fitful, jerking importance shake it off into his hand: though it must be owned that he takes, and knows he is taking, just the right way to stimulate Richard's convulsive zigzaggery into total action.

Bolingbroke, throughout the play, appears framed of qualities at once attractive and commanding. He is a great politician. He is a conscious adept and a willing practiser

in the ways of popularity. He knows that the strength of the throne must stand in having the hearts of the people knit to it. The way he sweetens himself into their good thoughts, by smiling and having his farewell pleasantness upon them when leaving for his place of exile, best showing in Richard's description:

How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune.

Bolingbroke's departure is with the the past and bearing of a conscious victor in the issue he has made. He knows that the hearts of the people are going with him, and that his power at home will strike its roots the deeper for the rough wind of tyranny wich blows him about, when he must 'sigh his English breath in foreign clouds, eating the bitter bread of banishment.' From that moment he sees that the crown is in reversion his; and this inspiration of those forward-looking thoughts is one cause why he throws such winning compliance into his parting salutations. And on coming back to reclaim his plundered inheritance, instead of waiting for a formal settlement of rights and titles, no sooner is he landed than he quietly assumes the functions, and goes on doing the work of sovereignty while disclaiming the office and all pretensions to it. He at once becomes king in fact, though not in name and outward show.

Nor his bearing towards the lord who gather round him is less remarkable. During their long ride together, he cheats the tediousness of the road with his sweetness and affability of discourse, thus winning and fastening them to his cause.

The way Bolingbroke behaves like a king through the fourth and fifth acts, sparing of words, but prompt and vigorous, yet temperate and prudent, indeed makes a forcible contrast to Richard's forward, violent, imbecile tyrannizing in the first and second. (Adapted from Hudson).

Q. 37. What are the salient of traits of Bolingbroke's character ?

Answer. The salient points of Bolingbroke's character as revealed by the play *Richard II*, are :—

1. Bolingbroke possesses self-control, quiet strength and the power of quickly meeting a situation and profiting from it.

2. The character of Bolingbroke presents us with the edifying spectacle of a weak, extravagant, shallow king overthrown not by a natural revolt in the side of justice, patriotism, and sanity but by the most consummate piece of hypocrisy ever portrayed in drama and potrayed in such a way that even the audience cannot seize upon any adequate indication of its existence.

3. Bolingbroke is a deep, farseeing, crafty usurper whose every move from the attack upon the King's pawn, Mowbray, to the checkmating of the King, is as carefully planned as that of a master chess-player.

4. In the challenge scene and at Coventry, Bolingbroke is but the usual braggart champion ; when banished, no word of resentment escapes the shortening of his period of exile with the same calm as he receives the original sentence.

5. Richard's speech in Scene Iv, in which he speaks of Bolingbroke's courtship to the common people, is a piece of evidenoe upon which the usual reading of Bolingbroke is based. Bolingbroke's conduct here is supposed to be part and parcel of the subtle game he is playing.

6. Bolingbroke's dealing with the caterpillars of the Commonwealth reveal another trait of his character. Here, indeed, he assumes royal powers before the crown has been given him.

7. We meet Bolingbroke upon his march to Barkley, chatting courteously, but not in the least fawningly with his supporters. With the lord of Barkeley he firmly insists upon the right to be called Lancaster.

8. Bolingbroke is ambitious, self-possessed, clever, crafty, brave, bold and strong.

9. He is a fine soldier, a clever statesman, and a wise politician.

10. He is selfish, cunning and unscrupulous.

11. He may be an object of admiration but certainly not of love.

Q. 38. Discuss some of the merits and demerits of the play 'Richard II.'

Answer. Critical estimaters of *Richard II* have varied between wide extremes. Coleridge had "no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays." Swinburne speaks of "the erudities and incongruities of dramatic conception and poetic execution which signalise the play as unmistakably the author's first attempt at historic drama. Kreyssig speaks of this "masterpiece of political poetry." Of all the works of Shakespeare, Morton Luce likes *Richard II.* the least.

Impartial criticism must admit that the play has its weakness. In the first place there are structural defects : the whole episode concerned with York's impeachment of his son is not properly woven into the fabric of the play, nor has it any beauty or humour which might justify its intrusion.

The brawl between Aumerle, Fitzwater, and the other lords has little to justify the number of lines given to it unless Shakespeare had the notion of contrasting Richard's with Bolingbroke's method of dealing with such a quarrel. Possibly we may say that too much is made of Gaunt's

character at the beginning of the play when we remember that he dies so soon. Nor can we deny that the number of developed characters in the play is a small one and the proportion of mere puppets is correspondingly large.

In the second place there are defects of style. Like *Romeo and Juliet*, the whole play is heavily loaded with rhetorical tricks, conceits, and clenches which good taste cannot do away with, even after allowing full value to the fact that in Richard's case this over-weighing of the style is bound up with the exposition of his character. There is an inordinate use of rhyme; and not only is the rhyme in the usual couplet form, but we have the mere artificial forms—from the dramatic point of view—of stichomythia, quatrain, and sestet. For the sake of rhyme two horrible couplets appear in the play:

> Desolate, desolate, must I hence and die,
> The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye:

and

> Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
> Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

The structural defects and the over-ornamented style, may justly be regarded as due to the 'prentice hand of Shakespeare'. But there is another glaring defect and that is that there is no trace of genuine humour from the first line to the last.

But for all its shortcomings and in spite of the dislike which it creates in some minds, the play has much beauty and some claims to greatness. Richard's poetical flights are indeed out of place from the point of view of his own and his kingdom's welfare. They are none the less wondrous poetry for poetry's sake. The whole conception of his character—that of a poet who has unfortunately had kingship thrust upon him—is thoroughly worthy of the creator of Hamlet and Lear.

The strength of the poetic element in the play is not to be found solely in Richard's speeches. Gaunt's patrio-

tic outburst is none the less fine because to most of us it is hackneyed since our early schooldays. The scenes in which the Queen appears are also full of charm. Transcending all the usual Shakespearean achievements, the ever astounding miracle of the creation of living and moving, whom we know in the true sense of the word, far better than we know our everyday friends, out of the pale ghosts of the chronicles and the galvanised mummies of earlier plays.

(Adapted from Ivor B. John)
